The World's Best Poetry

Volume Ten

Poetical Quotations

After all, What is Poetry

By

John R. Howard

John D. Morris and Company

Philadelphia

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY
JOHN D. MORRIS AND COMPANY

AFTER ALL, WHAT IS POETRY?

BY JOHN RAYMOND HOWARD.

Considering the immense volume of poetical writing produced, and lost or accumulated, by all nations through the ages, it is of curious interest that no generally accepted definition of the word "Poetry" has ever been made. Of course, all versifiers aim at "poetry"; yet, what is poetry?

Many definitions have been attempted. Some of these would exclude work by poets whom the world agrees to call great; others would shut out elements that are undeniably poetic; still others, while not excluding, do not positively include much that must be recognized as within the poetical realm. In brief, all are more or less partial.

Perhaps a few examples may make this clearer, and show, too, the difficulty of the problem.

"Poetry," says Shelley, "is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." But how can this include that genuine poetic genius, Byron, who gloried in being neither good nor happy? Lord Jeffrey, one of the keenest of critics, says that the term may properly be applied to "every metrical composition from which we derive pleasure without any laborious exercise of the understanding." In this category,

what becomes of Browning, whom Sharp characterizes "the most profoundly subtle mind that has exercised itself in poetry since Shakespeare"? Wordsworth, who has influenced all the poets since his day, declares poetry to be "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is the countenance of all science." Matthew Arnold accepts this dictum, and uses it to further his own idea of the great future of poetry as that to which mankind will yet turn, "to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us,"—even in place of religion and philosophy. And yet, some of the highest and finest of known poetic flights have been in the expression of religious and philosophical truth; while on the other hand Wordsworth's characterization of poetry turns the cold shoulder to that which is neither knowledge nor science, the all-powerful passion of Love—probably the most universal fount and origin of poetry since the human race began to express its thoughts and feelings at all. Coleridge enlarges Wordsworth's phrase, and makes poetry "the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thought, human passions, emotions, language." This is fine; yet it is but a figure, denoting the themes and ignoring the form of poetic production.

Quaint old Thomas Fuller gives a pretty simile when he says that "Poetry is music in words, and music is poetry in sound"; and, in so far as melodious form and harmonious thought express and arouse emotion, he gives a hint of the truth.

The German Jean Paul Richter says an admir-

able thing: "There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up, which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers." True: but the tremendous domain of Tragedy—emotion neither holy nor tender—has been most fruitful of poetic power, and that finds here no recognition.

Edmund Burke's rather disparaging remark that poetry is "the art of substituting shadows, and of lending existence to nothing," has yet a vital suggestion, reminding one of Shakespeare's graphic touch in "The Tempest":

> "And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name";

and this again recalls in Holy Writ that clarifying description of the imaginative power of "seeing the invisible" which is called "faith," as being "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

These varied sayings concern the elements of poetry, and help to an apprehension of its scope and power; yet they but partially satisfy the desire to know what is meant by that familiar word, —which we constantly use, and use understandingly, while yet the very makers of poetry find difficulty in telling just what is signified by it.

Let us turn to the dictionary, and see how the matter looks to the cold-minded definer. Webster gives Poetry as "the art of apprehending and interpreting ideas by the faculty of the imagination; the art of idealizing in thought and in expression;" and then, specifically, "imaginative language or composition, whether expressed rhythmically or in prose." This seems to come nearer the mark; although, by admitting poetical prose, the popular idea of poetry is expanded to include all writing that is infused with the imaginative quality. Thus is found place for Walt Whitman, who defies all metre, and who yet lays strong hold upon the reader—despite his whimsicalities—by the very multiplicity and suggestiveness of his imaginings among real things.

Perhaps as satisfactory a presentation of the matter as can be found is in a casual phrase of Stedman's in the Introduction to his "American Anthology." This true poet and master-critic, in pursuit of another idea, alludes to poetry as "being *a rhythmical expression of emotion and ideality.*" Here at last we have form, spirit, and theme combined in one terse utterance. In poetry we look for the musical metre, the recurrent refrain of rhythm; while that which inspires it arises from the universal motives which Coleridge names as ministers to Love,—

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> *Whatever stirs* this mortal frame."

With this view, then, of the vast range of poetical thinking and feeling—such as must arouse

interest in all possible moods of the reader, and recalling the fact that the aim of the poet is to set forth his strains in musical measures that allure the attention and satisfy the sense of perfect expression, it will be of interest to note a few passages concerning this art of all arts from notable thinkers.

In his introduction to Ward's admirable selections from "The English Poets," Matthew Arnold —critic and poet—to whom allusion has already been made, says:

"The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. . . .

"We are here invited to trace the stream of English poetry. But whether we set ourselves, as here, to follow only one of the several streams that make the mighty river of poetry, or whether we seek to know them all, our governing thought should be the same. We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. . . .

"But if we conceive thus highly of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence.

. . . The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, is the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present."

Macaulay in his brilliant essay on Milton, which, published in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825, gave him instant recognition as "a new literary power," set up an interesting theory. A few extracts will give it:—

"Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created; he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions for these advantages.

"We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavorable circumstances than Milton. . . .

"We think that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. . . .

"Of all people, children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them

the effect of reality. . . . In a rude state of society, men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hinderance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigor and activity of his mind. . . .

"If these reasonings be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education. He was a profound and elegant classical scholar; he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature; he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse."

And yet Macaulay goes on to say:

"The public has long been agreed as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style which no rival has been able to equal, and no parodist to degrade, which

displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music."

But how would it have been possible for Milton to have enriched his poetry with all these elements in a primæval age, when many of them did not exist? Indeed, Milton's own words show how he regarded the task of writing the "Paradise Lost," to which he had consecrated his energies. In a pamphlet issued in 1641 he wrote:

"Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industriously select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs—till which in some measure be compassed at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them."

The poem was published in 1667, so that for at

least twenty-six years the poet was utilizing all the available resources of civilization and scholarship to make himself "more fit."

But we may cite against Macaulay's theory also a brief passage in the essay on Burns by Thomas Carlyle—surely a prose-poet, if ever there was one. Treating of the achievement of Burns in spite of his crude surroundings, ignorance, and lack of most that distinguishes civilization from that childlike simplicity of primæval life which Macaulay regards as the more favorable to developing poetical temperament, Carlyle says of the ploughman-poet:

"Let it not be objected that he did little. He did much, if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover; for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert moor, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say, that with his own hand he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instructions, without model; or with models only of the meanest sort. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is *his* state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are the com-

monest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with a pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

"It is in this last shape that Burns presents himself. . . . Impelled by the expansive movement of his own irrepressible soul, he struggles forward into the general view; and with haughty modesty lays down before us, as the fruit of his labor, a gift, which Time has now pronounced imperishable."

But why should one read poetry, at all, where there is so much good prose to be read? Herbert Spencer in his essay on "Style" gives some reasons for the superiority of poetry to prose. He says:

"Poetry, we shall find, habitually adopts those symbols of thought and those methods of using them which instinct and analysis agree in choosing as most effective, and becomes poetry by virtue of doing this.

"Thus, poetry, regarded as a vehicle of thought, is especially impressive, partly because it obeys all the laws of effective speech and partly because in so doing it imitates the natural utterances of excitement. While the matter embodied is idealized emotion, the vehicle is the idealized language of emotion. As the musical composer catches the cadences in which our feelings of joy and sympathy, grief and despair, vent themselves, and out of these germs evolves melodies suggesting higher

phases of these feelings; so the poet develops from the typical expressions in which men utter passion and sentiments those choice forms of verbal combination in which concentrated passion and sentiment may be fitly presented."

And the language which Spencer regards as the "most effective" is tersely set forth by that poetic and spiritual preacher, Frederick W. Robertson, in his idea of poetry: "The natural language of excited feeling, and a work of imagination wrought into form by art."

Another point in connection with the language of poetry is that, compelled by their limitations of rhythm, rhyme, and the compression of much thought and feeling into brief space, the poets have become the finest artists in the use of words. The examples of word-use in the dictionaries are largely drawn from the poets. Joseph Joubert, the French epigrammatist, says:

"Like the nectar of the bee, which turns to honey the dust of flowers, or like that liquor which converts lead into gold, the poet has a breath that fills out words, gives them light and color. He knows wherein consists their charm, and by what art enchanted structures may be built with them."

Familiarity with poetry thus becomes to the attentive reader an insensible training in language, as well as an elevation of mind and spirit. Superiority of spirit and of form, then, offers good reasons why the intelligent—whether for stimulation, consolation, self-culture, or mere amusement in idle hours—should avail of a due propor-

tion of this finest expression of the sweetest, the highest, and the deepest emotional experiences of life, in the realms of nature, of art, and of humanity itself.

A few words from the gifted William Ellery Channing the elder epitomize some striking thoughts on this subject:

"We believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity,—that is, to spiritualize our nature. . . . The present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the highest office of the bard, to detect this divine element among the grosser pleasures and labors of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. . . .

"It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys: and in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which

may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being."

In his Introduction to the "Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes"—the pioneer book of all such aids to church congregational singing—Henry Ward Beecher gave a noble view of the power of a hymn arising out of experience:

"No other composition is like an experimental hymn. It is not a mere poetic impulse. It is not a thought, a fancy, a feeling threaded upon words. It is the voice of experience speaking from the soul a few words that condense and often represent a whole life. . . .

"One great hope may come to fruit only at the end of many years, and as the ripening of a hundred experiences. As there be flowers that drink the dews of spring and summer, and feed upon all the rains, and only just before the winter comes burst forth into bloom, so it is with some of the noblest blossoms of the soul. The bolt that prostrated Saul gave him the exceeding brightness of Christ; and so some hymns could never have been written but for a heart-stroke that well-nigh crushed out the life. It is cleft in two by bereavement, and out of the rift comes forth, as by resurrection, the form and voice that shall never die out of the world. Angels sat at the grave's mouth; and so hymns are the angels that rise up out of our griefs and darkness and dismay.

"Thus born, a hymn is one of those silent ministers which God sends to those who are to be heirs of salvation. It enters into the tender imagina-

tion of childhood, and casts down upon the chambers of its thought a holy radiance which shall never quite depart. It goes with the Christian, singing to him all the way, as if it were the airy voice of some guardian spirit. When darkness of trouble, settling fast, is shutting out every star, a hymn bursts through and brings light like a torch. It abides by our side in sickness. It goes forth with us in joy to syllable that joy.

"And thus, after a time, we clothe a hymn with the memories and associations of our own life. It is garlanded with flowers which grew in our hearts. Born of the experience of one mind, it becomes the unconscious record of many minds. . . . Thus sprung from a wondrous life, hymns lead a life yet more wonderful. When they first come to us they are like the single strokes of a bell ringing down to us from above; but, at length, a single hymn becomes a whole chime of bells, mingling and discoursing to us the harmonies of a life's Christian experience."

Passing from this very human and sympathetic view of the profoundest use of poetry, note how the veteran Bryant confirms it. In treating of the beautiful mythologies of Greece and Rome, so much of which entered into the warp and woof of ancient poetry, he grants their poetical quality, but doubts whether, on the whole, the art gained more than it lost by them, because, having a god for every operation of nature, they left nothing in obscurity; everything was accounted for; mystery—a prime element of poetry—existed no longer. Moreover:

"That system gave us the story of a superior and celestial race of beings, to whom human passions were attributed, and who were, like ourselves, susceptible of suffering; but it elevated them so far above the creatures of earth in power, in knowledge, and in security from the calamities of our condition, that they could be the subjects of little sympathy. Therefore it is that the mythological poetry of the ancients is as cold as it is beautiful, as unaffecting as it is faultless. . . .

"The admirers of poetry, then, may give up the ancient mythology without a sigh. Its departure has left us what is better than all it has taken away: it has left us men and women; it has left us the creatures and things of God's universe, to the simple charm of which the cold splendor of that system blinded men's eyes, and to the magnificence of which the rapid progress of science is every day adding new wonders and glories. It has left us, also, a more sublime and affecting religion, whose truths are broader, higher, nobler than any outlook to which its random conjectures ever attained."

Yet, after all, returning from this consideration of poetic themes to the question of the poetic principle itself, we may find a sturdy assertion of it in a few words by Edgar Allan Poe—perhaps the most acute of the many debaters of this apparently simple yet evasive problem. After discussing the elements of poetry in music, painting, and other art, Poe writes:

"I would define, in brief, the Poetry of words as the Rhythmical Creation of Beauty! Its sole

arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect, or with the Conscience, it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever with Duty or with Truth. . . .

"In the contemplation of Beauty we alone find it possible to attain that pleasurable elevation, or excitement of the soul, which we recognize as the Poetic Sentiment, and which is so easily distinguished from Truth, which is the satisfaction of the Reason, or from Passion, which is excitement of the Heart. I make Beauty, therefore—using the word as inclusive of the sublime—I make Beauty the province of the poem. . . .

"It by no means follows, however, that the incitements of Passion, or the precepts of Duty, or even the lessons of Truth, may not be introduced into a poem, and with advantage; for they may subserve incidentally, in various ways, the general purposes of the work:—but the true artist will always contrive to tone them down in proper subjection to that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the real essence of the poem."

Lest one should conclude that this is the verdict of an exclusively artistic spirit, bent upon the development of "art for art's sake" alone, disregardful of the spiritual essence involved, let him read the following passage by Dr. William Hayes Ward, scholar, archæologist, critic, editor of a great religious journal. Treating of "The Elements of True Poetry," he lays down this:

"What, then, is poetry? It is the verbal expression of thought under the paramount control of the principle of beauty. The thought must be

as beautiful as possible; the expression must be as beautiful as possible. Essential beauty and formal beauty must be wedded, and the union is poetry. Other principles than beauty may govern a literary production. The purpose may be, first, absolute clearness. That will not make poetry. It will make good mathematical demonstration; it may make a good news item; but not poetry. The predominant sentiment may be ethical. That may give us a sermon, but it will not give a poem. A poem is first of all beautiful, beautiful in its content of thought, and beautiful in its expression through words. . . .

"The first and chief element in a poem is beauty of thought, and that beauty may relate to any department, material, mental, or spiritual, in which beauty can reside. Such poetry may describe a misty desert, a flowery mead, a feminine form, a ruddy sky, a rhythmic waterfall, a bluebird's flutterings, receding thunder, a violet's scent, the spicy tang of apples, the thrill of clasped arms and a lover's kiss. Or it may rise higher, and rest in the relations of things, in similes and metaphors; it may infuse longing and love and passion; it may descant fair reason and meditative musing. Or, in highest flight, beauty may range over the summits of lofty purpose, inspiring patriotism, devotion, sacrifice, till it becomes one with the love of man and the love of God, even as the fading outline of a mountain melts into the blue sky which envelops it. . . .

"Dominant over all beauty is moral beauty. All highest flights of poetry must range in the empyrean."

Thus, in poetry, all other graces and powers, be they lower or higher, must come under control of the principle of beauty—the pleasing harmony that brings delight. And the almost "infinite variety" of beautiful modes and styles offered in such a gathering of poems as the present finds argument for its worth in the brief extract with which our *mélange* of opinions may well conclude. It is taken from a series of articles in the New York *Independent* on "A Theory of Poetry," by the Southern poet, Henry Timrod. Making a protest against the limitation of taste and the poetic vision in certain directions, instead of cultivating a broader range of taste, he says:

"I have known more than one young lover of poetry who read nothing but Browning, and there are hundreds who have drowned all the poets of the past and present in the deep music of Tennyson. But is it not possible, with the whole wealth of literature at our command, to attain views broad enough to enable us to do justice to genius of every class and character? That certainly can be no true poetical creed that leads directly to the neglect of those masterpieces which, though wrought hundreds or thousands of years ago, still preserve the freshness of perennial youth. . . . The injury [of such neglect] falls only on such as slight them; and the penalty they pay is a contracted and a contracting insight, the shutting on them forever of many glorious vistas of mind, and the loss of thousands of images of grace and grandeur.

"Oh! rest assured that there are no stereotyped

forms of poetry. It is a vital power, and may assume any guise and take any shape, at one time towering like an Alp in the darkness and at another sunning itself in the bell of a tulip or the cup of a lily; and until one shall have learned to recognize it in all its various developments he has no right to echo back the benison of Wordsworth:

> " ' Blessings be on them and eternal praise,
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight in heavenly lays.' "

By no means, then, to attempt a new definition where so many more competent have failed, we may nevertheless gather some points of certainty from the opinions cited above.

Poetry concerns itself with the ideal and the emotional, in nature, life, and thought. Its language must be choice, for aptness of expression and for melodious sound. Its form will embody the recurrence of rhythmic measures, which, however elaborated and varied in later times, originated in the dim past, when singing and dancing moved hand in hand for the vivid utterance of feeling—in mirthful joy and in woe, love and hate, worshipful devotion and mortal defiance, the fierceness of battle and the serenity of peace. While through all and over all must breathe the informing spirit of Beauty—whether of the delicate or the sublime, whether of sweetness or of power—harmonizing both the interior essence and its outward expression.

In the ejaculations of delight, fear, or wonder of primitive man at the phenomena of nature—

in his imaginative efforts to explain the mystery of power behind light, darkness, the seasons, storm, calm—lie the beginnings of poetry; and religion grows from the same seed—the desire of the finite to lay hold on the Infinite. Every man is a potential poet, just so far as he responds to these yearnings after some expression of the ideal and the ineffable.

Poetry, indeed, finds its inspiration in all things, from the humblest creation to the Creator himself,—nothing too low or too high for its interest. In turn, it has inspired humanity's finest deeds; and so long as humanity's aims and joys and woes persist, will mankind seek uplift and delight in its charm.

PREFACE.

THE Poets, by the very necessity of their vocation, are the closest students of language in any literature. They are the most exacting in their demands upon the resources of words, and the most careful of discriminations in their use. "Easy writing 's curst hard reading," said an English wit; but for the poet there is no such thing as easy writing. He must "wreak thought upon expression." The veteran Bryant wrote:

> "Thou who wouldst wear the name
> Of Poet midst thy brethren of mankind,
> And clothe in words of flame
> Thoughts that shall live within the general mind,
> Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
> The pastime of a drowsy summer day.
> But gather all thy powers," etc.

The prose-writer should, and the great one does, carefully weigh, select, and place his words; but the Poet must,—if he is to make any least claim to the title. Therefore poetical quotations are, as a rule, more skillfully apt to the purpose of expressing shades of thought than are the more natural and therefore usually less careful phrases of prose, even when conveying "thoughts that shall live within the general mind."

A gathering of poetical quotations is valuable

in two ways. It may afford the most vivid and significant representation of a thought or feeling for some specific occasion, or it will open to the reader an alluring field for wandering at will—or even aimlessly, yet with ever-fresh interest. In case one seeks some particular phrase, some familiar quotation which is vaguely remembered but desired for more accurate use, it may easily be that the phrase sought is not among the assemblage of notable fragments in this volume, but in its own place, embodied in the poem where it had its origin, in some of the other volumes of this work. In this volume, however, will be found some 2,700 memorable passages from poems not included in the others. They are alphabetically arranged under more than 300 appropriate titles, for general topics; and the "Index of Topics" will show cross-references to other and kindred themes, so that if desired a subject may be pursued into thoughts of related interest.

It is hoped that this gathering up of admirable fragments that should not be lost to familiar use, even though their original sources could find no proper place in the plan of the work at large, will prove to be helpfully suggestive, whether to the seeker for specific thoughts and expressions or to the general appreciative reader.

THE EDITORS.

INDEX OF TOPICS.

WITH CROSS-REFERENCES.

INDEX OF TOPICS.

WITH CROSS-REFERENCES.

Absence, 1.
Farewell, 94.
Parting, 207.

Action, 2.
Deeds, 71.
Labor, 157.
Resolution, 244.
Success, 281.

Admiration, 3.
Beauty, 27.
Blush, 35.
Compliment, 47.
Eye, 85.
Face, 87.
Love 166.
Praise, 231.
Woman, 311

Adornment, 4.
Beauty, 28.
Dress, 78.
Fashion, 95.
Hair, 127.
Jewel, 155.

Adventure, 4.
Battle, 26.
Courage, 59.
Heroism, 132.
Hunting, 137.
War, 299.

Adversity, 5.
Comfort, 47.
Consolation, 52.
Cowardice, 62.
Grief, 126.
Life, 163.
Loss, 165.
Memory, 181.
Patience, 210.
Pity, 223.
Poverty, 230.
Sorrow, 272.
Wealth, 303.

Advice, 7.
Instruction, 149.
Wisdom, 310.

Age, 8.
Death, 65.
Life, 163.
Time, 289.

Air, 10.
Cloud, 46.
Nature, 200.
Night, 202.
Season, 256.
Wind, 308.

Ambition, 10.
Fame, 91.
Praise, 231.
Reputation, 242.
State-craft, 278.

Angel, 12.
Deeds, 71.
Spirits, 274.

Anger, 12.
Hate, 129.
Passion, 209.
Revenge, 246.

Angling, 13.
Fish, 100.

Animals, 14.
Cat, 14.
Dog, 14.
Horse, 14.
Mouse, 15.
Ox, 15.
Sheep, 15.
Deer, 16.
Wolf, 16.

Anthology, 16.
Poet, The, 224.
Poetry, 227.

Apparition, 16.
Angel, 12.
Ghost, 119.
Imagination, 142.
Spirits, 274.
Visions, 298.

Appearance, 17.
Admiration, 3.
Adornment, 4.
Beauty, 27.
Compliment, 47.
Dress, 78.
Face, 87.
Fashion, 95.
Hair, 127.
Woman, 311.

Architecture, 19.
Art, 22.

Argument, 20.
Conversation, 53.
Oratory, 205.
Reasons, 239.
Speech, 274.

Aristocracy, 20.
Courtesy, 61.
Gentleman, 118.
Labor, 157.
Man, 174.
Manners, 175.
Nobility, 204.

Art, 21.
Architecture, 19.
Fancy, 93.
Imagination, 142.
Music, 197.
Nature, 201.
Painting, 207.
Poet, The, 224.
Poetry, 227.
Sculpture, 253.

Aspiration, 22.
Faith, 89.
God, 120.
Hope, 134.
Prayer, 232.
Religion, 240.

Authority, 23.
Power, 230.
Royalty, 247.

Authorship, 23.
Book, 36.
Criticism, 64.
Journalism, 153.
Learning, 161.
Pen, 213.
Poet, The, 224.
Poetry, 227.
Reading, 236.

Baby, 25.
Childhood, 41.
Mother, 193.

Battle, 26.
Courage, 59.
Heroism, 132.
Soldier, 269.
War, 299.

Beauty, 27.
Admiration, 3.
Blush, 35.
Compliment, 47.
Eye, 85.
Face, 87.
Hair, 127.
Love, 166.
Praise, 231.
Woman, 311.

Bell, 29.
Boating, 35.
Sabbath, 249.

Bible, 30.
God, 120.
Jesus Christ, 151

Birds, 31.
Blackbird, 31.
Bluebird, 31.
Bobolink, 31.
Bullfinch, 31.
Cock, 32.
Canary, 32.
Crow, 33.
Cuckoo, 33.
Eagle, 32.
Falcon, 34.
Goose, 35.
Hawk, 32.
Humming-bird, 32
Lark, 33.
Mocking-bird, 32.
Nightingale, 33.
Owl, 34.
Robin, 34.
Summer, 258.
Swallow, 34.
Swan, 34.
Wren, 34.

Blessing, 34.
God, 120.
Gratitude, 123.

Blush, 35.
Face, 87.
Kiss, 156.

Boating, 35.
Adventure, 4.
Fortune, 110.
Ship, 262.
Waters, 303.

Books, 36.
Authorship, 23.
Criticism, 64.
Instruction, 149.
Learning, 161.
Pen, 213.
Philosophy, 221.
Poet, The, 224.
Poetry, 227.
Reading, 238.

Borrowing, 37.
Care, 38.
Gratitude, 123.

Boy, 37.
Childhood, 41.
Mother, 193.
Rod, The, 246.
School, 251.
Youth, 298.

Care, 38.
Adversity, 5.
Contentment, 52.
Merriment, 184.

Chance, 39.
Fate, 96.
Fortune, 110.
God, 120.
Opportunity, 204.

Change, 39.
Contentment, 52.
Discontent, 76.
Fate, 96.
Fortune, 110.
Future, 117.

Charity, 40.
Duty, 81.
Good, 123.
Poverty, 230

Childhood, 41.
Baby, 25.
Boy, 37.
Mother, 193.
School, 251.
Youth, 298.

Christmas, 42.
Home, 33.
Jesus Christ, 151.

Church, 43.
Clergy, 45.
Ecclesiasticism, 83.
Preaching, 233.
Religion, 240.
Sabbath, 249.

City, 44.
Athens, 45.
London, 44.
Manhattan, 44.
Nature, 200.
Rome, 45.
Rural Life, 248.
Venice, 45.

Clergy, 45.
Church, 43.
Ecclesiasticism, 83.
Preaching, 233.
Religion, 240.

Cloud, 46.
Day, 65.
Moon, 189.
Rain, 236.
Seasons, 256.
Sky, 266.
Star, 277.
Spring, 256.
Storm, 280.
To-morrow, 291.

Comfort, 47.
Contentment, 52.
Rest, 244.
Sleep, 267.

Compliment, 47.
Beauty, 27.
Blush, 35.
Eye, 85.
Face, 87.
Love, 166.
Praise, 231.
Woman, 311.

Conceit, 49.
Fool, 108.
Pride, 234.
Vanity, 296.

Conscience, 49.
Contentment, 52.
Duty, 81.
Remorse, 241.
Retribution, 245.
Sin, 265.

Consolation, 51.
Adversity, 5.
Friendship, 113.
Heaven, 130.
Memory, 181.
Mourning, 195.
Pity, 223.
Resignation, 243.
Sorrow, 272.

Constancy, 51.
Fidelity, 99.
Inconstancy, 144.
Resolution, 244.
Virtue, 297.

Contentment, 52.
Change, 39.
Discontent, 76.
Fate, 96.
Fortune, 110.
Future, 117.
Happiness, 128.
Peace, 212.
Rest, 244.

Conversation, 53.
Argument, 20.
Oratory, 205.
Silence, 264.
Society, 269.
Speech, 274.

Coquetry, 55.
Woman, 311.

Countries, 55.
America, 55.
England, 57.
Italy, 59.

Courage, 59.
Adventure, 4.
Battle, 26.
Heroism, 132.
Resolution, 244.
War, 299.

Courtesy, 61.
Gentleman, 118.
Manners, 175.
Temper, 287.

Cowardice, 62.
Courage, 59.
Fear, 98.
Fright, 117.
Resolution, 244.

Creed, 62.
Action, 2.
Deeds, 71.
Ecclesiasticism, 83.
Faith, 89.
Jesus Christ, 151.
Religion, 240.
Theology, 288.
Truth, 294.

Crime, 63.
Conscience, 49.
Murder, 196.
Remorse, 241.
Retribution, 245.
Revenge, 246.

Crime — *Continued.*
Shame, 261.
Stealing, 279.
Temptation, 287.

Criticism, 64.
Authorship, 23.
Book, 36.
Opinion, 204.
Pen, 213.
Perfection, 214.
Poet, The, 224.
Poetry, 227.
Reading, 238.
Satire, 250.
Taste, 285.

Custom, 64.
Change, 39.
Fashion, 95.

Day, 65.
Cloud, 46.
Evening, 84.
Morning, 191.
Seasons, 256.
Sky, 266.
Sun, 282.

Death, 65.
Consolation, 52.
Dying, 81.
Fate, 96.
Grave, The, 124.
Illness, 141.
Immortality, 143.
Memory, 181.
Mourning, 195.

Deceit, 70.
Devil, 73.
Falsehood, 90.
Hypocrisy, 138.
Sincerity, 266.
Stealing, 279.

Deeds, 71.
Action, 2.
Labor, 157.

Defeat, 72.
Adversity, 5.
Despair, 72.
Disappointment, 74.
Resolution, 244.
Success, 281.

Despair, 72.
Disappointment, 74.
Fate, 96.
Hope, 134.

Devil, 73.
Deceit, 70.
Hell, 131.
Temptation, 287.

Dew, 73.
Morning, 191.
Spring, 256.

Disappointment, 74.
Defeat, 72.
Discontent, 76.
Fate, 96.
Hope, 134.

Discontent, 76.
Contentment, 52.
Fate, 96.
Fortune, 110.
Future, 117.

Distance, 76.
Mountains, 194.

Doubt, 76.
Creed, 52.
Faith, 89.
Resolution, 244.
Theology, 288.
Truth, 294.

Dream, 77.
Imagination, 142.
Vision, 298.

Dress, 78.
Adornment, 4.
Appearance, 17.
Fashion, 95.
Jewel, 155.
Perfume, 215.

Drink, 79.
Waters, 303.
Wine, 309.

Duty, 81.
Action, 2.
Deeds, 71.

Dying, 81.
Death, 65.
Illness, 141.
Life, 165.

Easter, 82.
Jesus Christ, 151.

Ecclesiasticism, 83.
Creed, 62.
Theology, 288.
Religion, 240.

Eternity, 84.
Immortality, 143.
Present, The, 233.
Time, 281.

Evening, 84.
Dew, 75.
Moon, 189.
Night, 202.
Sun, 283.

Expectation, 85.
Faith, 89.
Future, 117.
Hope, 134.

Eye, 85.
Admiration, 3.
Face, 87.

Face, 87.
Admiration, 3.
Appearance, 17.
Beauty, 27.
Eye, 85.

Fairy, 88.
Moon, 191.

Faith, 89.
Creed, 62.
Fidelity, 99.
Hope, 134.
Religion, 240.
Truth, 294.
Theology, 298.

Falsehood, 90.
Deceit, 70.
Devil, 73.
Hypocrisy, 138.
Sincerity, 266.

Fame, 91.
Ambition, 10.
Glory, 120.
Praise, 231.
Reputation, 242.

Fancy, 93.
Dreams, 77.
Imagination, 142.
Visions, 298.

Farewell, 94.
Absence, 1.
Parting, 207.

Farming, 94.
Animals, 15.
Labor, 157.
Seasons: Autumn, 259.

Fashion, 95.
Adornment, 4.
Appearance, 17.
Custom, 64.
Dress, 78.

Fate, 96.
Adversity, 5.
Death, 65.
Faith, 89.
Fortune, 110.
Future, 117.
Life, 163.

Fault, 97.
Conscience, 49.
Sin, 265.

Fear, 98.
Courage, 59.
Cowardice, 62.
Doubt, 76.
Fright, 117.

Feeling, 99.
Anger, 12.
Love, 166.
Oratory, 205.
Silence, 264.
Sympathy, 284.

Fidelity, 99.
Faith, 89.
Love's Unity, 173.
Matrimony, 177.
Resolution, 244.
Treason, 292.

Fish, 100.
Angling, 13.

Flattery, 100.
Compliment, 47.
Deceit, 71.
Hypocrisy, 138.
Sincerity, 266.

Flowers, 101.
Apple-blossoms, 104.
Arbutus, 104.
Aster, 107, 108.
Bluebell, 106.
Buttercup, 102, 104.
Carnation, 106.
Columbine, 104.
Cowslip, 257.
Daffodil, 103.
Daisy, 105, 257.
Dandelion, 104.
Eglantine, 106, 107.
Foxglove, 106.
Gillyflower, 106.
Golden-rod, 108.
Hawthorn, 106.
Heliotrope, 106.
Ivy, 107.
Jasmine, 106.
Lily, 106.
Lily of the Valley, 107.
Muskrose, 107.
Nightshade, 106.

Flowers — *Continued.*
Oxlip, 107.
Pansy, 107.
Primrose, 106.
Rose, 106.
Rosemary, 107.
Sweetbriar, 106.
Sweet-pea, 105.
Thyme, 107.
Tuberose, 106.
Violet, 104, 106, 257.
Wildrose, 106.
Woodbine, 107.

Fool, 108.
Flattery, 101.
Man, 175.
Vanity, 296.
Wisdom, 310.

Forget, 109.
Forgive, 109.
Grief, 126.
Inconstancy, 145.
Memory, 181.

Forgive, 109.
Forget, 109.
Nobility, 204.

Fortune, 110.
Adversity, 5.
Contentment, 52.
Fate, 96.
Future, 117
Wealth, 305.

Freedom, 111.
Countries, 55.
Patriotism, 211.
Power, 221.
Tyranny, 295.

Friendship, 113.
Age, 8.
Constancy, 51.
Help, 132.
Hospitality, 136.
Jealousy, 151.
Jesus Christ, 151.
Secret, 261.
Sympathy, 284.
Table, The, 284.

Fright, 117.
Fear, 99.

Future, 117.
Eternity, 84.
Immortality, 143.
Past, The, 210.
Present, The, 233.
Time, 289.
To-morrow, 291.

Gentleman, 118.
Aristocracy, 20.
Courtesy, 61.
Labor, 159.
Man, 174.
Manners, 175.
Nobility, 204.
Temper, 287.

Ghost, 119.
Apparition, 16.
Spirits, 274.

Glory, 120.
Ambition, 10.
Fame, 91.
Praise, 231.
War, 301.

God, 120.
Comfort, 47.
Faith, 89.
Nature 200.
Prayer, 232.
Religion, 240.

Gods, The, 122.

Good, 123.
Charity, 40.
Creed, 63.
Deeds, 71.
Virtue, 297.

Gratitude, 123.
Help, 132.
Ingratitude, 146.

Grave, The, 124.
Death, 68.
Mourning, 195.

Greatness, 125.
Ambition, 10.
Fame, 91.
Nobility, 204.
State-craft, 278.

Grief, 126.
Adversity, 5.
Death, 65.
Grave, 124.
Mourning, 195.
Resignation, 243.

Habit, 127.
Custom, 64.
Fault, 97.
Temptation, 288

Hair, 127.
Appearance, 17.
Compliment, 48.

Hand, 128.
Beauty, 28.

Happiness, 128.
Contentment, 52
Heaven, 130.
Home, 133.
Joy, 155.
Merriment, 184.
Pleasure, 223.

Hate, 129.
Anger, 18.
Jealousy, 150.
Passion, 209.
Revenge, 246.
Suspicion, 283.

Heart, 129.
Contentment, 52.
Happiness, 128.
Heaven, 130.
Home, 133.
Jesus Christ, 152.

Heaven, 130.
Eternity, 84.
Immortality, 143.
Sky, 266.
Star, 277.

Hell, 131.
Defeat, 72.
Despair, 72.
Devil, 73.
Hate, 129.
Remorse, 241.

Help, 132.
Charity, 40.
Friendship, 113.
Gratitude, 123.
Ingratitude, 146.
Sympathy, 284.

Heroism, 132.
Adventure, 4.
Battle, 26.
Courage, 59.
Soldier, 269.
War, 299.

Home, 133.
Baby, 25.
Boy, 37.
Childhood, 44.
Hospitality, 136.
Matrimony, 176.
Mother, 193.
Reading, 238.
Wife, 307.
Youth, 314.

Hope, 134.
Expectation, 85.
Faith, 89.
Future, 117.
Heaven, 130.
To-morrow, 291.

Horsemanship, 135.
Animals, 14.
Hunting, 138.

Hospitality, 136.
Friendship, 113.
Home, 133.
Table, The, 284.

Humility, 137.
Contentment, 52.
Pride, 234.

Hunting, 137.
Animals, 15.
Horsemanship, 135.

Hypocrisy, 138.
Deceit, 70.
Falsehood, 90.
Sincerity, 266.

Idleness, 140.
Labor, 157.
Rest, 245.

Illness, 141.
Medicine, 180.
Pain, 206.

Imagination, 142.
Dream, 77.
Fancy, 93.
Poet, The, 224.
Poetry, 227.
Visions, 298.

Immortality, 143.
Consolation, 52.
Eternity, 84.
Heaven, 130.
Soul, 273.

Inconstancy, 144.
Constancy, 51.
Fidelity, 99.
Promise, 235.

Ingratitude, 146.
Gratitude, 123.
Help, 132.

Inn, 146.
Ben Jonson, 216.

Innocence, 147.
Virtue, 297.
Youth, 315.

Insects, 148.
Bee, 148, 258.
Butterfly, 148.
Flea, 148.
Fly, 149.
Glow-worm, 149.
Katydid, 149.
Moth, 149.
Spider, 149.

Instruction, 149.
Books, 36.
Mind, 186.
Rod, The, 246.
School, 251.

Invention, 150.
Mind, 126.
Science, 252.

Jealousy, 150.
Hate, 129.
Inconstancy, 144.
Passion, 209.
Suspicion, 283.

Jesus Christ, 151.
Friendship, 113.
Humility, 137.
Virtue, 297.

Jewel, 153.
Adornment, 4.
Dress, 78.

Journalism, 153.
Criticism, 64.
Inn, 147.
Learning, 161.
Thought, 288.

Joy, 155.
Happiness, 128.
Home, 133.
Memory, 181.
Merriment, 184.
Pleasure, 223.

Kiss, 156.
Love, 166.
Romance, 247.

Knowledge, 157.
Learning, 161.
Science, 252.
Wisdom, 310.

Labor, 157.
Deeds, 71.
Farming, 94.
Rural Life, 248.

Law, 159.
Crime, 63.
Murder, 196.
Order, 206.
Stealing, 280.

Learning, 161.
Instruction, 149.
Invention, 150.
Knowledge, 157.
Science, 252.
Wisdom, 310.

Letters, 162.
Pen, 213.

Life, 163.
Death, 65.
Deeds, 71.
Expectation, 85.
Hope, 134.
Regret, 237.
Success, 281.

Loss, 165.
Adversity, 5.
Disappointment, 73.
Memory, 181.
Opportunity, 204.
Regret, 239.
Wealth, 305.

Love, 166.
Admiration, 3.
Blush, 35.
Constancy, 51.
Friendship, 113.
Inconstancy, 144.
Kiss, 156.
Matrimony, 176.
Moderation, 188.
Sigh, 264.
Wife, 307.
Woman, 311.

Man, 174.
Age, 8.
Death, 65.
Gentleman, 118.
Immortality, 143.
Life, 163.
Mind, 186.
Progress, 235.
Thought, 288.
Time, 289.
Virtue, 297.

Manners, 175.
Aristocracy, 20.
Gentleman, 118.
Man, 174.
Temper, 287.

Matrimony, 176.
Baby, 25.
Childhood, 41.
Home, 133.
Love's Unity, 173.
Mother, 193.
Wife, 307.
Woman, 311.

Medicine, 180.
Illness, 141.
Pain, 206.

Melancholy, 181.
Discontent, 76.
Regret, 239.
Sorrow, 272.

Memory, 181.
Blessing, 34.
Grief, 126.
Happiness, 128.
Joy, 155.
Mourning, 195.
Regret, 239.
Remorse, 241.
Sorrow, 273.

Mercy, 183.

Merriment, 184.
Care, 38.
Rural Life, 249.

Mind, 186.
Instruction, 149.
Knowledge, 157.
Learning, 161.
Reading, 238.
Soul, 273.
Thought, 288.
Wisdom, 310.

Missions, 187.
Religion, 240.

Moderation, 188.
Contentment 52.
Humility, 137.

Moon, 189.
Autumn, 259.
Night, 202.
Star, 277.

Morning, 191.
Day, 65.
Dew, 75.
Star, 277.
Sun, 282.

Mother, 193.
Baby, 25.
Childhood, 41.
Home, 133.

Mountain, 194.

Mourning, 195.
Death, 65.
Grief, 126.
Immortality, 143.
Memory, 181.
Sorrow, 273.

Murder, 196.
Crime, 63.
Hate, 129.
Law, 159.
Passion, 209.

Music, 197.
Memory, 182.

Name, 199.
Aristocracy, 20.
Fame, 91.
Greatness, 125.
Reputation, 242.
Scandal, 250.

Nature, 200.
Animals, 14.
Birds, 31.
City, 44.
Cloud, 46.
Evening, 84.
Fish, 100.
Flowers, 101.
Insects, 148.
Moon, 189.
Morning, 191.
Mountains, 194.
Night, 202.
Rain, 236.
Rainbow, 237.
Rural Life, 248.
Sea, 254.
Seasons, 256.
Sky, 266.
Star, 277.
Storm, 280.
Sun, 282.
Tree, 293.
Waters, 310.

Night, 202.
Evening, 84.
Moon, 189.
Sky, 266.
Star, 277.

Nobility, 204.
Greatness, 125.
Virtue, 297.

Opinion, 204.
Criticism, 34.
Mind, 186.
Reasons, 239.
Thought, 288.

Opportunity, 204.
Chance, 39.
Defeat, 72.
Success, 281.

Oratory, 205.
Conversation, 53.
Reasons, 239.
Speech, 274.

Order, 206.
Aristocracy, 20.
God, 120.
Law, 159.

Pain, 206.
Illness, 141.
Medicine, 180.

Painting, 207.
Art, 22.

Parting, 207.
Absence, 1.
Farewell, 94.

Passion, 209.
Anger, 18.
Hate, 129.
Jealousy, 150.
Revenge, 246.
Suspicion, 283.

Past, The, 209.
Memory, 181.
Present, The, 233.
Time, 289.

Patience, 210.
Adversity, 5.
Grief, 126.
Mourning, 195.
Resolution, 244.
Sorrow, 272.

Patriotism, 211.
Countries, 55.
Freedom, 111.
Power, 221.
Treason, 292.
Tyranny, 295.

Peace, 212.
Quarrel, 236.
War, 299.

Pen, The, 213.
Authorship, 23.
Letters, 162.
Poet, The, 224.

People, The, 213.
Freedom, 111.
Man, 174.
Politics, 228.

Perfection, 214.
Beauty, 37.
Criticism, 64.

Perfume, 215.

Personal, 215.
Bacon, Lord, 216.
Burke, E., 219.
Carlyle, T., 221.
Chatterton, T., 218.
Chaucer, 215.
Cowley, A., 217.
Cromwell, 218.
Emerson, 221.
Galileo, 216.
Garrick, 219.
Hawthorne, 220.
Hogarth, 219.
Holmes, 220.
Johnson, 216.
King Charles II, 218.
Luther, 218.
Marlborough, 217.
Milton, 218.
Poe, 221.
Shakespeare, 217.
Sheridan, 220.
Sidney, 216.
Spenser, 216.
Thomson, 218.
Warwick, 215.
Washington, 220.
Wellington, 220.
Whittier, 220.
Wickliffe, 217.

Philosophy, 221.
Argument, 20.
Mind, 186.
Science, 252.
Thought, 288.

Pity, 223.
Charity, 40.
Good, 123.
Mercy, 183.
Sympathy, 284.

Pleasure, 223.
Joy, 155.
Pain, 206.
Merriment, 184.
Youth, 314.

Poet, The, 224.
Authorship, 23.
Criticism, 64.
Books, 36.
Fancy, 93.
Imagination, 142.
Pen, 213.
Poetry, 227.
Reading, 268.

Poetry, 227.
See under *The Poet.*

Politics, 228.
Freedom, 111.
Man, 174.
People, The, 213.
State-craft, 278.

Possession, 229.
Contentment, 52.
Discontent, 76.
Expectation, 85.
Love's Unity, 173.

Poverty, 230.
Adversity, 5.
Charity, 40.
Comfort, 47.
Fortune, 111.
Good, 123.
Gratitude, 123.
Ingratitude, 146.
Wealth, 305.

Power, 230.
Authority, 25.
State-craft, 278.

Praise, 231.
Compliment, 47.
Flattery, 100.
People, The, 213.

Prayer, 232.
Aspiration, 22.
God, 120.

Preaching, 233.
Clergy, 45.
Creed, 62.
Ecclesiasticism, 83.
Instruction, 149.
Oratory, 205.
Speech, 274.
Theology, 288.

Present, The, 233.
Eternity, 84.
Memory, 181.
Past, 209.
Time, 289.
To-morrow, 291.

Pride, 234.
Conceit, 49.
Fool, 108.
Vanity, 296.

Progress, 235.
Ambition, 11.
Man, 174.

Promise, 235.
Fidelity, 99.
Sincerity, 266.

Quarrel, 236.
Anger, 12.
Jealousy, 150.

Rain, 236.
Cloud, 46.
Rainbow, 237.
Seasons, 256.
Storm, 280.

Rainbow, 237.
Cloud, 46.
Rain, 236.
Sky, 266.

Reading, 238.
Authorship, 23.
Books, 36.
Learning, 161.
Philosophy, 221.
Poetry, 227.

Reasons, 239.
Argument, 20.
Oratory, 205.
Speech, 274.

Regret, 239.
Doubt, 76.
Melancholy, 181.
Memory, 181.
Past, The, 209.
Remorse, 241.

Religion, 240.
Creed, 62.
Doubt, 76.
Faith, 89.
God, 120.
Hope, 134.
Truth, 294.
Theology, 298.

Remorse, 241.
Conscience, 49.
Memory, 183.
Regret, 239.
Sin, 265.
Temptation, 287.

Reputation, 242.
Fame, 91.
Name, 199.
Praise, 231.
Scandal, 250.

Resignation, 243.
Adversity, 5.
Comfort, 47.
Grief, 126.
Sorrow, 272.

Resolution, 244.
Adventure, 4.
Constancy, 51.
Courage, 59.
Fidelity, 99.
Success, 281.

Rest, 244.
Heaven, 130.
Labor, 157.
Night, 203.
Sleep, 267.

Retribution, 245.
Conscience, 49.
Crime, 63.
Passion, 209.

Revenge, 246.
Anger, 18.
Hate, 129.
Passion, 209.

Rod, The, 246.
Boy, 37.
School, 251.

Romance, 247.
Imagination, 142.
Poet, The, 224.
Poetry, 227.
Reading, 238.

Royalty, 247.
Authority, 25.
People, The, 213.
Power, 230.
War, 302.

Rural Life, 248.
See under *Nature*.

Sabbath, 249.
Bell, 29.
Church, 44.
Rest, 244.

Satire, 250.

Scandal, 250.
Fame, 91.
Name, 199.
Reputation, 242.

School, 251.
Boy, 37.
Instruction, 149.
Rod, The, 246.
Youth, 314.

Science, 252.
Mind, 186.
Philosophy, 221.
Thought, 288.

Scold, 252.
Anger, 12.
Quarrel, 236.
Temper, 287.

Sculpture, 253.
Art, 21.

Sea, 254.
Adventure, 5.
Ship, 262.
Storm, 280.
Wind, 308.

Seasons, 256.
Flowers, 101.
Nature, 200.
Spring, 256.
Summer, 257.
Autumn, 258.
Winter, 260.

Secret, 261.
Conversation, 53.
Friendship, 113.
Silence, 264.

Shame, 261.
Fame, 91.
Name, 199.
Reputation, 242.
Scandal, 250.

Ship, 262.
Sea, 254.
Storm, 280.
Wind, 308.

Sigh, 264.
Love's Pains, 172.
Melancholy, 181.
Speech, 274.

Silence, 264.
Conversation, 55.
Evening, 84.
Night, 202.
Summer, 258.

Sin, 265.
Conscience, 49.
Crime, 63.
Remorse, 241.
Retribution, 245.
Temptation, 287.

Sincerity, 266.
Fidelity, 99.
Innocence, 147.
Truth, 294.

Sky, 266.
Cloud, 46.
Day, 65.
Moon, 189.
Night, 203.
Seasons, 256-261.
Star, 277.
Storm, 280.

Sleep, 267.
Death, 69, 70.
Night, 203.
Rest, 244.

Smile, 268.
Merriment, 184.
Sigh, 264.

Society, 269.
Conversation, 153.
Friendship, 113.
Home, 133.
Hospitality, 136.
Scandal, 250.
Speech, 274.

Soldier, 269.
Battle, 26.
Courage, 59.
Heroism, 132.
Resolution, 244.
War, 299.

Solitude, 271.
Night, 203.
Society, 269.

Sorrow, 272.
Adversity, 5.
Comfort, 47.
Consolation, 52.
Grief, 126.
Loss, 165.
Patience, 210.

Soul, 273.
Duty, 81.
Fault, 97.
Immortality, 143.
Life, 163.
Thought, 288.

Speech, 274.
Argument, 20.
Conversation, 53.
Oratory, 205.
Silence, 264.
Society, 269.

Spirits, 274.
Apparition, 16.
Ghosts, 119.
Vision, 298.

Stage, The, 275.
Oratory, 205.
Speech, 274.

Star, 277.
Evening, 84.
Night, 203.
Sky, 266.

State-craft, 278.
Greatness, 125.
Power, 230.
Royalty, 237.
Tyranny, 295.

Stealing, 279.
Law, 159.
Sin, 265.
Temptation, 287.

Storm, 280.
Cloud, 46.
Rain, 236.
Ship, 262.
Wind, 308.

Success, 281.
Deeds, 71.
Fortune, 110.
Loss, 165.
Resolution, 244.
Wealth, 305.

Suicide, 282.
Adversity, 5.
Courage, 60.
Cowardice, 62.

Sun, 282.
Cloud, 46.
Day, 65.
Summer, 258.
Sky, 266.

Suspicion, 283.
Jealousy, 150.

Sympathy, 284.
Friendship, 113.
Love's Arts, 169.
Mercy, 183.
Pity, 223.

Table, The, 284.
Conversation, 53.
Home, 133.
Hospitality, 136.

Taste, 285.
Art, 22.
Criticism, 64.
Perfection, 214.

Tear, 286.
Grief, 126.
Pity, 223.
Sorrow, 272

Temper, 287.
Anger, 12.
Quarrel, 236.
Scold, 252.

Temptation, 287.
Conscience, 49.
Sin, 265.

Theology, 288.
Church, 43.
Clergy, 45.
Ecclesiasticism, 83.
Preaching, 233.
Religion, 240.

Thought, 288.
Argument, 20.
Mind, 186.
Philosophy, 221.
Reading, 238.
Science, 252.

Time, 289.
Death, 65.
Eternity, 84.
Fame, 91.
Life, 163.
Past, The, 209.
Present, The, 233.

Tobacco, 290.
Taste, 285.

To-morrow, 291.
Eternity, 84.
Past, The, 209.
Present, The, 233.
Time, 289.

Treason, 292.
Deceit, 70.
Royalty, 237.
State-craft, 278.

Tree, 293.
Nature, 200.
Spring, 257.
Summer, 258.
Autumn, 259.
Winter, 261.

Trifle, 294.
Deeds, 71.
Habit, 127.
Life, 163.
Quarrel, 236.

Truth, 294.
Constancy, 51.
Faith, 89.
Fidelity, 99.
Sincerity, 266.

Tyranny, 295.
Authority, 25.
Politics, 228.
Power, 230.

Vanity, 296.
Conceit, 49.
Dress, 79.
Flattery, 100.
Pride, 235.

Variety, 296.
Order, 206.
Taste, 285.

Virtue, 297.
Constancy, 51.
Courage, 59.
Fidelity, 99.
Good, 123.
Humility, 137.
Innocence, 147.
Nobility, 204.
Patience, 210.
Soul, 273.
Truth, 294.

Visions, 298.
Angel, 12.
Apparition, 16.
Ghost, 119.
Imagination, 142.
Spirits, 297.

War, 299.
Adventure, 4.
Battle, 26.
Courage, 59.
Heroism, 132.
Resolution, 244.
Soldier, 269.

Waters, 303.
Angling, 13.
Fish, 100.
Sea, 254.
Brook, 303.

Waters — *Continued.*
Falls, 304.
Lake, 304.
River, 304.

Wealth, 305.
Adversity, 5.
Loss, 165.
Opportunity, 204.
Poverty, 230.
Success, 281.

Wife, 307.
Fidelity, 99.
Love's Unity, 173.
Woman, 311.

Wind, 308.
Air, 10.
Rain, 237.
Sea, 255.
Seasons, 256-261.
Ship, 262.
Storm, 280.

Wine, 309.
Adversity, 7.
Drink, 80.
Table, The, 285

Wisdom, 310.
Knowledge, 157.
Learning, 161.
Mind, 186.
Nature, 200.
Reading, 238.
Thought, 288.

Woman, 311.
Beauty, 27.
Blush, 35.
Constancy, 51.
Fidelity, 99.
Inconstancy, 144.
Love, 166.
Matrimony, 176.
Wife, 307.

Youth, 314.
Advice, 7.
Boy, 37.
Childhood, 41.
Hope, 134.
Pleasure, 223.
School, 251.
Success, 281.
Time, 289.

Zeal, 316.
Action, 2.
Deeds, 71.
Resolution, 244.

LIST OF AUTHORS QUOTED.

я

AUTHORS QUOTED.

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY ..... America, 1767–1848
ADDISON, JOSEPH ..... England, 1672–1719
AKENSIDE, MARK ..... England, 1721–1770
AKERS, ELIZABETH. (ALLEN, ELIZABETH AKERS) ..... America, 1832–
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY ..... America, 1836–
ALGER, REV. WILLIAM R..... America, 1823–
ALLEN, ELIZABETH AKERS. (See AKERS, ELIZABETH.)
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM ..... Ireland, about 1828–1889
ANGELO BUONAROTTI, MICHAEL ..... Italy, 1474–1563
ARMSTRONG, JOHN, M. D..... England, 1709–1779
ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN ..... England, 1832–1903
ARNOLD, GEORGE ..... America, 1834–1865
ARNOLD, MATTHEW ..... England, 1822–1888

BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES ..... England, 1816–
BAILLIE, JOANNA ..... Scotland, 1764–1851
BALL, REV. JOHN ..... England, d. 1381
BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA ..... England, 1743–1825
BARON, ROBERT ..... England, about 1630–1680
BARRETT, EATON STANNARD ..... Ireland, 1785–1820
BASSE, WILLIAM ..... England,
BATES, LEWIS J..... America, 1832–
BAXTER, REV. RICHARD ..... England, 1615–1691
BAYLEY, THOMAS HAYNES ..... England, 1797–1839
BEATTIE, JAMES ..... Scotland, 1735–1803
BEAUMONT, FRANCIS ..... England, 1585–1615
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. (See BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, and FLETCHER, JOHN.)
BEDDOME, BENJAMIN ..... England, published 1787
BELLINGHAUSEN, VON MÜNCH ..... Germany,
BERKELEY, BISHOP GEORGE ..... Ireland, 1684–1753
BERRY, DOROTHY.
BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC ..... Ireland, about 1735–1805
BLACKER, COLONEL WILLIAM ..... Ireland, 1777–1855
BLACKIE, JOHN STUART ..... Scotland, 1809–1895
BLACKMORE, SIR RICHARD ..... England, 1650–1729
BLAIR, REV. ROBERT ..... Scotland, 1699–1746
BLANCHARD, LAMAN ..... England, 1803–1845
BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT ..... England, 1766–1823

Bonar, Horatius, D.D.	Scotland,	1808–1890
Booth, Bernard	England,	1681–1733
Bowring, Edgar Alfred	England,	1826–
Bowring, Sir John	England,	1792–1872
Bradley, Mary E.	America,	1835–
Bradstreet, Anne	England,	1613–1672
Brady, Rev. Nicholas	Ireland,	1659–1726
Brainard, John Gardiner Calkins	America,	1796–1828
Breton, Nicholas	England,	1555–1624
Bridges, Robert Seymour, M.D.	England,	1844–
Brooke, Henry	Ireland,	1706–1783
Brooks, Bishop Phillips	America,	1835–1896
Brown, Rev. John	England,	1715–1756
Brown, Tom	England,	1650–1704
Browne, Sir Thomas	England,	1605–1682
Browne, William	England,	1590–1645
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett	England,	1805–1861
Browning, Robert	England,	1812–1889
Bryant, William Cullen	America,	1794–1878
Brydges, Sir Samuel	England,	1762–1837
Buchanan, Robert	England,	1841–
Bulwer-Lytton, Edward, Lord	England,	1805–1873
Burns, Robert	Scotland,	1759–1796
Bunyan, John	England,	1628–1688
Burton, John	England,	1773–1822
Burton, Robert	England,	1576–1640
Butler, Samuel	England,	1612–1680
Byrom, John	England,	1691–1763
Byron, George Gordon, Lord	England,	1788–1824

Campbell, Thomas	England,	1777–1844
Canning, George	England,	1770–1827
Carew, Thomas	England,	1589–1639
Carey, Henry	England,	1700–1743
Carleton, Will	America,	1845–
Carney, Julia A.	America,	
Carpenter, Joseph E.	America,	1813–
Caswell, Edward	England,	1814–
Channing, William Ellery	America,	1818–1901
Chapman, George	England,	1557–1634
Chaucer, Geoffrey	England,	1328–1400
Chesterfield, Earl of	England,	1694–1773
Churchill, Charles	England,	1731–1764
Cibber, Colley	England,	1671–1757
Clare, John	England,	1793–1864
Coleridge, Hartley	England,	1796–1849
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor	England,	1722–1834
Coles, Abraham, M.D.	America,	1813–1891
Collins, William	England,	1720–1756
Cooke, Rose Terry	America,	1827–1892

CONGREVE, WILLIAM ..... England, 1670–1729
COOK, ELIZA ..... England, 1817–1889
COWLEY, ABRAHAM ..... England, 1618–1667
COWPER, WILLIAM ..... England, 1731–1800
CRABBE, GEORGE ..... England, 1754–1832
CRAIK, DINA M. MULOCK ..... England, 1826–1887
CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE ..... America, 1813–1892
CROLY, GEORGE ..... England, 1785–1804
CROSS, MARIAN EVANS LEWES (*George Eliot*) ..... England, 1819–1880

DABORNE, ROBERT ..... England, 1590–1660
DANIEL, SAMUEL ..... England, 1562–1619
DANTE ALIGHIERI ..... Italy, 1265–1321
DARWIN, ERASMUS ..... England, 1731–1802
DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM ..... England, 1605–1668
DAVIES, SIR JOHN ..... England, 1570–1626
DEFOE, DANIEL ..... England, 1661–1731
DEKKER, THOMAS ..... England, about 1580–1639
DELAUNE, HENRY ..... England, XVII. Century
DENHAM, SIR JOHN ..... England, 1615–1668
DE STAËL, MADAME ANNE L. G. NECKAR, France, 1766–1817
DE VERE, SIR AUBREY ..... Ireland, 1788–1846
DICKINSON, EMILY ..... America, 1830–1886
DICKINSON, JOHN ..... America, 1732–1808
DILLON, WENTWORTH ..... Ireland, 1633–1684
DISRAELI, ISAAC ..... England, 1766–1848
DOANE, BISHOP GEORGE WASHINGTON. America, 1794–1859
DOBBIN, REV. ORLANDO THOMAS ..... Ireland,
DODDRIDGE, PHILIP, D.D. ..... England, 1702–1751
DONNE, DR. JOHN ..... England, 1573–1631
DORR, JULIA C. R. ..... America, 1825–
DOW, LORENZO ..... America, 1777–1834
DOWDNEY, SARAH ..... England,
DRAYTON, MICHAEL ..... England, 1563–1631
DRYDEN, JOHN ..... England, 1631–1700
DWIGHT, TIMOTHY ..... America, 1752–1817
DYER, JOHN ..... England, 1700–1758

EASTMAN, ELAINE GOODALE ..... America, 1863–
EDWIN, JOHN ..... England, 1749–1794
ELIOT, GEORGE. (See CROSS, MARIAN EVANS LEWES.)
ELIZABETH, QUEEN ..... England, 1533–1603
ELLIOTT, EBENEZER ..... England, 1781–1849
ELLIOTT, JANE ..... England, 1727–1805
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO ..... America, 1803–1882
ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN ..... America, 1819–1902
EVERETT, DAVID ..... America, 1769–1813

FARQUHAR, GEORGE ..... England, 1678–1707
FIELDING, HENRY ..... England, 1707–1754
FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS ..... America, 1817–1881
FLECKNOE, RICHARD ..... England, d. about 1680
FLETCHER, JOHN ..... England, 1576–1625
FORD, JAMES ..... Scotland, 1586–1640
FRANCIS, REV. PHILIP ..... Ireland d. 1773
FROWDE, PHILIP ..... England, 1670–1738

GARRICK, DAVID ..... England, 1716–1779
GARTH, SIR SAMUEL ..... England, 1670–1718
GAY, JOHN ..... England, 1688–1732
GIBBONS, REV. THOMAS ..... England, 1720–1785
GIFFORD, WILLIAM ..... England, 1756–1826
GILDER, RICHARD WATSON ..... America, 1844–
GLOVER, RICHARD ..... England, 1712–1785
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON .... Germany, 1749–1832
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER ..... England, 1728–1774
GOODALE, DORA READ .....America, 1866–
GRAHAME, JAMES ..... Scotland, 1785–1811
GRANVILLE, GEORGE (LORD LANSDOWNE) England, 1667–1735
GRAY, THOMAS ..... England, 1716–1771
GREEN, MATTHEW ..... England, 1696–1737
GREENE, ROBERT ..... England, 1560–1592
GREVILLE, MRS. FRANCES MACARTNEY, England, XVIII. Century
GRIMOALD, NICHOLAS ..... England, d. about 1563
GUINEY, LOUISE IMOGEN ..... America, 1861–

HABINGTON, WILLIAM ..... England, 1605–1645
HAFIZ, MOHAMMED SHEMS-ED-DIN. Persia, about 1300–1388
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE ..... America, 1790–1867
HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM (*Miles O'Reilly*) ..... Ireland, 1829–1869
HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN ..... England, 1561–1612
HARNEY, WILLIAM WALKER ..... America, 1831–
HARVEY, GABRIEL ..... England, about 1545–1630
HATHAWAY, BENJAMIN ..... America, XIX. Century
HAWKER, REV. ROBERT STEPHEN..... England, 1753–1827
HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON ..... America, 1831–1886
HEBER, BISHOP REGINALD ..... England, 1783–1826
HEGGE, ROBERT ..... England,
HEINE, HEINRICH ..... Germany, 1800–1856
HEMANS, MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA.... England, 1794–1835
HERBERT, REV. GEORGE ..... England, 1593–1632
HERRICK, REV. ROBERT ..... England, 1591–1674
HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE ..... England, 1804–1859
HEYWOOD, JOHN ..... England, about 1500–1565
HEYWOOD, THOMAS ..... England, d. 1649

HIGGONS, BEVIL ..... England, 1670–1735
HILL, AARON ..... England, 1685–1750
HOGG, JAMES ..... Scotland, 1772–1835
HOLIDAY, REV. BARTEN ..... England, 1593–1661
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL ..... America, 1809–1894
HOME, JOHN ..... England, 1722–1808
HOMER ..... Greece, uncertain, between 1000 and 700 B. C.
HOOD, THOMAS ..... England, 1798–1845
HOPKINSON, JOSEPH ..... America, 1770–1842
HORACE (QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS), Italy, 65–8 B. C.
HORNE, RICHARD HENGIST .... England, 1807–1884
HOUGHTON, LORD. (See MILNES, R. M.)
HOVEY, RICHARD ..... America, 1864–1900
HOW, WILLIAM WALSHAM ..... England, 1832–
HOWARD, SIR ROBERT ..... England, 1626–1698
HOWITT, MARY ..... England, 1800–1888
HUDSON, MRS. M. CLEMMER AMES.... America, 1839–1884
HUGO, VICTOR MARIE ..... France, 1802–1885
HUNT, SIR A..... England,
HUNT, [JAMES HENRY] LEIGH ..... England, 1784–1859
HURDIS, JAMES ..... England, 1763–1801

INGELOW, JEAN ..... England, 1830–1897

JEFFREYS, CHARLES ..... England, 1807–1865
JEFFREYS, GEORGE ..... England, 1678–1755
JOHNSON, CHARLES ..... England, 1679–1748
JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL ..... England, 1709–1784
JONES, SIR WILLIAM ..... England, 1746–1794
JONSON, BEN ..... England, 1574–1637
JUVENAL (DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS). Italy, 40–125
KEATS, JOHN ..... England, 1796–1821
KEBLE, JOHN ..... England, 1789–1866
KELLY, REV. THOMAS ..... Ireland, 1769–1855
KENNY, JAMES ..... Ireland, 1780–1849
KING, WILLIAM ..... England, 1663–1712
KINGSLEY, REV. CHARLES ..... England, 1819–1875
KNOLLES, RICHARD ..... England, about 1545–1610
KÖRNER, KARL THEODOR ..... Germany, 1791–1813
KRUMMACHER, FRIEDRICH ADOLPH.... Germany, 1767–1845

LAMB, CHARLES ..... England, 1775–1834
LANSDOWNE, LORD. (See GRANVILLE, GEORGE.)
LANDON, LETITIA E..... England, 1802–1839
LANIER, SIDNEY ..... America, 1842–1881
LARCOM, LUCY ..... America, 1826–1893
LEE, NATHANIEL ..... England, 1658–1691
LEIGH, HENRY S..... England, 1837–1883

LEMON, MARK ..... England, 1809–1870
LILLY, J. (See LYLY, JOHN.)
LINLEY, GEORGE ..... England, 1798–1865
LLOYD, ROBERT ..... England, 1733–1764
LOCKER-LAMPSON, FREDERICK ..... England, 1821–
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.... America, 1807–1882
LONGFELLOW, REV. SAMUEL ..... America, 1819–1892
LOVELACE, COLONEL RICHARD ..... England, 1618–1658
LOVELL, MARIA ..... England,
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL ..... America, 1819–1891
LYLY, JOHN ..... England, 1553–1606
LYTTELTON, GEORGE, LORD ..... England, 1709–1773
LYTTON, E. ROBERT BULWER, LORD (*Owen Meredith*) ..... England, 1831–1891

MACKAY, CHARLES ..... Scotland, 1814–1889
MADDEN, REV. SAMUEL ..... Ireland, 1687–1765
MALLET, DAVID ..... England, 1700–1765
MANNERS, LORD JOHN ..... England, 1721–1770
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER ..... England, 1564–1593
MARVELL, ANDREW ..... England, 1620–1678
MASSEY, GERALD ..... England, 1828–1894
MASSINGER, PHILIP ..... England, 1584–1640
MATURIN, CHARLES ROBERT ..... Ireland, 1782–1824
MAY, THOMAS ..... England, 1595–1650
MELEAGER..... Gadara, Palestine (Greek) I. Century B. C.
MEREDITH, LOUISE A..... England, 1812–
MEREDITH, OWEN. (See LYTTON, LORD.)
MERRICK, REV. JAMES ..... England, 1720–1769
MILES, REV. JAMES WARLEY..... America, 1818–1875
MILLER, CINCINNATUS HEINE (*Joaquin Miller*) ..... America, 1841–
MILMAN, REV. HENRY HART..... England, 1791–1868
MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON (LORD HOUGHTON) ..... England, 1809–1885
MILTON, JOHN ..... England, 1608–1674
MONTAGU, LADY MARY WORTLEY..... England, 1690–1762
MONTGOMERY, JAMES ..... Scotland, 1771–1854
MONTGOMERY, REV. ROBERT ..... England, 1807–1855
MOORE, EDWARD ..... England, 1712–1757
MOORE, THOMAS ..... Ireland, 1779–1852
MORE, HANNAH ..... England, 1745–1833
MORELL, REV. THOMAS ..... England, 1703–1784
MORSE, JAMES HERBERT ..... America, 1841–

NABBES, THOMAS ..... England, 1600–1641
NEW ENGLAND PRIMER ..... America, 1691–
NEWTON, JOHN ..... England, 1725–1807
NORRIS, JOHN ..... England, 1657–1711
NORTON, CAROLINE E. S. (LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL) ..... England, 1808–1877

OBERHOLTZER, SARAH L..... America,
O'DONOGHUE, NANNIE L., MRS. POWER, Ireland, began writing 1881
OLD BALLADS ..... Ireland,
OLDMIXON, JOHN ..... England, 1673–1742
O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE .... Ireland, 1844 — America, 1890
ORRERY, ROGER BOYLE, EARL OF ..... Ireland, 1621–1679
OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT ..... America, 1811–1850
OTWAY, THOMAS ..... England, 1651–1685
OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS ..... England, 1581–1613
OVID (PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO).... Italy, 43 B. C.–18 A. D.
OWEN, DR. JOHN ..... England, 1616–1683

PARDOE, JULIA ..... England, 1806–1862
PARNELL, THOMAS ..... Ireland, 1679–1717
PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE ..... England, 1785–1866
PEELE, GEORGE ..... England, about 1558–1598
PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES ..... America, 1795–1856
PERCY, BISHOP THOMAS ..... England, 1729–1811
PETRARCH (FRANCISCO PETRARCA)... Italy, 1304–1374
PHILLIPS, CATHARINE ..... England, 1631–1664
PLAYFORD, JOHN ..... England, 1613–1693
POLLOK, ROBERT ..... Scotland, 1798–1827
POMFRET, JOHN ..... England, 1667–1703
POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK..... England, 1695
POPE, ALEXANDER ..... England, 1688–1744
PORTEUS, BISHOP BEILBY ..... England, 1731–1808
PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH ..... England, 1802–1839
PRESTON, MARGARET JUNKIN ..... America, 1838–1897
PRIOR, MATTHEW ..... England, 1664–1721
PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE ..... England, 1825–1864
PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER (*Barry Cornwall*) ..... England, 1787–1874

QUARLES, FRANCIS ..... England, 1592–1644

RABELAIS, FRANÇOIS ..... France, about 1495–1553
RADCLIFFE, MRS., ANN WARD ..... England, 1764–1823
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER ..... England, 1552–1618
RANDOLPH, THOMAS ..... England, 1605–1635
RAYMOND, ROBERT RAIKES ..... America, 1814–1889
RAYMOND, ROSSITER WORTHINGTON... America, 1840–
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN ..... America, 1822–1872
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB ..... America, 1852–
ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS.. Canada, 1860–
ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY ..... Ireland, 1847–
ROCHESTER, JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF.. England, 1647–1680
ROGERS, SAMUEL ..... England, 1762–1855
ROSCOE, MRS. HENRY ..... England,
ROSCOMMON, EARL OF ..... England, 1633–1684
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G..... England, 1830–1894

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL ..... England, 1828–1882
ROUSSEAU, JEAN JACQUES ..... Switzerland, 1712–1778
ROWE, NICHOLAS ..... England, 1673–1718
RUTTER, JOHN ..... England,

SAVAGE, RICHARD ..... England, 1698–1743
SAXE, JOHN GODFREY ..... America, 1816–1887
SCHILLER, JOHANN C. FRIEDRICH VON.. Germany, 1759–1805
SCOTT, SIR WALTER ..... Scotland, 1771–1832
SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES ..... England, 1639–1701
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM ..... England, 1551–1616
SHEFFIELD, JOHN, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE ..... England, 1649–1721
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE ..... England, 1792–1822
SHENSTONE, WILLIAM ..... England, 1714–1763
SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY ..... England, 1751–1816
SHILLABER, BENJAMIN PENHALLOW... America, 1814–1890
SHIRLEY, JAMES ..... England, 1596–1666
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP ..... England, 1554–1586
SIMONIDES ..... Island of Ceos, Greece, 556–468 B. C.
SMITH, ALEXANDER ..... Scotland, 1830–1867
SMITH, ELIZABETH OAKES ..... America, 1806–
SMITH, HORACE ..... England, 1780–1849
SMITH, JAMES ..... England, 1775–1889
SOMERVILLE, WILLIAM C..... England, 1692–1742
SOUTHERNE, THOMAS ..... England, 1660–1746
SOUTHEY, ROBERT ..... England, 1774–1843
SPENSER, EDMUND ..... England, 1553–1599
SPRAGUE, CHARLES ..... America, 1791–1875
SPOFFORD, HARRIET PRESCOTT..... America, 1835–
SPROAT, ELIZA L..... America,
STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE ..... America, 1833–
STERNHOLD, THOMAS ..... England, about 1549
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS ..... England, 1850–1895
STILLINGFLEET, BENJAMIN ..... England, 1700–1771
STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY ..... America, 1825–1903
STORY, JOSEPH ..... America, 1779–1845
STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE ..... America, 1819–1895
STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER ..... America, 1812–1896
SUCKLING, SIR JOHN ..... England, 1609–1641
SWIFT, JONATHAN ..... England, 1667–1745

TAPPAN, REV. WILLIAM BINGHAM.... America, 1794–1844
TATE, NAHUM ..... Ireland, 1652–1715
TATE AND BRADY. (See TATE, NAHUM, and BRADY, NICHOLAS.)
TAYLOR, BAYARD ..... America, 1825–1878
TAYLOR, SIR HENRY ..... England, 1800–1886
TAYLOR, JANE ..... England, 1783–1824
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD ..... England, 1809–1892
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.... England, 1811–1863

THAXTER, CELIA LAIGHTON ..... America, 1835–1894
THOMAS, FREDERICK WILLIAM ..... America, 1808–1866
THOMPSON, FRANCIS ..... England, about 1861–
THOMSON, JAMES ..... England, 1700–1748
TICKELL, THOMAS ..... England, 1686–1740
TIGHE, MRS. MARY ..... Ireland, 1773–1810
TOBIN, JOHN ..... England, 1770–1804
TOURNEUR, CYRIL ..... England, about 1600
TRUMBULL, JOHN ..... America, 1750–1831
TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE ..... America, 1813–1871
TURNER, CHARLES TENNYSON ..... England, 1808–1879
TUPPER, MARTIN FARQUHAR ..... England, 1810–1889
TUSSER, THOMAS ..... England, about 1515–1580

VAUGHAN, HENRY, M.D..... Wales, 1621–1695

WADE, J. A..... England, 1800–1875
WALLACE, JOHN AIKMAN.
WALLACE, WILLIAM ROSS ..... America, 1819–1881
WALLER, EDMUND ..... England, 1605–1687
WARNER, ANNA B..... America, XIX. Century
WARTON, THOMAS ..... England, 1728–1790
WATSON, WILLIAM ..... England, 1858–
WATTS, ALARIC ATTILA ..... England, 1797–1864
WATTS, ISAAC, D.D..... England, 1674–1748
WEBB, CHARLES HENRY ..... America, 1834–
WEBSTER, DANIEL ..... America, 1782–1852
WEBSTER, JOHN ..... England, about 1580–1662
WELSH, CHARLES ..... England, 1850–
WESLEY, REV. CHARLES ..... England, 1708–1788
WESTMACOTT, CHARLES M..... England, 1788–1868
WHITE, HENRY KIRKE ..... England, 1785–1806
WHITEHEAD, PAUL ..... England, 1710–1774
WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN POWER..... America, 1803–1878
WHITMAN, WALT ..... America, 1819–1892
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF ..... America, 1807–1892
WILDE, RICHARD HENRY ..... Ireland, 1789–1847
WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER ..... America, 1806–1867
WINTER, WILLIAM ..... America, 1836–
WITHER, GEORGE ..... England, 1588–1667
WOLCOTT, DR. JOHN (*Peter Pindar*).. England, 1738–1819
WOLFE, REV. CHARLES ..... Ireland, 1791–1823
WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCEY (*Susan Coolidge*) ..... America, about 1845–
WOOLSON, CONSTANCE FENIMORE..... America, 1848–1894
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM ..... England, 1770–1850
WOTTON, SIR HENRY ..... England, 1568–1639
WROTHER, MISS ..... England,

YALDEN, REV. THOMAS ..... England, 1671–1736
YOUNG, DR. EDWARD ..... England, 1684–1765
YOUNG, SIR JOHN ..... England,

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY:

"After All, What is Poetry?"

By *John Raymond Howard*. . . . PAGE vii

PREFACE. xxvii

INDEX OF TOPICS, with Cross-References xxix

LIST OF AUTHORS QUOTED xlvii

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS lxi

POETICAL QUOTATIONS 1

GENERAL INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TITLES 317

GENERAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND TITLES 385

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

ALEXANDER POPE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
After photograph from a portrait.

FACING PAGE

JOHN GODFREY SAXE 8
After a photograph from life.

JOHN DRYDEN 118
From an engraving after a painting by Hudson, in Trinity College, Cambridge, England.

SAMUEL BUTLER 160
After an engraving from contemporary portrait.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL 220
From an etching after a life-photograph.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO 294
After a life-photograph by Waléry, Paris,

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

"*Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. . . . We are as much informed of a writer's genius by what he selects as by what he originates.*"—R. W. EMERSON.

From "QUOTATION AND ORIGINALITY."

ABSENCE.

'T is said that absence conquers love;
But oh! believe it not.
I 've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Absence Conquers Love. F. W. THOMAS.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!
Isle of Beauty. T. H. BAYLY.

Though absent, present in desires they be;
Our souls much further than our eyes can see.
Sonnet. M. DRAYTON.

There 's not a wind but whispers of thy name.
Mirandola. B. W. PROCTER.

Short absence hurt him more,
And made his wound far greater than before;
Absence not long enough to root out quite
All love, increases love at second sight.
Henry II. T. MAY.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere.
Sonnet XCVII. SHAKESPEARE.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
Clothed in sorrow's dark array,—
Days of absence, I am weary;
She I love is far away.
Days of Absence. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years;
And every little absence is an age.
Amphictrion. J. DRYDEN.

What! keep a week away? Seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? And lovers' absent hours
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
O, weary reckoning!
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Long did his wife,
Suckling her babe, her only one, look out
The way he went at parting,—but he came not!
Italy. S. ROGERS.

With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop that, night and day
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!
Lalla Rookh: Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. T. MOORE.

Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more.
Eloise to Abélard. A. POPE.

ACTION.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.
Macbeth, Act. iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

If our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use.
Measure for Measure, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers.
King Henry VIII., Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Merchant of Venice, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
An Honest Man's Fortune. J. FLETCHER.

ADMIRATION.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.
Brennoralt, Act ii. SIR J. SUCKLING.

But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.
Fables: The Spider and the Bee. E. MOORE.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.
To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing. E. WALLER.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The light that lies
In woman's eyes.
The time I've lost in Wooing. T. MOORE.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
The Fair Penitent, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. N. ROWE.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
Faustus. C. MARLOWE.

The dimple that thy chin contains has beauty in its round
That never has been fathomed yet by myriad thoughts profound.
Odes, CXLIII. HAFIZ.

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive. Cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abashed.
Paradise Regained, Bk. II. MILTON.

ADORNMENT.

The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
Sonnet LXX. SHAKESPEARE.

A native grace
Sat fair-proportioned in her polished limbs,
Veiled in a simple robe their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
The Seasons: Autumn. J. THOMSON.

She 's adorned
Amply that in her husband's eye looks lovely,—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in.
The Honeymoon, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. J. TOBIN.

Terrible he rode alone,
With his Yemen sword for aid;
Ornament it carried none,
But the notches on the blade.
The Death Feud. An Arab War Song.
Anonymous Translation.

ADVENTURE.

Naught venture, naught have.
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. October's Abstract. T. TUSSER.

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Julius Cæsar, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Fierce warres, and faithful loves shall moralize my song.
Faërie Queene, Bk. I. Proem. E. SPENSER.

Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

. . . . . .

By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownèd honor by the locks.
K. Henry IV., Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

A wild dedication of yourselves
To unpathed waters, undreamed shores.
Winter's Tale, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

ADVERSITY.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
As You Like It, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.
Four Plays in One: The Triumph of Honor, Sc. 1.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.
Paradise Lost, Bk. VII. MILTON.

Tho' losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There 's wit there, ye 'll get there,
Ye 'll find nae otherwhere.
Epistle to Davie. R. BURNS.

By adversity are wrought
The greatest work of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.
On the Earl of Southampton. S. DANIEL.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.
The Captivity, Act i. O. GOLDSMITH.

The Good are better made by Ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.
Jacqueline. S. ROGERS.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Hymn to Adversity. T. GRAY.

'T is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
King Henry VIII., Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.
The Fair Penitent: Prologue. N. ROWE.

None think the great unhappy, but the great.
Love of Fame, Satire I. DR. E. YOUNG.

My pride fell with my fortunes.
As You Like It, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

We have seen better days.
Timon of Athens, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

If ever you have looked on better days;
If ever been where bells have knolled to church.
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
King Richard II., Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.
King Richard II., Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe!
Lara, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
King John, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes.
Verses to his Friend under Affliction. J. POMFRET.

As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.
Fire Worshippers. T. MOORE.

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Cheered up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.
Hudibras, Pt. I. Canto III. S. BUTLER.

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Despondency. R. BURNS.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity.
Comedy of Errors, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!
A Winter Night. R. BURNS.

Henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die.
King Lear, Act iv. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

On me, on me
Time and change can heap no more!
The painful past with blighting grief
Hath left my heart a withered leaf.
Time and change can do no more.
Dirge. R. H. HORNE.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend,
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.
To a Friend in Distress. DR. J. OWEN.

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.
Macbeth, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

I am not now in fortune's power;
He that is down can fall no lower.
Hudibras, Pt. I. Canto III. S. BUTLER.

The worst is not
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*
King Lear, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

ADVICE.

The worst men often give the best advice.
Our deeds are sometimes better than our thoughts.
Festus: Sc. A Village Feast. P. J. BAILEY.

I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve.
Much Ado About Nothing, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.
Epistle to James Smith. R. BURNS.

Know when to speake; for many times it brings
Danger to give the best advice to kings.
Hesperides' Caution in Councell. R. HERRICK.

AGE.

I 'm growing fonder of my staff;
I 'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I 'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I 'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I 'm growing careless of my dress;
I 'm growing frugal of my gold;
I 'm growing wise; I 'm growing,—yes,—
I 'm growing old.
I 'm Growing Old. J. G. SAXE.

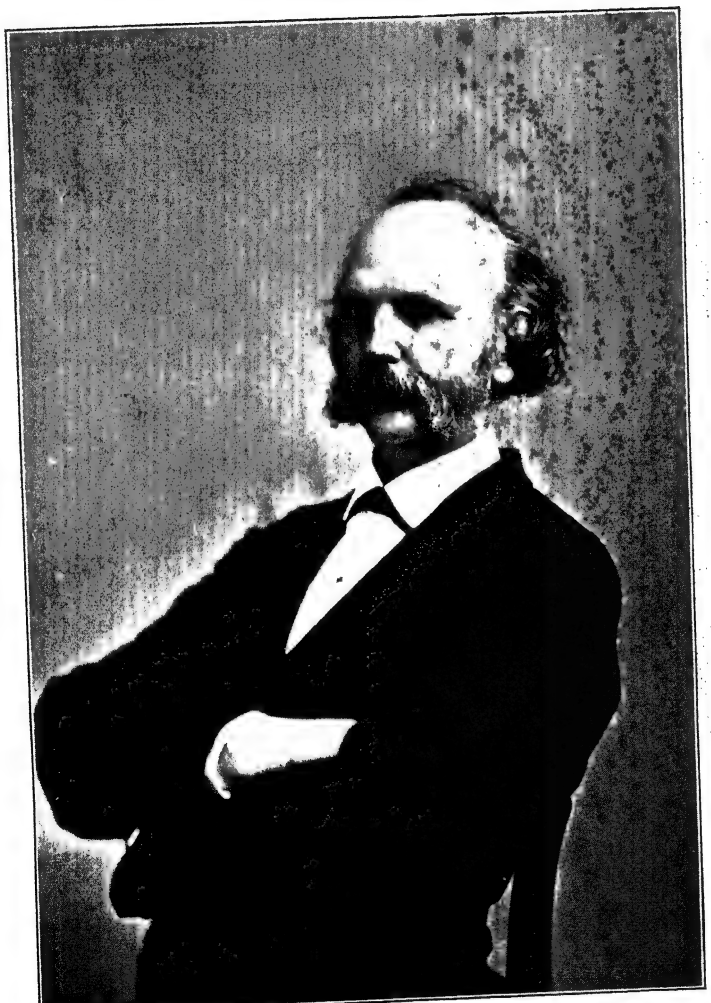
And his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
The Golden Legend, IV. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Bk. II. DR. I. WATTS.



Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till Memory lends her light no more.
Rokeby, Canto V. SIR W. SCOTT.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away.
Vanity of Human Wishes. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Who soweth good seed shall surely reap ;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold !
To the "Bouquet Club." J. C. R. DORR.

The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe and fit for use :
So Age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
Cato Major, Pt. IV. SIR J. DENHAM.

My May of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age ?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow ?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth as I am now.
Childe Harold, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

His silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said—his judgment ruled our hands.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
King Lear, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked for death mature.
Paradise Lost, Bk. XI. MILTON.

AIR.

DUNCAN. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
BANQUO. . . . The heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub.
Paradise Lost, Bk. VIII. MILTON.

HAMLET. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
HORATIO. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

The parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IX. MILTON.

Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.
Gotham, Bk. II. C. CHURCHILL.

AMBITION.

Ambition is our idol, on whose wings
Great minds are carried only to extreme;
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing.
The Loyal Brother, Act i. *Sc.* 1. T. SOUTHERNE.

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

Rather than be less
Cared not to be at all.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent; but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. I. J. DRYDEN.

Ambition's monstrous stomach does increase
By eating, and it fears to starve unless
It still may feed, and all it sees devour.
Playhouse to Let. SIR W. DAVENANT.

A sceptre, snatched with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
King John, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE

But see how oft ambition's aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend 'til all the prize is lost!
Rape of the Lock, Canto V. A. POPE.

The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death?
Ruins of Time. E. SPENSER.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise
By mountains piled on mountains to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Essay on Man. A. POPE.

ANGEL.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till 'wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The Angels with us unawares.
Ballad of Babe Christabel. G. MASSEY.

Around our pillows golden ladders rise,
And up and down the skies,
With wingèd sandals shod,
The angels come, and go, the Messengers of God!
Nor, though they fade from us, do they depart—
It is the childly heart:
We walk as heretofore,
Adown their shining ranks, but see them nevermore.
Hymn to the Beautiful. R. H. STODDARD.

For God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his wingèd messengers
On errands of supernal grace.
Paradise Lost, Bk. VII. MILTON.

But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.
The Pleasures of Hope, Pt. II. T. CAMPBELL.

What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.
The Pleasures of Hope, Pt. II. T. CAMPBELL.

ANGER.

Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him.
King Henry VIII., Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Being once chafed, he cannot
Be reined again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart.
Coriolanus, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself,
. . . . . .
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Senseless, and deformed,
Convulsive Anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running.
King Henry VIII., Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Never anger made good guard for itself.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

ANGLING.

All 's fish they get
That cometh to net.
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. T. TUSSER.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapors breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Windsor Forest. A. POPE.

Now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine tapering with elastic spring,
Snatched from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbèd hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportioned to their force.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

Give me mine angle, we 'll to the river ; there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their shiny jaws.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak ;
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke ;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.
Upon a Giant's Angling. W. KING.

ANIMALS.

A harmless necessary cat.
Merchant of Venice, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Confound the cats ! All cats—alway–
Cats of all colors, black, white, gray ;
By night a nuisance and by day—
Confound the cats !
A Dithyramb on Cats. O. T. DOBBIN.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew ;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you ?
On the Collar of a Dog. A. POPE.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretched and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey.
The Seasons : Autumn. J. THOMSON.

A horse ! a horse ! My kingdom for a horse !
King Richard III., Act v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

The courser pawed the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foamed, and champed the golden bit.
Palamon and Arcite, Pt. III. J. DRYDEN.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.
Venus and Adonis. SHAKESPEARE.

Oft in this season too the horse, provoked
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigor, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence. . . . his nervous chest,
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength!
The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

Champing his foam, and bounding o'er the plain,
Arch his high neck, and graceful spread his mane.
The Courser. SIR R. BLACKMORE.

Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry,—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse,—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on.
Mazeppa. LORD BYRON.

I holde a mouses herte nat worth a leek.
That hath but oon hole for to sterte to.
Preamble, Wyves Tale of Bath. CHAUCER.

When now, unsparing as the scourge of war,
Blast follow blasts and groves dismantled roar;
Around their home the storm-pinched cattle lows,
No nourishment in frozen pasture grows.
The Farmer's Boy: Winter. R. BLOOMFIELD.

Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still.
The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

Tossed from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous pressed,
Head above head: and ranged in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail! . . .
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbaged brink.
The Seasons: Autumn. J. THOMSON.

A poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; . . . .
. . . . . and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snows.
All is their prize.
The Seasons: Winter. J. THOMSON.

ANTHOLOGY.

Infinite riches in a little room.
The Jew of Malta, Act i. C. MARLOWE.

APPARITION.

Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts.
Odyssey. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

My people too were scared with eerie sounds,
A footstep, a low throbbing in the walls,
A noise of falling weights that never fell,
Weird whispers, bells that rang without a hand,
Door-handles turned when none was at the door,
And bolted doors that opened of themselves;

And one betwixt the dark and light had seen
Her, bending by the cradle of her babe.
The Ring. A. TENNYSON.

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unavenged amongst us!
Cato, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. J. ADDISON.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v. *Sc.* 1.
SHAKESPEARE.

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards.
Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

APPEARANCE.

Such was Zuleika! such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul.
Bride of Abydos, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
The Tempest, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Exceeding fair she was not; and yet fair
In that she never studied to be fairer
Than Nature made her; beauty cost her nothing,
Her virtues were so rare.
All Fools, Act i. *Sc.* 1. G. CHAPMAN.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aërial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning.
Don Juan, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers!
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man.
Comedy of Errors, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along;
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.
K. Henry IV., Pt. I. Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Julius Cæsar, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water.
Miss Kilmansegg. T. HOOD.

Her pretty feet
Like snailes did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they playèd at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in agen.
Upon her Feet. R. HERRICK.

Who the silent man can prize,
If a fool he be or wise?
Yet, though lonely seem the wood,
Therein may lurk the beast of blood;
Often bashful looks conceal
Tongue of fire and heart of steel;
And deem not thou in forest gray,
Every dappled skin thy prey,
Lest thou rouse, with luckless spear,
The tiger for the fallow-deer!
The Gulistan. BISHOP HEBER.

HORATIO. I saw him once: he was a goodly king.
HAMLET. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed his signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth,
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire
Of hasty love or headlong ire.
The Lady of the Lake, Canto I. SIR W. SCOTT.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To whom I am a neighbor, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
Merchant of Venice, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Incensed with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Ay, every inch a king.
King Lear, Act iv. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

ARCHITECTURE.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.
Henry IV., Pt. II. Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

The hasty multitude
Admiring entered, and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptred angels held their residence,
And sat as princes.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

Old houses mended,
Cost little less than new, before they 're ended.
Prologue to the Double Gallant. C. CIBBER.

The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones,

And with him toiled his children, and their lives
Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
As offerings unto God.
The Golden Legend, Pt. III. In the Cathedral.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ARGUMENT.

He 'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man 's no horse.
He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a Lord may be an owl,
A calf an Alderman, a goose a Justice,
And rooks, Committee-men or Trustees.
Hudibras, Pt. I. Canto I. S. BUTLER.

Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supplied;
They rail, reviled; as often ends
The contests of disputing friends.
Fables: Sexton and Earth Worm. J. GAY.

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
The Temple: The Church Porch. G. HERBERT.

In argument
Similes are like songs in love;
They must describe; they nothing prove.
Alma, Canto III. M. PRIOR.

One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.
Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd. M. PRIOR.

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
Moral Essays, Epistle III. A. POPE.

ARISTOCRACY.

How vain are all hereditary honors,
Those poor possessions from another's deeds.
Parricide. J. SHIRLEY.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
The Bastard. R. SAVAGE.

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.
England's Trust, Pt. III. LORD J. MANNERS.

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating.
Coriolanus, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. J. THOMSON.

Fond man! though all the heroes of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
In proud display; yet take this truth from me—
Virtue alone is true nobility!
Satire VIII. JUVENAL. *Trans. of* GIFFORD.

Boast not the titles of your ancestors, brave youth!
They're their possessions, none of yours.
Catiline. B. JONSON.

Nobler is a limited command
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
Absalom and Achitophel, I. J. DRYDEN.

As though there were a tie,
And obligation to posterity!
We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.
What has posterity done for us,
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?
McFingal, Canto II. J. TRUMBULL.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
Love of Fame, Satire I. DR. E. YOUNG.

Few sons attain the praise of their great sires, and most
their sires disgrace.
Odyssey, Bk. II. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

He stands for fame on his forefather's feet,
By heraldry, proved valiant or discreet!
Love of Fame, Satire I. DR. E. YOUNG.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords whose parents were the Lord knows who.
The True-Born Englishman, Pt. I. D. DEFOE.

ART.

For Art is Nature made by Man
To Man the interpreter of God.
The Artist. LORD LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.
The Builders. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise.
'T is more by art, than force of numerous strokes.
Iliad, Bk. XXIII. HOMER. *Trans.* of POPE.

His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
Retaliation (*Sir Joshua Reynolds*). O. GOLDSMITH.

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought.
Raphael. J. G. WHITTIER.

ASPIRATION.

Oh! could I throw aside these earthly bands
That tie me down where wretched mortals sigh—
To join blest spirits in celestial lands!
To Laura in Death. PETRARCH.

Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power,—
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind!
Sonnet IX. P. H. HAYNE.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.
To ——: One word is too often profaned.
P. B. SHELLEY.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
In Memoriam, I. A. TENNYSON.

AUTHORITY.

The rule
Of the many is not well. One must be chief
In war and one the king.
Iliad, Bk. II. HOMER. *Trans. of* BRYANT.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates:
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain.
Miscellaneous Thoughts. S. BUTLER.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,
And the creature run from the cur: There,
There, thou might'st behold the great image of authority;
A dog 's obeyed in office.
King Lear, Act iv. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

AUTHORSHIP.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
Don Juan, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
Till authors hear at length one general cry
Tickle and entertain us, or we die!
Retirement. W. COWPER.

The unhappy man, who once has trailed a pen,
Lives not to please himself, but other men;
Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
Prologue to Lee's Cæsar Borgia. J. DRYDEN.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody.
J. GAY.

Immodest words admit of no defence.
For want of decency is want of sense.

. . . . . .

But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like or being ill.
Essay on Translated Verse. EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 't is past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot: Prologue to the Satires.
A. POPE.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink,—my parents', or my own!
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot: Prologue to the Satires.
A. POPE.

And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.
Pilgrim's Progress: Apology for his Book.
J. BUNYAN.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.
The Progress of Error. W. COWPER.

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Moral Essays, Epistle II. A. POPE.

"You write with ease, to show your breeding,
But easy writing 's curst hard reading."
Clio's Protest. R. B. SHERIDAN.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

. . . . . .

Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Essay on Criticism, Part II. A. POPE.

Abstruse and mystic thought you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress.
Essay on Translated Verse. W. DILLON.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.
Incident in a Railroad Car. J. R. LOWELL.

E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art—the art to blot.
Horace, Bk. II. Epistle I. A. POPE.

Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well, what that shall be.
Morituri Salutamus. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BABY.

A sweet, new blossom of Humanity,
Fresh fallen from God's own home to flower on earth.
Wooed and Won. G. MASSEY.

The hair she means to have is gold,
Her eyes are blue, she 's twelve weeks old,
Plump are her fists and pinky.
She fluttered down in lucky hour
From some blue deep in yon sky bower—
I call her "Little Dinky."
Little Dinky. F. LOCKER-LAMPSON.

As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven.
Course of Time, Bk. V. R. POLLOK.

God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.
Romeo and Juliet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Suck, baby! suck! mother's love grows by giving:
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting!
The Gypsy's Malison. C. LAMB.

BATTLE.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darkened air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randoer's bane.

The Fatal Sisters. T. GRAY.

Wheel the wild dance,
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud;
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

The Dance of Death. SIR W. SCOTT.

He made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
. . . . .
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed.

K. Henry IV., Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

Childe Harold, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

From the glittering staff unfurled
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host upsent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.
Alexander the Great, *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2. N. LEE.

That voice . . . heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged.
Paradise Lost, *Bk. I.* MILTON.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!
King Richard III., *Act* v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,
And pass them current too. God 's me, my horse!
King Henry IV., *Pt. I. Act* ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Never be it said
That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain;
Conscience, avaunt, Richard 's himself again!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds. To horse! away!
My soul 's in arms, and eager for the fray.
Shakespeare's Richard III. (*Altered*), *Act.* v. *Sc.* 3.
C. CIBBER.

BEAUTY.

Is she not passing fair?
Two Gentlemen of Verona, *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

And she is fair, and fairer than that word.
Merchant of Venice, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
As You Like It, *Act* i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
Cymon and Iphigenia. J. DRYDEN.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
Romeo and Juliet, *Act* i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her. she.
The Princess. A. TENNYSON.

Thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.
Childe Harold, *Canto IV.* LORD BYRON.

Yet I 'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Othello, *Act* v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

No longer shall thy bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.
Henry and Emma. M. PRIOR.

The beautiful are never desolate;
But some one always loves them—God or man.
If man abandons, God himself takes them.
Festus: Sc. Water and Wood. P. J. BAILEY.

There 's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty.
The Elder Brother, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness.
Aurora Leigh. E. B. BROWNING.

How near to good is what is fair,
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.
We wish to see it still, and prove
What ways we may deserve;
We court, we praise, we more than love,
We are not grieved to serve.
Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly. B. JONSON.

There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Tempest, *Act* i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.
A Dream of Fair Women. A. TENNYSON.

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself:
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
It withers on the stalk with languished head.
Comus. MILTON.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self.
The Seasons : Autumn. J. THOMSON.

In beauty, faults conspicuous grow ;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
Fables : Peacock, Turkey, and Goose. J. GAY.

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals :
Gives but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
The Spider and the Bee. E. MOORE.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good ;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud ;
A brittle glass that 's broken presently ;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.
The Passionate Pilgrim. SHAKESPEARE.

BELL.

Tuned be its metal mouth alone
To things eternal and sublime.
And as the swift-winged hours speed on
May it record the flight of time !
Song of the Bell. F. SCHILLER. *Trans.* E. A. BOWRING.

The bells themselves are the best of preachers,
Their brazen lips are learnèd teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.
Christus : The Golden Legend, Pt. III.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

And the Sabbath bell,
That over wood and wild and mountain dell
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy
With sounds most musical, most melancholy.
Human Life. S. ROGERS.

Sweet Sunday bells ! your measured sound
Enhances the repose profound
Of all these golden fields around,
And range of mountain, sunshine-drowned.
Sunday Bells. W. ALLINGHAM.

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower!
Christus : The Golden Legend. Prologue.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered tolling a departing friend.
K. Henry IV., Pt. II. Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

BIBLE.

My Book and Heart
Must never part.
New England Primer.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
. . . . . .
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.
The Monastery. SIR W. SCOTT.

God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
The Glory of the Scriptures. B. BEDDOME.

Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
Holy Bible, Book Divine. J. BURTON.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
God's Word and Works. DR. I. WATTS.

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true.
Truth. W. COWPER.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

Olney Hymns. W. COWPER.

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse ;
This book starres lights to eternal-blisse.

The Church : The Holy Scriptures, Pt. II.
G. HERBERT.

BIRDS.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these ?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought ?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !

Tales of a Wayside Inn : The Poet's Tale.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no.
'T is clear that they were always able
To hold discourse—at least in fable.

Pairing Time Anticipated. W. COWPER.

The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Poured out profusely, silent. Joined to these,
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert : while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

The Seasons : Spring. J. THOMSON.

Whither away, Bluebird,
Whither away ?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight ? ah, why,
Thou too, whose song first told us of the Spring ?
Whither away ?

Flight of Birds. E. C. STEDMAN.

The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight.

Spring. O. W. HOLMES.

One day in the bluest of summer weather,
Sketching under a whispering oak,
I heard five bobolinks laughing together,
Over some ornithological joke.
Bird Language. C. P. CRANCH.

Sing away, ay, sing away,
Merry little bird,
Always gayest of the gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
You ne'er sung nor heard;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.
The Canary in his Cage. D. M. MULOCK CRAIK.

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
To the Eagle. J. G. PERCIVAL.

Where the hawk,
High in the beetling cliff, his aëry builds.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

And the humming-bird that hung
Like a jewel up among
The tilted honeysuckle horns
They mesmerized and swung
In the palpitating air,
Drowsed with odors strange and rare,
And, with whispered laughter, slipped away
And left him hanging there.
The South Wind and the Sun. J. W. RILEY.

"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird! Oh! idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
The Nightingale. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Then from the neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Evangeline, Pt. II. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
The Village Curate. J. HURDIS.

The merry lark he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him.
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
Song. H. COLERIDGE.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O, 't is the ravished nightingale—
Jug, jug, jug, jug—tereu—she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! who is 't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear,
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! but what a pretty note,
Poor Robin-redbreast tunes his throat;
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing
"Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring.
Alexander and Campaspe, Act v. *Sc.* 1. JOHN LYLY.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
. . . . . .
Portend success in love.
To the Nightingale. MILTON.

O honey-throated warbler of the grove!
That in the glooming woodland art so proud
Of answering thy sweet mates in soft or loud,
Thou dost not own a note we do not love.
To the Nightingale. C. T. TURNER.

Lend me your song, ye Nightingales! O, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection.
Merchant of Venice, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.
Macbeth, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
The White Devil, Act v. *Sc.* 2. J. WEBSTER.

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with one desire
Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
Poor Robin. W. WORDSWORTH.

The swallow twitters about the eaves;
Blithely she sings, and sweet and clear;
Around her climb the woodbine leaves
In a golden atmosphere.
The Swallow. C. THAXTER.

The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
Protective of his young.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

BLESSING.

Blessings star forth forever; but a curse
Is like a cloud—it passes.
Festus: Sc. Hades. P. J. BAILEY.

To heal divisions, to relieve the oppressed,
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blessed.
Odyssey, Bk. VII. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

Like birds, whose beauties languish half concealed,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded, shine with azure, green, and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
Night Thoughts, Night II. DR. E. YOUNG.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises;
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessèd dwell in the Paradises,
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Oriental Poetry: The Ninth Paradise. W. R. ALGER.

BLUSH.

Who has not seen that feeling born of flame
Crimson the cheek at mention of a name?
The rapturous touch of some divine surprise
Flash deep suffusion of celestial dyes:
When hands clasped hands, and lips to lips were pressed
And the heart's secret was at once confessed?
The Microcosm: Man. A. COLES.

By noting of the lady I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes.
Much Ado About Nothing, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
To revel in the roses.
Tamerlane, Act i. *Sc.* 1. N. ROWE.

While mantling on the maiden's cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Evenings in Greece: Evening II. Song. T. MOORE.

The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.
Dione, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. J. GAY.

Girls blush, sometimes, because they are alive,
Half wishing they were dead to save the shame.
The sudden blush devours them, neck and brow;
They have drawn too near the fire of life, like gnats,
And flare up bodily, wings and all.
Aurora Leigh. E. B. BROWNING.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
Night Thoughts, Night VII. DR. E. YOUNG.

BOATING.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We 'll sing at Saint Ann's our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight 's past!
A Canadian Boat Song. T. MOORE.

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.
Bermudas. A. MARVELL.

Oh, swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher's chorus-note,
Soft moves the dipping oar!
Oh, Swiftly glides the Bonnie Boat. J. BAILLIE.

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Essay on Man, Epistle III. A. POPE.

On the great streams the ships may go
About men's business to and fro.
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
On crystal waters ankle-deep:
I, whose diminutive design,
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
A hand may launch, a hand withhold:
I, rather, with the leaping trout
Wind, among lilies, in and out;
I, the unnamed, inviolate,
Green, rustic rivers navigate.
The Canoe Speaks. R. L. STEVENSON.

Row us forth! Unfurl thy sail!
What care we for tempest blowing?
Let us kiss the blustering gale!
Let us breast the waters flowing!
Though the North rush cold and loud,
Love shall warm and make us merry;
Though the waves all weave a shroud,
We will dare the Humber ferry!
The Humber Ferry. B. W. PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

BOOKS.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
Personal Talk. W. WORDSWORTH.

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends, who can alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take.
To My Books. MRS. C. NORTON.

Some books are drenchèd sands,
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,
Like a wrecked argosy.
A Life Drama. ALEX. SMITH.

Worthy books
Are not companions—they are solitudes:
We lose ourselves in them and all our cares.
Festus: Sc. A Village Feast. Evening. P. J. BAILEY.

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. LORD BYRON.

Golden volumes! richest treasures,
Objects of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize!
Brilliant wits and musing sages,
Lights who beamed through many ages!
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;
And now their hope of fame achieved,
Dear volumes! you have not deceived!
Curiosities of Literature. Libraries. I. DISRAELI.

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers.
The Elder Brother, Act i. *Sc.* 2.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BORROWING.

Who goeth a-borrowing,
Goeth a-sorrowing.
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. June's Abstract. T. TUSSER.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known.
Attributed to EARL OF ROCHESTER.

BOY.

O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!
King John, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth.
Don Juan, Canto I. LORD BYRON

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo.
The Schoolmistress. W. SHENSTONE.

Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey: and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief unto as large a volume.
King John, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

O, 't is a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He is all the mother's from the top to toe.
Richard III., Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.
Love's Cure, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

But strive still to be a man before your mother.
Motto of No. III. Connoisseur. W. COWPER.

CARE.

When one is past, another care we have;
Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.
Sorrows Succeed. R. HERRICK.

Old Care has a mortgage on every estate,
And that 's what you pay for the wealth that you get.
Gifts of the Gods. J. G. SAXE.

O polished perturbation! golden care!
That keepest the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!
K. Henry IV., Pt. II. Act iv. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Let one unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.
The Goblet of Life. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Let the world slide, let the world go:
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.
Be Merry Friends. J. HEYWOOD.

Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me ;
Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.
Begone, Old Care. PLAYFORD'S *Musical Companion.*

CHANCE.

That power
Which erring men call Chance.
Comus. MILTON.

Chance will not do the work—Chance sends the breeze ;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us towards the port
May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's part is vigilance,
Blow it or rough or smooth.
Fortunes of Nigel. SIR W. SCOTT.

I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance.
And breasts the blows of circumstance.
In Memoriam, LXIII. A. TENNYSON.

You 'll see that, since our fate is ruled by chance,
Each man, unknowing, great,
Should frame life so that at some future hour
Fact and his dreamings meet.
To His Orphan Grandchildren. V. HUGO.

CHANGE.

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changeless state, it were cause indeed to weep.
Mutation. W. C. BRYANT.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Moral Essays, Epistle I. Pt. II. A. POPE.

As hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.
Rokeby, Canto VI. SIR W. SCOTT.

This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Man's wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening late.
Faërie Queene, Bk. III. Canto IX. E. SPENSER.

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.
To Men of England. P. B. SHELLEY.

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies:
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.
Mutability. P. B. SHELLEY.

Sometimes an hour of Fate's serenest weather
Strikes through our changeful sky its coming beams;
Somewhere above us, in elusive ether,
Waits the fulfilment of our dearest dreams.
Ad Amicos. B. TAYLOR.

CHARITY.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.
The Excursion, Bk. IX. W. WORDSWORTH.

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.
Sonnet XXXV. W. WORDSWORTH.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?
Faërie Queene, Bk. VI. E. SPENSER.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?
Divine Songs. DR. I. WATTS.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.
Essays on Man, Epistle III. A. POPE.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Epilogue to Satires, Dial. I. A. POPE.

True charity makes others' wants their own.
Poor Man's Comfort. R. DABORNE.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.
King Henry IV., Pt. II. Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all shall say *My Brother* here,
And hear *My Son* in heaven!
Godminster Chimes. J. R. LOWELL.

Charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?
Love's Labor 's Lost. SHAKESPEARE.

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
When Jesus Dwelt. T. GIBBONS.

CHILDHOOD.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.
Of Education. M. F. TUPPER.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
Essay on Man, Epistle II. A. POPE.

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight,
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.
Bed in Summer. R. L. STEVENSON.

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.
To a Butterfly. W. WORDSWORTH.

When they are young, they
Are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise
And giddiness.
Wit without Money. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

A truthful page is childhood's lovely face,
Whereon sweet Innocence has record made,—
An outward semblance of the young heart's grace,
Where truth, and love, and trust are all portrayed.
On a Picture of Lillie. B. P. SHILLABER.

And the King with his golden sceptre,
The Pope with Saint Peter's key,
Can never unlock the one little heart
That is opened only to me.
For I am the Lord of a Realm,
And I am Pope of a See;
Indeed I 'm supreme in the kingdom
That is sitting, just now, on my knee.
The King and The Pope. C. H. WEBB.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
New England Primer.

And children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe.
Lady of the Lake, Canto II. SIR W. SCOTT.

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.
To a Butterfly. W. WORDSWORTH.

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
Beppo. LORD BYRON.

They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet.
Cymbeline, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Men are but children of a larger growth.
All for Love, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. J. DRYDEN.

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.
Paradise Regained, Bk. IV. MILTON.

CHRISTMAS.

O most illustrious of the days of time!
Day full of joy and benison to earth
When Thou wast born, sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
With dazzling pomp descending angels sung
Good-will and peace to men, to God due praise.
The Microcosm and Other Poems. A. COLES.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!
A Christmas Carmen. J. G. WHITTIER.

Oh, come, all ye faithful!
Triumphantly sing!
Come, see in the manger
The angels' dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten
With joyful accord;
Oh, hasten, oh, hasten,
To worship the Lord!
Christmas Day. *Unknown Latin Author.*
Trans. of E. CASWELL.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas-day.
A Christmas Carol. D. M. MULOCK CRAIK.

Now thrice-welcome Christmas, which brings us good cheer,
Minced pies and plum porridge, good ale and strong beer,
With pig, goose, and capon, the best that may be,—
So well doth the weather and our stomachs agree. . . .
But those on whose tables no victuals appear,
O, may they keep Lent all the rest of the year!
Poor Robin's Almanack, 1695.

CHURCH.

Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.
The House of God. W. COWPER.

"What is a church?" Let Truth and Reason speak,
They would reply, "The faithful, pure and meek,
From Christian folds, the one selected race,
Of all professions, and in every place."
The Borough, Letter II. G. CRABBE.

Spires whose "silent fingers point to heaven."
The Excursion, Bk. VI. W. WORDSWORTH.

I love thy church, O God:
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

. . . . .

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Love to the Church. T. DWIGHT.

As some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
Essay on Criticism. A. POPE.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Moral Essays, Epistle III. A. POPE.

CITY.

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.
The Garden, Essay V. A. COWLEY.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.
Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

The people are the city.
Coriolanus, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Ah, what can ever be more stately and admirable to me
than mast-hemmed Manhattan?
River and sunset and scallop-edged waves of flood-
tide?
The sea-gulls oscillating their bodies, the hay-boat in the
twilight, and the belated lighter?
Crossing Brooklyn Ferry. W. WHITMAN.

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusty, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town,
Don Juan, Canto X. LORD BYRON.

On the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.
Paradise Regained, Bk. IV. MILTON.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires!

. . . . .

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

CLERGY.

He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart.
The Timepiece: The Task, Bk. II. W. COWPER.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Wel ought a prest ensample for to yive,
By his clennesse, how that his sheep shulde lyve.

. . . .

To draw folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, this was his busynesse.
Canterbury Tales: Prologue. CHAUCER.

Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached.
Art of Preserving Health. J. ARMSTRONG.

CLOUD.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,
And wafted up to heaven.
Michael Angelo, Pt. II. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Yonder cloud
That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.
In Memoriam, XV. A. TENNYSON.

The Clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool,
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

A step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed
Was of a mighty city,—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendor,—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars,—illumination of all gems!
The Excursion, Bk. II. W. WORDSWORTH.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away
Over the snowy peaks!
Christus: The Golden Legend. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

COMFORT.

Dear little head, that lies in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder, where He meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid.
Song. C. THAXTER.

Men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel.
Much Ado About Nothing, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

"What is good for a bootless bene?"
With these dark words begins my tale;
And their meaning is, Whence can comfort spring
When Prayer is of no avail?
Force of Prayer. W. WORDSWORTH.

And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope, and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
Benediction. R. S. HAWKER.

COMPLIMENT.

Current among men,
Like coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
The Princess, Pt. II. A. TENNYSON.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iii. *Sc.* 1.
SHAKESPEARE.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
Faustus. C. MARLOWE.

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
To a Lady; with a Present of Flowers. T. TICKELL.

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade.
Sonnet XVIII. SHAKESPEARE.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
The Bride of Abydos, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

Those curious locks so aptly twined
Whose every hair a soul doth bind.
Think not 'cause men flattering say. T. CAREW.

And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Rape of the Lock, Canto II. A. POPE.

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.
Winter's Tale, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Some asked me where the Rubies grew,
And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls.
R. HERRICK.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones,—Come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There 's the land, or cherry-isle.
Cherry Ripe. R. HERRICK.

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.
Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.
LORD LYTTLETON.

Banish all compliments but single truth.
Faithful Shepherdess. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

What honor that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies.
Paradise Regained. MILTON.

'T was never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.
Twelfth Night, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

CONCEIT.

'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. I. A. POPE.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake.
Moral Essays, Epistle I. A. POPE.

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.
Florio, Pt. I. HANNAH MORE.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

CONSCIENCE.

Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.
The Island, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

Oh, Conscience! Conscience! man's most faithful friend,
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend;
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,
Thou art, oh! woe for me, his deadliest foe!
Struggles of Conscience. G. CRABBE.

Conscience is harder than our enemies,
Knows more, accuses with more nicety.
Spanish Gypsy. GEORGE ELIOT

Of a' the ills that flesh can fear,
The loss o' frien's, the lack o' gear,
A yowlin' tyke, a glandered mear,
A lassie's nonsense—
There 's just ae thing I cannae bear,
An' that's my conscience.
My Conscience. R. L. STEVENSON.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
K. Richard III., *Act* v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Why should not Conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return?
Hudibras, Pt. II. Canto II. S. BUTLER.

Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
K. Richard III., Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Let his tormentor conscience find him out.
Paradise Regained, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Richard II., Act v. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.
K. Henry V., Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

True, conscious Honor is to feel no sin,
He 's armed without that 's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of Brass.
First Book of Horace, Epistle I. A. POPE.

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience.
K. Henry VIII., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene!
Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
Don Juan, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my Great Task-Master's eye.
On being arrived at his Three-and-Twentieth Year.
MILTON.

And sure the eternal Master found
His single talent well employed.
Verses on Robert Levet. DR. S. JOHNSON.

CONSOLATION.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb!
To my Friend on the Death of his Sister.
J. G. WHITTIER.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Evangeline. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Sprinkled along the waste of years
Full many a soft green isle appears:
Pause where we may upon the desert road,
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode.
The Christian Year. The First Sunday in Advent.
J. KEBLE.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again.
Endymion. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame forever burneth:
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
. . . .
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Curse of Kehama, Canto X. R. SOUTHEY.

CONSTANCY.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

They sin who tell us Love can die:
With Life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
Curse of Kehama, Canto X. R. SOUTHEY.

Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar.
But never doubt I love.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
Julius Cæsar, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.
Love me little, love me long. R. HERRICK.

When change itself can give no more,
'T is easy to be true.
Reasons for Constancy. SIR C. SEDLEY.

If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.
Twelfth Night, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

I could be well moved if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
Julius Cæsar, Act iii. *Sc.* 1 SHAKESPEARE.

CONTENTMENT.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content;
In thought, or act, accountable to none
But to himself, and to the gods alone.
Epistle to Mrs. Higgons.
LORD LANSDOWNE.

Yes! in the poor man's garden grow,
Far more than herbs and flowers,
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.
The Poor Man's Garden. M. HOWITT.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
Essay on Man, Epistle II. A. POPE.

Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

From labor health, from health contentment spring;
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
The Minstrel, Bk. I. J. BEATTIE.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
Rural Sports, Canto II. J. GAY.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
K. Henry VI., Pt. III. Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Shut up
In measureless content.
Macbeth, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

CONVERSATION.

Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind.
The Odyssey, Bk. XV. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

With good and gentle-humored hearts
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts.
But if I get among the glum
I hold my tongue to tell the truth
And keep my breath to cool my broth.
Careless Content. LORD BYRON.

But conversation, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow, like waters after summer show'rs,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.
Conversation. W. COWPER.

In general those who nothing have to say
Contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.
An Oriental Apologue. J. R. LOWELL.

There 's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale.
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
King John, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Think all you speak ; but speak not all you think :
Thoughts are your own ; your words are so no more.
Epigram. H. DELAUNE.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse,
Not more distinct from harmony divine
The constant creaking of a country sign.
Conversation. W. COWPER.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Marmion, Canto II. SIR W. SCOTT.

They never taste who always drink ;
They always talk who never think.
Upon a Passage in the Scaligerana. M. PRIOR.

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs.*
Urania. O. W. HOLMES.

KING RICHARD. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
QUEEN ELIZABETH. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
King Richard III., Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant !
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that 's broken !
Lord of the Isles, Canto V. SIR W. SCOTT.

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

In his brain—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage—he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.
As You Like it, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

And I oft have heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended.
The Shepherd's Hunting. G. WITHER.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.
Venus and Adonis. SHAKESPEARE.

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse,
Love's Labor's Lost, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

COQUETRY.

Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all:
All 's one to her—above her fan
She 'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.
Quatrains. Coquette. T. B. ALDRICH.

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say "No,"
And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on and off-ing
On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow,
Then sees your heart wrecked, with an inward scoffing.
Don Juan, Canto XII. LORD BYRON.

And still she sits, young while the earth is old
And, subtly of herself contemplative,
Draws men to watch the bright net she can weave,
Till heart and body and life are in its hold.
Lilith. D. G. ROSSETTI.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away!
But while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say.
Beggar's Opera, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. J. GAY.

Ye belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolicsome round,
Pray tell me from whence this impertinence springs,
The sexes at once to confound?
Song for Ranelagh. P. WHITEHEAD.

COUNTRIES.

AMERICA.

America! half brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land.
Festus: Sc. The Surface. P. J. BAILEY.

Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won!
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Hail Columbia. J. HOPKINSON.

Around I see
The powers that be;
I stand by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!
. . . . . .
Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact
The kingliest act
Of Freedom is the freeman's vote!

The Eve of Election. J. G. WHITTIER.

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation!

Courtship of Miles Standish. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty.

Connecticut. F-G. HALLECK.

How has New England's romance fled,
Even as a vision of the morning!
Its right foredone,—its guardians dead.—
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,
Waking the veriest urchin's scorning!
. . . . . .
And now our modern Yankee sees
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries;
And naught above, below, around,

Of life or death, of sight or sound,
Whate'er its nature, form, or look,
Excites his terror or surprise,—
All seeming to his knowing eyes
Familiar as his "catechize,"
Or "Webster's Spelling-Book."
A New England Legend. J. G. WHITTIER.

Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,—
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!
Centennial Meditation of Columbia: 1876. S. LANIER.

His home!—the Western giant smiles,
And turns the spotty globe to find it;—
This little speck the British Isles?
'T is but a freckle,—never mind it.
A Good Time Going. O. W. HOLMES.

ENGLAND.

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart.
King Henry V., Act ii. *Chorus.* SHAKESPEARE.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war:
This happy breed of men, this little world.
This precious stone set in the silver sea.
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
King Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

England! my country, great and free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!
Festus: Sc. The Surface. P. J. BAILEY.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.
National Independence, Sonnet XVI. W. WORDSWORTH.

Heaven (that hath placed this island to give law
To balance Europe, and her states to awe,)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!
Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created; it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.
To My Lord Protector. E. WALLER.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
King John, Act v. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down,
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head;
But, by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.
The Land of Lands. A. TENNYSON.

Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.
To the Queen. A. TENNYSON.

SCOTLAND.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI. SIR W. SCOTT.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots
Frae Maiden Kirk to Johnny Groat's.
On Capt. Grose's Peregrinations Thro' Scotland.
R. BURNS.

HOLLAND.

As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Those banks and dams that like a screen
Did keep it out, now keep it in.
Hudibras. S. BUTLER.

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad Ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent Ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

The Traveller. O. GOLDSMITH.

ITALY.

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.

Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me
(When fortune's malice
Lost her Calais):
Open my heart, and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."

De Gustibus. R. BROWNING.

COURAGE.

Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean devices for a sordid end.
Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,
By which those great in war, are great in love.
The spring of all brave acts is seated here,
As falsehoods draw their sordid birth from fear.

Love and a Bottle: Dedication. G. FARQUHAR.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

King Henry IV., Pt. I. Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere—"Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.
Morituri Salutamus. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MACBETH. If we should fail,—
LADY MACBETH. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we 'll not fail.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.
Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed,
For the loss of one commander,
For God will be our king this day,
And I 'll be general under."
From the Battle of the Boyne. *Old Ballad.*

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion.
King John, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato. A. POPE.

Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow.
Julius Cœsar, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

"You fool! I tell you no one means you harm."
"So much the better," Juan said, "for them."
Don Juan. LORD BYRON.

The intent and not the deed
Is in our power; and therefore who dares greatly
Does greatly.
Barbarossa. J. BROWN.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Lochiel's Warning. T. CAMPBELL.

COURTESY.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.
Courtesy. J. T. FIELDS.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please;
All such is courteous, useful, new, or wittie:
Usefulness comes by labor, wit by ease;
Courtesie grows in court; news in the citie.
The Church Porch. G. HERBERT.

I am the very pink of courtesy.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

The kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies.
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining, to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favorite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
B. STILLINGFLEET.

COWARDICE.

What is danger
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
A poor cold part o' th' blood. Who takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked livers: valiant minds
Were made the masters of it.
Chances. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatteries besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged.
Satires: Prologue. A. POPE.

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.
Fables, Pt. I. Fable I. J. GAY.

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.
Irene, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. DR. S. JOHNSON.

He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shows but a bastard valor.
This life 's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up, till it be forced:
Nor will I. He 's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity.
Maid of Honor, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. P. MASSINGER.

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety!
King John, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.
The Art of Poetry on a New Plan. O. GOLDSMITH.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

CREED.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.
Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.
Lalla Rookh: Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. T. MOORE.

For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are hardened by th' allay;
And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff
As when 't is in a wrong belief.
Hudibras, Pt. III. Canto II. S. BUTLER.

You can and you can't,
You will and you won't;
You 'll be damned if you do,
You 'll be damned if you don't.
Chain (Definition of Calvinism). L. DOW.

They believed—faith, I 'm puzzled—I think I may call
Their belief a believing in nothing at all,
Or something of that sort; I know they all went
For a general union of total dissent.
A Fable for Critics. J. R. LOWELL.

We are our own fates. Our own deeds
Are our doomsmen. Man's life was made
Not for men's creeds,
But men's actions.
Lucile, Pt. II. Canto V. LORD LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

Go put your creed into your deed.
Nor speak with double tongue.
Ode: Concord, July 4, 1857. R. W. EMERSON.

CRIME.

There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.
A King and no King, Act v. *Sc.* 4.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Tremble, thou wretch,
That has within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice.
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

But many a crime deemed innocent on earth
Is registered in Heaven; and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annexed.
The Task, Bk. VI. W. COWPER.

CRITICISM.

And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,
Black 's not so black;—nor white so *very* white.
New Morality. G. CANNING.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. II. A. POPE.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
Upon Roscommon's Translation of Horace's De Arte Poetica. E. WALLER.

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it.
The Poet's Mind. A. TENNYSON.

CUSTOM.

Man yields to custom, as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate.
Tale III., Gentleman Farmer. G. CRABBE.

The slaves of custom and established mode,
With pack-horse constancy we keep the road
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
Tirocinium. W. COWPER.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Custom calls me to 't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth to o'erpeer.
Coriolanus, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.
The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto I. SIR W. SCOTT.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down.
Othello, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honored in the breach, than the observance.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

DAY.

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim.
Pippa Passes: Introduction. R. BROWNING.

How troublesome is day!
It calls us from our sleep away;
It bids us from our pleasant dreams awake,
And sends us forth to keep or break
Our promises to pay.
How troublesome is day!
Fly-By-Night. T. L. PEACOCK.

Blest power of sunshine!—genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel there is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow, of the tomb.
Lalla Rookh: The Fire Worshippers. T. MOORE.

DEATH.

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.
Cupid and Death. J. SHIRLEY.

A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.
Stanza subjoined to a Bill of Mortality. W. COWPER.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.
A Funeral Thought, Bk. II. Hymn 63. DR. I. WATTS.

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
K. Richard II., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.
Old Fortunatus. T. DEKKER.

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all.
King Lear, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest.
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
King John, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

That we shall die we know; 't is but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Julius Cæsar, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,
And cruel death is always near,
So frail a thing is man.
New England Primer.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The hour concealed, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Essay on Man, Epistle III. A. POPE.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
When words are scarce, they 're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
K. Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

A death-bed 's a detector of the heart:
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene;
Here real and apparent are the same.
Night Thoughts, Night II. DR. E. YOUNG.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Night Thoughts, Night II. DR. E. YOUNG.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

The bad man's death is horror; but the just,
Keeps something of his glory in the dust.
Castara. W. HABINGTON.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
Hudibras, Pt. I. Canto III. S. BUTLER.

Sure, 't is a serious thing to die! . . .
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! linked more close than wedded pair.
The Grave. R. BLAIR.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

Put out the light, and then—put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunningest pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither.
Othello, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks.
Divine Poems. F. QUARLES.

The ripest fruit first falls.
Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.
The Excursion, Bk. I. W. WORDSWORTH.

Happy they!
Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,
The precious porcelain of human clay,
Break with the first fall.
Don Juan, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson. W. C. BRYANT.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.
Don Juan, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.
Epitaph on an Infant. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Thank God for Death! bright thing with dreary name.
Benedicam Dominos.
SARAH C. WOOLSEY (*Susan Coolidge*).

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.
To a Young Lady. W. WORDSWORTH.

Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner
Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.
The Fair Penitent, Act v. *Sc.* 1. N. ROWE.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible,
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside.
Joan of Arc. R. SOUTHEY.

I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me.
King John, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessèd part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Henry VIII., Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.

Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

. . . . . .

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For, at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveille.

Lady of the Lake, Canto I. SIR W. SCOTT.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Here may the storme-bett vessell safely ryde;
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlde's sweet inn from paine and wearisome turmoyle.

Faërie Queene. E. SPENSER.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.

The Dispensary, Canto III. SIR S. GARTH.

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damnèd grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Titus Andronicus, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Let guilt, or fear,
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die.

Cato. J. ADDISON.

Sleep is a death; O make me try
By sleeping what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed.

Religio Medici, Pt. II. Sec. 12. SIR T. BROWNE.

Death in itself is nothing ; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.
Aurengzebe, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. J. DRYDEN.

Death, so called, is a thing that makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is passed in sleep.
Don Juan, Canto XIV. LORD BYRON.

Let no man fear to die ; we love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep.
Humorous Lieutenant. F. BEAUMONT.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
Colin and Lucy. T. TICKELL.

DECEIT.

An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

A man I knew who lived upon a smile,
And well it fed him ; he looked plump and fair,
While rankest venom foamed through every vein.
Night Thoughts, Night VIII. DR. E. YOUNG.

The world is still deceived with ornament,
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,
What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world
But those who slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that presses them ?
There are who in the path of social life
Do bask their spotted skins in Fortune's sun,
And sting the soul.
De Montford, Act i. *Sc.* 2. J. BAILLIE.

Hateful to me as are the gates of hell,
Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart,
Utters another.
The Iliad, Bk. IX. HOMER. *Trans. of* BRYANT.

Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
K. Richard III., Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

Appearances to save, his only care;
So things seem right, no matter what they are.
Rosciad. C. CHURCHILL.

Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade.
Table Talk. W. COWPER.

DEEDS.

From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.
Staniford's Art of Reading. *Author Unknown.*

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
A Grammarian's Funeral. R. BROWNING.

'T is not what man Does which exalts him, but what man
Would do.
Saul, XVIII. R. BROWNING.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above.
Little Things. J. A. CARNEY.

I profess not talking: only this,
Let each man do his best.
Henry IV., Pt. I. Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared.
Henry VIII. Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.
Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland. A. MARVELL.

DEFEAT.

Yes, this is life; and everywhere we meet,
Not victor crowns, but wailings of defeat.
The Unattained. E. O. SMITH.

At a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the books of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Sonnet XXV. SHAKESPEARE.

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.
And what is else not to be overcome.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.
Othello, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

They never fail who die
In a great cause.
Marino Faliero, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. LORD BYRON.

DESPAIR.

So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
Prometheus Unbound, Act i. P. B. SHELLEY.

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
Needless Alarm. W. COWPER.

DEVIL.

I called the devil, and he came,
And with wonder his form did I closely scan;
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
But really a handsome and charming man.
A man in the prime of life is the devil,
Obliging, a man of the world, and civil;
A diplomatist too, well skilled in debate,
He talks quite glibly of church and state.
Pictures of Travel: Return Home. H. HEINE.

The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he.
Works, Bk. IV. F. RABELAIS.

He must needs go that the devil drives.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

But the trail of the serpent is over them all.
Paradise and the Peri. T. MOORE.

DEW.

Dewdrops, Nature's tears, which she
Sheds in her own breast for the fair which die.
The sun insists on gladness; but at night,
When he is gone, poor Nature loves to weep.
Festus: Sc. Water and Wood. Midnight. P. J. BAILEY.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Youth and Age. S. T. COLERIDGE.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,—
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Advice to a Lady in Autumn. EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flower;
The same dew, which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iv. *Sc.* 1.
SHAKESPEARE.

I 've seen the dewdrop clinging
To the rose just newly born.
Mary of Argyle. C. JEFFREYS.

An host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dewdrops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Paradise Lost, Book V. MILTON.

The dewdrops in the breeze of morn.
Trembling and sparkling on the thorn.
A Recollection of Mary F. J. MONTGOMERY.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Hope tells a flattering tale,
Delusive, vain, and hollow,
Ah, let not Hope prevail,
Lest disappointment follow.
The Universal Songster. MISS WROTHER.

As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.
The Dispensatory, Canto III. SIR S. GARTH.

We're charmed with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.
Against Enjoyment. T. YALDEN.

The wretched are the faithful; 't is their fate
To have all feelings, save the one, decay,
And every passion into one dilate.
Lament of Tasso. LORD BYRON.

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath naught to dread from outward blow:

Who falls from all he knows of bliss
Cares little into what abyss.

The Giaour. LORD BYRON.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To lose good dayes, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.

Mother Hubberd's Tale. E. SPENSER.

A thousand years a poor man watched
Before the gate of Paradise:
But while one little nap he snatched,
It oped and shut. Ah! was he wise?

Oriental Poetry: Swift Opportunity. W. R. ALGER.

Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

Task, Bk. III. W. COWPER.

Like Dead Sea fruit that tempts the eye,
But turns to ashes on the lips!

Lalla Rookh: The Fire Worshippers. T. MOORE.

Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste.

Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

From the Greek. W. COWPER'S *Trans.*

The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,
The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!

Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

Do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.

Sonnet XC. SHAKESPEARE.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.

Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

DISCONTENT.

Past and to come seem best; things present worst.
King Henry IV., Pt. II. Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Julius Cæsar, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.
The Blue Stocking. T. MOORE.

DISTANCE.

Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way.
Pleasures of Hope, Pt. I. T. CAMPBELL.

Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance.
Address to Kilchurn Castle. W. WORDSWORTH.

How he fell
From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

DOUBT.

Modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise.
Troilus and Cressida, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Who never doubted, never half believed,
Where doubt there truth is—'t is her shadow.
Festus: Sc. A Country Town. P. J. BAILEY.

Uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Cooper's Hill. SIR J. DENHAM.

But the gods are dead—
Ay, Zeus is dead, and all the gods but Doubt,
And Doubt is brother devil to Despair!
Prometheus: Christ. J. B. O'REILLY.

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.
Measure for Measure, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.
Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
Seek and Find. R. HERRICK.

Dubious is such a scrupulous good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping if you can,
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
Conversation. W. COWPER.

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be.
Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst.
Troilus and Cressida, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

DREAM.

Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.
Fables: The Cock and the Fox. J. DRYDEN.

'T was but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower is only a weed, and is worthless.
Courtship of Miles Standish, Pt. VIII.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

One of those passing rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll,
In trance or slumber, round the soul!
Lalla Rookh: Fire Worshippers. T. MOORE.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
Romeo and Juliet, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted dreams,
And into glory peep.
Ascension Hymn. H. VAUGHAN.

When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
Sonnet: Sleep. T. B. ALDRICH.

Dreams are the children of an idle brain.
Romeo and Juliet, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

DRESS.

Let thy attyre bee comely, but not costly.
Euphues, 1579. J. LYLY.

The soul of this man is his clothes.
All 's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside.
As You Like It, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace.
Castle of Indolence, Canto I. J. THOMSON.

What a fine man
Hath your tailor made you!
City Madam, Act i. *Sc.* 2. P. MASSINGER.

Thy gown? why, ay;—come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, callest thou this!
Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires.
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
The Task, Bk. II. W. COWPER.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From Shepherdess up to Queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity 's *not* the rage,
And it 's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.
The Two Ages. H. S. LEIGH.

DRINK.

Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamored of the nut-brown maid.
The Minstrel, Bk. I. J. BEATTIE.

Fill full! Why this is as it should be: here
Is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and faces
Happy as fair! Here sorrow cannot reach.
Sardanapalus, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. LORD BYRON.

But maistly thee, the bluid o' Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to John o' Grots,
The king o' drinks, as I conceive it,
Talisker, Isla, or Glenlivet!
For after years wi' a pockmantie
Frae Zanzibar to Alicante,
In mony a fash an' sair affliction
I gie 't as my sincere conviction—
Of a' their foreign tricks an' pliskies,
I maist abominate their whiskies.
Nae doot, themsel's, they ken it weel,
An' wi' a hash o' leemon peel,
An' ice an' siccan filth, they ettle
The stawsome kind o' goo to settle;
Sic wersh apothecary's broos wi'
As Scotsmen scorn to fyle their moo's wi'.

The Scotman's Return from Abroad. R. L. STEVENSON.

This bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We planets that are not able,
Without his help to shine.

The Duenna, Act iii. *Sc.* 5. R. B. SHERIDAN.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
Point the rods of fortune-tellers;
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Drinking Song. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disordered rest.

Solomon, Bk. II. M. PRIOR.

And now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Othello, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

He that is drunken . . .
Is outlawed by himself; all kind of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.

The Temple: The Church Porch. G. HERBERT.

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.

The Revenger's Tragedy, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. C. TOURNEUR.

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet.
Tempest, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Of my merit
On thet point you yourself may jedge;
All is, I never drink no sperit,
Nor I hain't never signed no pledge.
The Biglow Papers, First Series, No. VII.
J. R. LOWELL.

DUTY.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.
Voluntaries. R. W. EMERSON.

Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
Ode: Death of the Duke of Wellington. A. TENNYSON.

When I 'm not thanked at all, I 'm thanked enough:
I 've done my duty, and I 've done no more.
Tom Thumb. H. FIELDING.

And I read the moral—A brave endeavor
To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,
Is better than life with love forever,
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.
Sir Hugo's Choice. J. J. ROCHE.

DYING.

The slender debt to nature 's quickly paid,
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.
Emblems, Bk. II. 13. F. QUARLES.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Measure for Measure, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
And like a lily her life did close;
Angels uncurtained that repose,
And the next waking dawned in heaven.
Ballad of Babe Christabel. G. MASSEY.

So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.
The Death of the Virtuous. MRS. BARBAULD.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long ;
Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years ;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more :
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
Œdipus, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. J. DRYDEN.

EASTER.

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
"*Christ the Lord is risen to-day.*" C. WESLEY.

Yes, He is risen who is the First and Last ;
Who was and is ; who liveth and was dead ;
Beyond the reach of death He now has passed,
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head.
He is Risen. H. BONAR.

Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer ;
Death is strong, but Life is stronger ;
Stronger than the dark, the light ;
Stronger than the wrong, the right ;
Faith and Hope triumphant say
Christ will rise on Easter Day.
An Easter Carol. PH. BROOKS.

Rise, heart ! thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
Without delays
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise—
That as His death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.
Easter. G. HERBERT.

Spring bursts to-day,
For Christ is risen and all the earth 's at play.
An Easter Carol. C. G. ROSSETTI.

ECCLESIASTICISM.

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working out salvation
By mere mechanic operation.
Hudibras, Pt. III. Canto I. S. BUTLER.

Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn.
The Dunciad, Bk. III. A. POPE.

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
Don Juan, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
Moral Essays, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. LORD BYRON.

So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel:
Where faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
The sail he spreads for Heaven with blast from hell!
Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.
T. MOORE.

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.
Childe Harold, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts.
Hudibras, Pt. I. Canto III. S. BUTLER.

Yes,—rather plunge me back in pagan night,
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey.
Intolerance. T. MOORE.

And after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 't is more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Religio Laici. J. DRYDEN.

ETERNITY.

The time will come when every change shall cease,
This quick revolving wheel shall rest in peace:
No summer then shall glow, nor winter freeze;
Nothing shall be to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now shall ever last.
The Triumph of Eternity. PETRARCH.

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.
Davideis, Bk. I. A. COWLEY.

This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!
Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.
T. MOORE.

And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
Night Thoughts, Night I. DR. E. YOUNG.

'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
'T is heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And indicates eternity to man.
Cato, Act v. *Sc.* 1. J. ADDISON.

EVENING.

Sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word.
Parisina. LORD BYRON.

O, Twilight! Spirit that doth render birth
To dim enchantments, melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams.
Picture of Twilight. MRS. C. NORTON.

Now came still evening on; and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,

They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

The pale child, Eve, leading her mother, Night.
A Life Drama. A. SMITH.

When on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,
And winds of dreamy odor are loosened from afar
When on the Marge of Evening. L. I. GUINEY.

When day is done, and clouds are low,
And flowers are honey-dew,
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue;
And homeward wing the turtle-doves,
Then comes the hour the poet loves.
The Poet's Hour. G. CROLY.

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices.
Ulysses. A. TENNYSON.

The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration.
It is a Beauteous Evening. W. WORDSWORTH.

EXPECTATION.

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.
Against Fruition. SIR J. SUCKLING.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Why wish for more?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse and health's decay.
Night Thoughts, Night IV. DR. E. YOUNG.

EYE.

A gray eye is a sly eye,
And roguish is a brown one;
Turn full upon me thy eye.—
Ah, how its wavelets drown one!

A blue eye is a true eye ;
Mysterious is a dark one,
Which flashes like a spark-sun !
A black eye is the best one.
Oriental Poetry : Mirza Shaffy on Eyes. W. R. ALGER.

O lovely eyes of azure,
Clear as the waters of a brook that run
Limpid and laughing in the summer sun !
The Masque of Pandora, Pt. I. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Within her tender eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light.
The Spirit of Poetry. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth ;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye.
Venus and Adonis. SHAKESPEARE.

Blue eyes shimmer with angel glances,
Like spring violets over the lea.
October's Song. C. F. WOOLSON.

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.
A Poet Epitaph. W. WORDSWORTH.

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.
Beppo. LORD BYRON.

The fringèd curtains of thine eye advance.
The Tempest, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Alas ! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays ;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go.
The Triad. W. WORDSWORTH.

FACE.

There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Your face, my thane, is a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly pourtraict of bright angels' hew,
Cleare as the skye withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexion's dew.
Faërie Queene, Canto III. E. SPENSER.

The light upon her face
Shines from the windows of another world.
Saints only have such faces.
Michael Angelo. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Oh ! could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face.
Orpheus to Beasts. R. LOVELACE.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

In each cheek appears a pretty dimple ;
Love made those hollows ; if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived and there he could not die.
Venus and Adonis. SHAKESPEARE.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen.
Rape of the Lock, Canto IV. A. POPE.

Sweet, pouting lips, whose color mocks the rose,
Rich, ripe, and teeming with the dew of bliss,—
The flower of love's forbidden fruit, which grows
Insidiously to tempt us with a kiss.
Tasso's Sonnets. R. H. WILDE.

Her face betokened all things dear and good,
The light of somewhat yet to come was there
Asleep, and waiting for the opening day.
Margaret in the Xebec. J. INGELOW.

Her face is like the Milky Way i' the sky,—
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.
Breunoralt. SIR J. SUCKLING.

A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
To a Highland Girl. W. WORDSWORTH,

FAIRY.

They 're fairies! he that speaks to them shall die:
I 'll wink and couch; no man their sports must eye.
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

This is the fairy land: O, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.
Comedy of Errors, Act. ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

In silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iv. *Sc.* 1.
SHAKESPEARE.

Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night.
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

"Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!"
Lay your ear close to the hill,
Do you not catch the tiny clamor,
Busy click of an elfin hammer.
Voice of the Leprecaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade?
He 's a span
And quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him fast,
And you 're a made
Man!
The Fairy Shoemaker. W. ALLINGHAM.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire. by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost

That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Comus. MILTON.

I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live
And play i' th' plighted clouds.
Comus. MILTON.

Oft fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

FAITH.

Faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the infinite; the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.
Sonnet: Faith. E. O. SMITH.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.
Expostulation and Reply. W. WORDSWORTH.

One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition.
The Excursion, B. VII. W. WORDSWORTH.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of Death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands Thought smoothly on the further shore.
Night Thoughts, Night IV. DR. E. YOUNG.

A bending staff I would not break,
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rashly pluck away
The error which some truth may stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul without
A shield against the shafts of doubt.
Questions of Life. J. G. WHITTIER.

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.
In Memoriam, LIV. A. TENNYSON.

The Power that led his chosen, by pillared cloud and flame,
Through parted sea and desert waste, that Power is still the same;
He fails not—He—the loyal hearts that firm on Him rely;
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.*
Oliver's Advice. COLONEL W. BLACKER.

If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow;
No separate life they e'er can know:
They 're soul and body, hand and heart:
What God hath joined, let no man part.
Dan and Jane. H. MORE.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.
In Memoriam, XXXIII. A. TENNYSON.

But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, My Father made them all.
The Task, Bk. V. Winter Morning Walk.
W. COWPER.

FALSEHOOD.

I give him joy that 's awkward at a lie.
Night Thoughts, Night VIII. DR. E. YOUNG.

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
King Henry IV., Pt. I. Act v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

'T is as easy as lying.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Absalom and Achitophel. J. DRYDEN.

* Cromwell, once when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, concluded an address with these words: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry."

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright—
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.
The Grandmother. A. TENNYSON.

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the speaker.
School and Schoolfellows. W. M. PRAED.

Like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie.
The Tempest, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

FAME.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemned; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Night Thoughts, Night VII. DR. E. YOUNG.

And what is Fame? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
First Book of Horace, Epistle VI. A. POPE.

What 's Fame? A fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

What is the end of Fame? 't is but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapor:
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.
Don Juan, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

Her house is all of Echo made
Where never dies the sound;
And as her brows the clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.
Fame. B. JONSON.

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?
The Motto. A. COWLEY.

The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-famed sculptor, and the laurelled bard,
Those bold insurancers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The Grave. R. BLAIR.

By Jove! I am not covetous for gold;
. . . .
But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
King Henry V., Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
. . . .
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose.
Don Juan, Canto VIII. LORD BYRON.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favors call:
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
. . . .
Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none!
The Temple of Fame. A. POPE.

It deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion.
Measure for Measure, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.
Othello, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Know ye not then, said Satan, filled with scorn,—
Know ye not me?
. . . . .
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives, in fame, the pious fool that raised it.
Shakespeare's King Richard III. *(Altered)*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.
C. CIBBER.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!
The Minstrel, Bk. I. J. BEATTIE.

FANCY.

This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Hamlet, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

When I could not sleep for cold
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain!
Aladdin. J. R. LOWELL.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatched away.
Eloise to Abélard. A. POPE.

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand:
For Thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And homebound Fancy runs her bark ashore.
Philip Van Artevelde, Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 5.
SIR H. TAYLOR.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

All farewells should be sudden, when forever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.
Sardanapalus. LORD BYRON.

So sweetly she bade me "Adieu,"
I thought that she bade me return.
A Pastoral. W. SHENSTONE.

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With Adieu for evermore,
My dear,
With Adieu for evermore.
It was a' for our Rightfu' King. R. BURNS.

And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort!
Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Alas, and farewell! But there 's no use in grieving,
For life is made up of loving and leaving.
Written in an Album. R. W. RAYMOND.

FARMING.

Ill husbandry braggeth
To go with the best:
Good husbandry baggeth
Up gold in his chest.
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, Ch. LII.
T. TUSSER.

Ye rigid Ploughmen! bear in mind
Your labor is for future hours.
Advance! spare not! nor look behind!
Plough deep and straight with all your powers!
The Plough. R. H. HORNE.

Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.
Windsor Forest. A. POPE.

When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And, crowned with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
Summer. A. POPE.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!
The Corn-Song. J. G. WHITTIER.

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising:
There are forty feeding like one!
The Cock is Crowing. W. WORDSWORTH.

FASHION.

Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
Rosciad. C. CHURCHILL.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. *Sc.* 3.
SHAKESPEARE.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that 's out;
His passion for absurdity 's so strong
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Though wrong the mode, comply: more sense is shown
In wearing others' follies than our own.
Night Thoughts, Night II. DR. E. YOUNG.

Nothing is thought rare
Which is not new, and followed; yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again.
The Noble Gentleman: Prologue.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body.
King Richard III., Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. *Sc.* 15. SHAKESPEARE.

FATE.

Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steered by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Hudibras, Pt. I. Canto I. S. BUTLER.

Fate holds the strings, and men like children move
But as they 're led: success is from above.
Heroic Love, Act v. *Sc.* 1. LORD LANSDOWNE.

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.
A Fable: Moral. W. COWPER.

With equal pace, impartial Fate
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate.
Bk. I. Ode IV. HORACE. *Trans. of* PH. FRANCIS.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
King Henry VI., Pt. IV. Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate.
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
The Minstrel, Bk. I. J. BEATTIE.

No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.
The Iliad, Bk. VI. HOMER. *Trans. of* BRYANT.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

I 'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of Fate.
Macbeth, *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Julius Cæsar, *Act* i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Upon an Honest Man's Fortune. J. FLETCHER.

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hamlet, *Act* v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

FAULT.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults.
Sonnet XXXV. SHAKESPEARE.

Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel.
On Mr. Dryden's Religio Laici. W. DILLON.

Go to your bosom:
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault.
Measure for Measure, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patched.
King John, *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Measure for Measure, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

FEAR.

Imagination frames events unknown,
In wild, fantastic shapes of hideous ruin,
And what it fears creates.
Belshazzar, Pt. II. H. MORE.

Imagination's fool and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.
Night Thoughts, Night IV. DR. E. YOUNG.

A lamb appears a lion, and we fear
Each bush we see 's a bear.
Emblems, Bk. I.–XIII. F. QUARLES.

Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

His fear was greater than his haste:
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 't is always left behind.
Hudibras, Pt. III. Canto III. S. BUTLER.

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
King Henry IV., Pt. II. Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe.
King Richard II., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Fear
Stared in her eyes, and chalked her face.
The Princess, IV. A. TENNYSON.

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature. Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

LADY MACBETH. Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*
Like the poor cat i' the adage.
MACBETH. Prythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
Verses written on a Window in Scotland. A. HILL.

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.
Written on a Window-Pane. SIR W. RALEIGH.

If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.
Written under the Above. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

FEELING.

Sweet sensibility! thou keen delight!
Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
Sensibility. H. MORE.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Evangeline, Pt. II. Sc. 2. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

'T were vain to tell thee all I feel,
Or say for thee I'd die.
'T were Vain to Tell. J. A. WADE.

And inasmuch as feeling, the East's gift,
Is quick and transient,—comes, and lo! is gone,
While Northern thought is slow and durable.
Luria, Act v. R. BROWNING.

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
Like instincts, unawares.
The Men of Old. R. M. MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON.

FIDELITY.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.
Song. B. BOOTH.

But faithfulness can feed on suffering,
And knows no disappointment.
Spanish Gypsy, Bk. III. GEORGE ELIOT.

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true.
Rules and Lessons. H. VAUGHAN.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.
Epistle to Mr. Addison. A. POPE.

FISH.

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
What is 't ye do? what life lead? eh, dull goggles?
How do ye vary your vile days and nights?
How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?
Sonnets: The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit.
L. HUNT.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
Windsor Forest. A. POPE.

FLATTERY.

No adulation; 't is the death of virtue;
Who flatters, is of all mankind the lowest
Save he who courts the flattery.
Daniel. H. MORE.

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!
Timon of Athens, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin.
Pericles, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery?
Henry V., Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

But flattery never seems absurd ;
The flattered always take your word :
Impossibilities seem just ;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody.
J. GAY.

'T is an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools ;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
Cadenus and Vanessa. J. SWIFT.

He loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Julius Cæsar, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Ne'er
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear :
A simple race ! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, *Canto IV.* SIR W. SCOTT.

Why should the poor be flattered ?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.
Hamlet, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder.
Coriolanus, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

FLOWERS.

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.
Faërie Queene, *Bk. II. Canto VI.* E. SPENSER.

"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
King Richard III., *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you 't is true:
Yet wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.
Field Flowers. T. CAMPBELL.

Loveliest of lovely things are they
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Scene on the Banks of the Hudson. W. C. BRYANT.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but sticketh nere;
Sweet is the firbloome, but its braunches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but its rynd is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
Amoretti, Sonnet XXVI. E. SPENSER.

And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.
Lines written in Early Spring. W. WORDSWORTH.

SPRING.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay in many a place.
Daffy-Down-Dilly. A. B. WARNER.

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snowdrift melts, your tender buds have blown.
Trailing Arbutus. R. T. COOKE.

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm-tree for our king!
Wishing: A Child's Song. W. ALLINGHAM.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.
Thee when young spring first questioned winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on his bank he threw
To mark his victory.
To an Early Primrose. H. K. WHITE.

O Proserpina!
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.
The Winter's Tale, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

The snowdrop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the wet o' the morn.
My Nannie 's Awa'. R. BURNS.

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him.
And it was nothing more.
Peter Bell. W. WORDSWORTH.

The loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun: so violets blue;
So the soft star-like primrose—drenched in dew—
The happiest of Spring's happy, fragrant birth.
Spring Showers. J. KEBLE.

Primrose-eyes each morning ope
In their cool, deep beds of grass;
Violets make the air that pass
Tell-tales of their fragrant slope.
Home and Travel: Ariel in the Cloven Pine.
B. TAYLOR.

A spring upon whose brink the anemones
And hooded violets and shrinking ferns
And tremulous woodland things crowd unafraid,
Sure of the refreshing that they always find.
Unvisited. M. J. PRESTON.

The modest, lowly violet
In leaves of tender green is set;
So rich she cannot hide from view,
But covers all the bank with blue.
Spring Scatters Far and Wide. D. R. GOODALE.

Oh! faint delicious spring-time violet,
Thine odor like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.
The Violet. W. W. STORY.

In kindly showers and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.
Mogg Megone, Pt. III. J. G. WHITTIER.

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
The pink waxen blossoms are waking, I hear;
We 'll gather an armful of fragrant wild cheer.
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.
Come for Arbutus. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.
Lucy. W. WORDSWORTH.

Of all the months that fill the year,
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety.

The apple blossoms' shower of pearl,
Though blent with rosier hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.
Apple Blossoms. L. E. LANDON.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.
Spring. C. THAXTER.

SUMMER.

Ah! Bring childhood's flower!
The half-blown daisy bring.
Flowers for the Heart. J. ELLIOTT.

There is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.
A Field Flower. J. MONTGOMERY.

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.
To the Daisy. W. WORDSWORTH.

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the one
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.
Poems composed in the Summer of 1833.
W. WORDSWORTH.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet daisy! oft I talk to thee.
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming commonplace
Of nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!
To the Daisy. W. WORDSWORTH.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill. J. KEATS.

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower.
Home Thoughts from Abroad. R. BROWNING.

The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,
Held up their chalices of gold
To catch the sunshine and the dew.
Centennial Poem. J. C. R. DORR.

We bring roses, beautiful fresh roses,
Dewy as the morning and colored like the dawn;
Little tents of odor, where the bee reposes,
Swooning in sweetness of the bed he dreams upon.
The New Pastoral, Bk. VII. T. B. READ.

The amorous odors of the moveless air,—
Jasmine and tuberose and gillyflower,
Carnation, heliotrope, and purpling shower
Of Persian roses.
The Picture of St. John, Bk. II. B. TAYLOR.

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.
King Henry VI., Pt. II. Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorne and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower:
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
The Lady of the Lake, Canto I. SIR W. SCOTT.

Wild-rose, Sweetbriar, Eglantine,
All these pretty names are mine,
And scent in every leaf is mine,
And a leaf for all is mine,
And the scent—Oh, that's divine!
Happy-sweet and pungent fine,
Pure as dew, and picked as wine.
Songs and Chorus of the Flowers. L. HUNT.

Roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres that in the forrest grew.
Faërie Queene, Bk. III. Canto VI. E. SPENSER.

Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see;
But the wild bluebell is the flower for me.
The Bluebell. L. A. MEREDITH.

And the stately lilies stand
Fair in the silvery light,
Like saintly vestals, pale in prayer;
Their pure breath sanctifies the air,
As its fragrance fills the night.
A Red Rose. J. C. R. DORR.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen,
Through their pavilions of tender green.
The Sensitive Plant. P. B. SHELLEY.

A pure, cool lily, bending
Near the rose all flushed and warm.
Guonare. E. L. SPROAT.

There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember :—and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve moons together,
The little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.
Heart's Ease. M. E. BRADLEY.

I send thee pansies while the year is young,
Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night;
Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung
By all the chiefest of the Sons of Light;
. . . . .
Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,
And for the pansies send me back a thought.
Pansies. S. DOWDNEY.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii. *Sc.* 1.
SHAKESPEARE.

Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.
Retirement. T. WARTON.

AUTUMN.

The purple asters bloom in crowds
In every shady nook,
And ladies' eardrops deck the banks
Of many a babbling brook.
Autumn. E. G. EASTMAN.

Graceful, tossing plume of glowing gold,
Waving lonely on the rocky ledge;
Leaning seaward, lovely to behold,
Clinging to the high cliff's ragged edge.
Seaside Goldenrod. C. THAXTER.

The aster greets us as we pass
With her faint smile.
A Day of Indian Summer. S. H. P. WHITMAN.

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild-rose!
Last Walk in Autumn. J. G. WHITTIER.

FOOL.

The right to be a cussèd fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It 's common (ez a gin'l rule)
To every critter born of woman.
The Biglow Papers, Second Series, No. 7. J. R. LOWELL.

No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Prologue to Satires. A. POPE.

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnished like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

A limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of fools, to few unknown.
Paradise Lost, Bk. III. MILTON.

Who are a little wise the best fools be.
The Triple Fool. J. DONNE.

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. III. A. POPE.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.
The Birth of Flattery. G. CRABBE.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
Twelfth Night, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Some positive, persisting fools we know,
Who, if once wrong, will need be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. III. A. POPE.

FORGET.

Good to forgive:
Best to forget.
La Saisiaz: Prologue. R. BROWNING.

We bury love,
Forgetfulness grows over it like grass;
That is a thing to weep for, not the dead.
A Boy's Poem. A. SMITH.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee.
Song: Go, Forget Me! C. WOLFE.

Forgotten? No, we never do forget:
We let the years go; wash them clean with tears.
Leave them to bleach out in the open day
Or lock them careful by, like dead friends' clothes,
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain,—
But we forget not, never can forget.
A Flower of a Day. D. M. MULOCK CRAIK.

FORGIVE.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. I. A. POPE.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
Conquest of Granada, Pt. II. Act i. *Sc.* 2. J. DRYDEN.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.
On the Day of Judgment. W. DILLON.

Some write their wrongs in marble: he, more just,
Stooped down serene and wrote them in the dust,
Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind.
There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie.
And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty eye.
Boulter's Monuments. S. MADDEN.

The more we know, the better we forgive;
Who'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.
Corinne. MADAME DE STAËL.

FORTUNE.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.
Epigrams. SIR J. HARRINGTON.

Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge?
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge.
Paracelsus. R. BROWNING.

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
King John, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
Second Book of Horace, Satire II. A. POPE.

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor in health: or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
K. Henry IV., Pt. II. Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Under heaven's high cope
Fortune is god—all you endure and do
Depends on circumstance as much as you.
Epigrams. From the Greek. P. B. SHELLEY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Julius Cæsar, *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
As seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near.
White Devil, *Act* v. *Sc.* 6. J. WEBSTER.

Oh, how portentous is prosperity!
How comet-like, it threatens while it shines.
Night Thoughts, *Night V.* DR. E. YOUNG.

I have set my life up on a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
King Richard III., *Act* v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please.
Hamlet, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
King Henry V., *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

FREEDOM.

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garment with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air,
Sunshine steals light from her face,
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace!
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, O, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!
Ode to Freedom: Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of Concord, *April* 19, 1875. J. R. LOWELL.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

. . . . .

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights. A. TENNYSON.

No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

. . . . . .

Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing—Freedom is the pledge of all.

Table Talk. W. COWPER.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Cato, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. J. ADDISON.

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven.

Palamon and Arcite, Bk. II. J. DRYDEN.

'T is liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.

The Task, Bk. V. W. COWPER.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.

As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
License they mean, when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good.

On the Detraction which followed upon my writing Certain Treatises, II. MILTON.

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God.

On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington. J. R. LOWELL.

The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever;
'T is mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever.
O, the sight entrancing. T. MOORE.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
The Ages. W. C. BRYANT.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

Freedom needs all her poets; it is they
Who give her aspirations wings,
And to the wiser law of music sway
Her wild imaginings.
To the Memory of Hood. J. R. LOWELL.

Free soil, free men, free speech, free press,
Fremont and victory!
Chorus: Republican Campaign Song, 1856.
R. R. RAYMOND.

FRIENDSHIP.

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
Epigraph to Friendship. R. W. EMERSON.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!
The Grave. R. BLAIR

Friendship is the cement of two minds,
As of one man the soul and body is;
Of which one cannot sever but the other
Suffers a needful separation.
Revenge. G. CHAPMAN.

A friendship that like love is warm,
A love like friendship steady.
How Shall I Woo? T. MOORE.

Friendship 's the image of
Eternity, in which there 's nothing
Movable, nothing mischievous.
Endymion. J. LILLY.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old !
Youth and Age. S. T. COLERIDGE

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
Burial of the Dead. J. KEBLE.

I praise the Frenchman,* his remark was shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude !
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.
Retirement. W. COWPER.

Friendship 's an abstract of love's noble flame,
'Tis love refined, and purged from all its dross,
'Tis next to angel's love, if not the same.
Friendship : A Poem. CATH. PHILLIPS.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene ;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.
Night Thoughts. DR. E. YOUNG.

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend is life too short.
Considerations by the Way. R. W. EMERSON.

But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend ;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget.
Course of Time, Bk. V. R. POLLOK.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;
One should our interests and our passions be,
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
Iliad, Bk. IX. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

Nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
Night Thoughts, Night II. DR. E. YOUNG.

* La Bruyère, says *Bartlett.*

Friendship, peculiar boon of Heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.
Friendship: An Ode. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Turn him, and see his threads: look if he be
Friend to himself, that would be friend to thee:
For that is first required, a man be his own;
But he that 's too much that is friend to none.
Underwood. B. JONSON.

Lay this into your breast:
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best.
Duchess of Malfy. J. WEBSTER.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Evangeline. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice.
Cynthia's Revels. B. JONSON.

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Friendship above all ties does bind the heart;
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.
King Henry V. EARL OF ORRERY.

Be kind to my remains; and O, defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Epistle to Congreve. J. DRYDEN.

O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadowed us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity.
The Maid of Honor. P. MASSINGER.

Such is the use and noble end of friendship,
To bear a part in every storm of fate.
Generous Conqueror. B. HIGGONS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
. . . . .
'T is thus in friendships: who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
Fables: The Hare and many Friends. J. GAY.

Like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunneshine.
The Answer. G. HERBERT.

What the declinèd is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.
Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon, or to bear it.
On Friendship. W. COWPER.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet,—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend!*
New Morality. G. CANNING.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
How Shall I Woo? T. MOORE.

Of all our good, of all our bad,
This one thing only is of worth,
We held the league of heart to heart
The only purpose of the earth.
More Songs from Vagabondia: Envoy.
R. HOVEY.

It 's an owercome sooth for age an' youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends
And the young are just on trial.
Poems: In Scots. R. L. STEVENSON.

For friendship, of itself a holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
The Hind and the Panther. J. DRYDEN.

O Friendship, flavor of flowers! O lively sprite of life!
O sacred bond of blissful peace, the stalwart staunch of strife.
Of Friendship. N. GRIMOALD.

FRIGHT.

I feel my sinews slacken with the fright,
And a cold sweat thrills down o'er all my limbs,
As if I were dissolving into water.
The Tempest. J. DRYDEN.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle
From her propriety.
Othello, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

FUTURE.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
The Death of Wallenstein. S. T. COLERIDGE.

When I consider life, 't is all a cheat.
Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and, while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.

Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain.
Aureng-Zebe; or, The Great Mogul, Act iv. *Sc.* 1.
J. DRYDEN.

As though there were a tie,
And obligation to posterity.
We get them, bear them breed and nurse.
What has posterity done for us,
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?
McFingal, Canto II. J. TRUMBULL.

The best of prophets of the Future is the Past.
Letter, Jan. 28, 1821. LORD BYRON.

GENTLEMAN.

He is gentil that doth gentil dedis.
Canterbury Tales: The Wyf of Bathes Tale. CHAUCER.

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed
As by his manners,
Faërie Queene, Bk. VI. Canto IV. E. SPENSER.

Tho' modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written—"Gentleman."
Don Juan, Canto IX. LORD BYRON.

I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman.
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

"I am a gentleman." I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.
Twelfth Night, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Nothing to blush for and nothing to hide,
Trust in his character felt far and wide;
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman Nature has made.
What is a Gentleman? N. L. O'DONOGHUE.

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.
In Memoriam, CX. A. TENNYSON.

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Absalom and Achitophel. J. DRYDEN.

GHOST.

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?
To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. A. POPE.

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?
Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet. B. JONSON.

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.
King Richard III., Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

MACBETH. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

. . . . . .

LADY MACBETH. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan.
MACBETH. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?

. . . . . .

The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

. . . . . .

Avaunt! and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless. thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!

. . . . . .

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!
Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

GLORY.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
Henry VI., Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked to near have neither heat nor light.
The White Devil, Act v. *Sc.* 1. J. WEBSTER.

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
Night Thoughts, Night VIII. DR. E. YOUNG.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.
On the Death of Sir Walter Scott. SIR S. BRYDGES.

GOD.

What is this mighty Breath, ye sages, say,
That, in powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven; and through their breast
These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

The Somewhat which we name but cannot know,
Ev'n as we name a star and only see
Its quenchless flashings forth, which ever show
And ever hide him, and which are not he.
Wordsworth's Grave, I. W. WATSON.

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured.
Each branch of piety delight inspires.
Night Thoughts, Night VIII. DR. E. YOUNG.

Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
Night Thoughts, Night IV. DR. E. YOUNG.

Happy the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life.
The Task, Bk. II. W. COWPER.

O thou, whose certain eye foresees
The fixed event of fate's remote decrees.
Odyssey, Bk. IV. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,—
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.
The Rambler, No. 7. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Whatever is, is in its causes just.
Œdipus, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. J. DRYDEN.

He that doth the ravens feed
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age!
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perished, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and Thee appease.
Paradise Lost, Bk. X. MILTON.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love.
Of Immortality. M. F. TUPPER.

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And, hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"
Fears in Solitude. S. T. COLERIDGE.

God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat.
Points of Good Husbandry. T. TUSSER.

'T is Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours.
A Fable. W. COWPER.

Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.
The Task: Winter Morning Walk. W. COWPER.

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.
In Memoriam: Conclusion. A. TENNYSON.

GODS, THE.

Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear.
The Iliad, Bk. I. HOMER. *Trans. of* BRYANT.

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.
The Iliad, Bk. I. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

High in the home of the summers, the seats of the happy immortals,
Shrouded in knee-deep blaze, unapproachable; there ever youthful
Hebê, Harmonië, and the daughter of Jove, Aphroditê
Whirled in the white-linked dance, with the gold-crowned Hours and Graces.
Andromeda. CH. KINGSLEY.

Or else flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh
Half buried in the eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star, shot thro' the sky,
Above the pillared town.
Palace of Art. A. TENNYSON.

As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Who knows not Circê,
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmèd cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
Comus. MILTON.

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

No wonder Cupid is a murderous boy :
A fiery archer making pain his joy.
His dam, while fond of Mars, is Vulcan's wife,
And thus 'twixt fire and sword divides her life.
Greek Anthology. MELEAGER.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
King Lear, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Titus Andronicus, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

GOOD.

What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well.
The Light of Asia. SIR E. ARNOLD.

There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound.
Abt Vogler, IX. R. BROWNING.

Now, at a certain time, in pleasant mood,
He tried the luxury of doing good.
Tales of the Hall, Bk. III. G. CRABBE.

'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds.
King Henry VIII., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!
Juvenal, Satire X. J. DRYDEN.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Paradise Lost, Bk. V. MILTON.

GRATITUDE.

The still small voice of gratitude.
For Music. T. GRAY.

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

I 've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.
Simon Lee. W. WORDSWORTH.

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

GRAVE, THE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.
The Grave. J. MONTGOMERY.

Ah, the grave 's a quiet bed:
She shall sleep a pleasant sleep,
And the tears that you may shed
Will not wake her—therefore weep!
The Last Scene. W. WINTER.

O, snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:
O, Snatched Away! LORD BYRON.

Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow.
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. A. POPE.

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.
In Memoriam, XVIII. A. TENNYSON.

Sweets to the sweet: farewell,
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not t' have strewed thy grave.
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. A. POPE.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Brave Percy, fare thee well!
Ill-weaned ambition, how much art thou shrunk:
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.
King Henry VI., Pt. I. Act v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.
On the Death of Mr. Addison. T. TICKELL.

The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labors; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his powers; the miser drops his hoard:
Where human folly sleeps.
Ruins of Rome. J. DYER.

Then to the grave I turned me to see what therein lay;
'T was the garment of the Christian, worn out and thrown away.
Death and the Christian. F. A. KRUMMACHER.

GREATNESS.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf:
Content to know and be unknown:
Whole in himself.
A Great Man. LORD LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his,
And somewhere, now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.
The Chronicle of the Drum. W. M. THACKERAY.

Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven ;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,—
To which I leave him.
The False One, Act ii. *Sc.* 1.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Greatness on goodness loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves, for fortune's ice, vertue's firm land.
Turkish History. Under a portrait of Mustapha I.
R. KNOLLES.

Such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages.
Philip Van Artevelde, Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 7.
SIR H. TAYLOR.

GRIEF.

Every one can master grief, but he that has it.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.
The Corsair, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.
Inferno, Canto V. DANTE.

I am not mad ;—I would to heaven I were !
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself ;
O, if I could, what grief I should forget !
King John, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved !
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he accompanies thy solitude ;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse :
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.
The Dead Friend. R. SOUTHEY.

HABIT.

Habit with him was all the test of truth;
"It must be right: I've done it from my youth."
The Borough, Letter III. G. CRABBE.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled town.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Hackneyed in business, wearied at that oar,
Which thousands, once fast chained to, quit no more.
Retirement. W. COWPER.

Small habits, well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes.
Florio, Pt. I. HANNAH MORE.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
Metamorphoses, Bk. XV. OVID. *Trans. of* DRYDEN.

HAIR.

Those curious locks so aptly twined,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind.
To A. L. Persuasions to Love. T. CAREW.

Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again.
Faust: Sc. Walpurgis Night.
GOETHE. *Trans. of* SHELLEY.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and smooth.
Don Juan, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
'T was a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
'T was a thing to be braided, and jewelled, and kissed—
'T was the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.
Janette's Hair. C. G. HALPINE (*Miles O'Reilly*).

As she fled fast through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlets from the braid.
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere. A. TENNYSON.

Come let me pluck that silver hair
Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see;
The withering type of time or care
Has nothing, sure, to do with thee.
The Grey Hair. A. A. WATTS.

HAND.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Showed like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Lucrece. SHAKESPEARE.

The hand of a woman is often, in youth,
Somewhat rough, somewhat red, somewhat graceless, in truth;
Does its beauty refine, as its pulses grow calm,
Or as sorrow has crossed the life line in the palm?
Lucile, Pt. I. Canto III.
(*Owen Meredith*). LORD LYTTON.

They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand.
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

As if the world and they were hand and glove.
Table Talk. W. COWPER.

With an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Then join in hand, brave Americans all;
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.
The Liberty Song (1768). J. DICKINSON.

HAPPINESS.

Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere:
'T is nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere;
'T is never to be bought, but always free.
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

We 're charmed with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.
Against Enjoyment. T. YALDEN.

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart:
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.
Saturday Afternoon. N. P. WILLIS.

True happiness ne'er entered at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
Night Thoughts, Night VIII. DR. E. YOUNG.

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
Night Thoughts, Night I. DR. E. YOUNG.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
And he that had no cross deserves no crown.
Esther. F. QUARLES.

HATE.

Who love too much hate in the like extreme.
The Odyssey. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

These two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage.
Don Juan, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.
The Mourning Bride, Act iii. *Sc.* 8. W. CONGREVE.

HEART.

Oh, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,—
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing.
The Captive Greek Girl. J. PARDOE.

His heart was one of those which most enamor us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.
Beppo. LORD BYRON.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest.
Twilight. F-G. HALLECK.

Worse than a bloody hand is a bloody heart.
The Cenci, Act v. *Sc.* 2. P. B. SHELLEY.

Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Love of Fame, Satire II. DR. E. YOUNG.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.
A Prayer for Indifference. MRS. F. M. GREVILLE.

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
The Task: Winter Walk at Noon. W. COWPER.

My heart
Is true as steel.
A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii. *Sc.* 1.
SHAKESPEARE.

HEAVEN.

A heart bestowed on heaven alone.
The Corsair. LORD BYRON.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!
The Earth Full of God's Goodness. J. MONTGOMERY.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven!
Sacred Songs: The world is all a fleeting show.
T. MOORE.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
The Issues of Life and Death. J. MONTGOMERY.

No, no, I 'm sure,
My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury,
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream
Endymion, Bk. I. J. KEATS.

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
Burial of the Dead. J. KEBLE.

Nor can his blessèd soul look down from heaven,
Or break the eternal sabbath of his rest.
The Spanish Friar, Act v. *Sc.* 2. J. DRYDEN.

Just are the ways of Heaven; from Heaven proceed
The woes of man: Heaven doomed the Greeks to bleed.
Odyssey, Bk. VIII. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from Heaven.
The Lord of the Isles, Canto I. SIR W. SCOTT.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
To an Afflicted Protestant Lady. W. COWPER.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
Sacred Songs: Come, ye Disconsolate. T. MOORE.

HELL.

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
Inferno, Canto III. DANTE.

Which way shall I fly,
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Nor from hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

When all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.
Faustus. C. MARLOWE.

HELP.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Essay on Man, Epistle II. A. POPE.

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.
In a Child's Album. W. WORDSWORTH.

What's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief.
The Winter's Tale, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Help thyself, and God will help thee.
Jaculata Prudentum. G. HERBERT.

HEROISM.

The hero is the world-man, in whose heart
One passion stands for all, the most indulged.
Festus: Proem. P. J. BAILEY.

The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails.
Essays: Heroism. R. W. EMERSON.

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
The Campaign. J. ADDISON.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums.
Orations of Joshua. T. MORELL.

The man that is not moved at what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.
Table Talk. W. COWPER.

HOME.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
The Task, Bk. III. W. COWPER.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
Night Thoughts, Night VIII. DR. E. YOUNG.

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.
Epistle to Dr. Blacklock. R. BURNS.

For the whole world, without a native home,
Is nothing but a prison of larger room.
To the Bishop of Lincoln. A. COWLEY.

His native home deep imaged in his soul.
Odyssey, Bk. XIII. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.
Song. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
West Indies, Pt. III. J. MONTGOMERY.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
The Farmer's Daily Diet. T. TUSSER.

He kept no Christmas-house for once a year:
Each day his boards were filled with lordly fare.
A Maiden's Dream. R. GREENE.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
The Traveller. O. GOLDSMITH.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn

Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
The Task: Winter Evening, Bk. IV. W. COWPER.

HOPE.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
King Richard III., Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too:
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope, the balm and lifeblood of the soul.
Art of Preserving Health, Bk. IV. J. ARMSTRONG.

O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!
Comus. MILTON.

Hope! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
. . . . . .
Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
. . . . . .
Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of Heaven and Earth divided be!
For Hope. A. COWLEY.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.
Love in a Village, Act i. *Sc.* 1. I. BICKERSTAFF.

Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.
Night Thoughts, Night VII. DR. E. YOUNG.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.
The Captivity, Act ii. O. GOLDSMITH.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
King Henry IV., Pt. II. Act iv *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
The Pleasures of Hope, Pt. II. T. CAMPBELL.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be, blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

The wretch condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
The Captivity, Act ii. O. GOLDSMITH.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.
Measure for Measure, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

To hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.
Prometheus. Act iv. P. B. SHELLEY.

HORSEMANSHIP.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
King Henry IV., Pt. I. Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

"Stand, Bayard, stand!" The steed obeyed,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye, and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turned on the horse his armèd heel,
And stirred his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair,
Then, like a bolt from steel cross-bow,
Forth launched, along the plain they go.
The Lady of the Lake, Canto V. SIR W. SCOTT.

After many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into the seat
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold of tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.
Hudibras. S. BUTLER.

HOSPITALITY.

You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honor you.
Hymn to Mercury. P. B. SHELLEY.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
Merchant of Venice, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent.
Paradise Lost, Bk. V. MILTON.

This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
Romeo and Juliet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The atmosphere
Breathes rest and comfort and the many chambers
Seem full of welcomes.
Masque of Pandora. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Comedy of Errors, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Oh, better no doubt is a dinner of herbs,
When seasoned by love, which no rancor disturbs
And sweetened by all that is sweetest in life
Than turbot, bisque, ortolans, eaten in strife!
Lucile. LORD LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

I 've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.
Imitation of Horace, Bk. II. Sat. 6. J. SWIFT.

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Odyssey, Bk. XV. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

HUMILITY.

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.
Loves of the Angels: The Third Angel's Story.
T. MOORE.

Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.
Cato, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. J. ADDISON.

In a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness.
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
Much Ado About Nothing, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

God hath sworn to lift on high
Who sinks himself by true humility.
Miscellaneous Poems: At Hooker's Tomb. J. KEBLE.

HUNTING.

Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn.
Rural Sports, Canto II. J. GAY.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield.
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

My hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the chase, the sport of kings;
Image of war without its guilt.
The Chase. W. C. SOMERVILLE.

Contusion hazarding of neck or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.
Needless Alarm. W. COWPER.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been
Hunting the hart in forests green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that 's the life is meet for me!
The Lady of the Lake: Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman, Canto VI. SIR W. SCOTT.

Oh! what delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is firm on his horse's back,
With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
And the blast of the horn for his morning song!
The Hunter's Song. B. W. PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings;
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Windsor Forest. A. POPE.

But as some muskets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over.
McFingal, Canto I. J. TRUMBULL.

HYPOCRISY.

Oh, for a *forty-parson power* to chant
Thy praise, Hypocrisy! Oh, for a hymn
Loud as the virtues thou dost loudly vaunt,
Not practise!
Don Juan, Canto X. LORD BYRON.

For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth.
Paradise Lost, Bk. III. MILTON.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever a dragon keep so fair a cave?
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!
Cymbeline, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
And hates their coming.
The Task, Bk. II. W. COWPER.

He seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in.
Course of Time, Bk. VIII. R. POLLOK.

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
King Richard III., Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

O villain, villain, smiling damnèd villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

That practised falsehood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn.
Retirement. W. COWPER.

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.
The Devil's Thoughts. S. T. COLERIDGE.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
Measure for Measure, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

'T is too much proved—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.
Epistle to a Young Friend. R. BURNS.

IDLENESS.

'T is the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
The Sluggard. DR. I. WATTS.

Sloth views the towers of fame with envious eyes,
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.
The Judgment of Hercules. W. SHENSTONE.

Their only labor was to kill the time
(And labor dire it is, and weary woe);
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,
And court the vapory god, soft breathing in the wind.
The Castle of Indolence, Canto I. J. THOMSON.

Leisure is pain; take off our chariot wheels,
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander, wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought.
Night Thoughts, Night II. DR. E. YOUNG.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.
The Blue Stocking. T. MOORE.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.
The Giaour. LORD BYRON.

A lazy lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless idlers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
There too, my Paridell ! she marked thee there,
Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
The Dunciad, Bk. IV. A. POPE.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands ;
As useless if it goes as if it stands.
Retirement. W. COWPER.

There is no remedy for time misspent ;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
Sonnet. SIR A. DE VERE.

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
Song XX. DR. I. WATTS.

ILLNESS.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death,
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
Essay on Man, Epistle II. A. POPE.

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns,
And 't is a poor relief we gain
To change the place, but keep the pain.
Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Bk. II. Hymn 146.
DR. I. WATTS.

Long pains are light ones,
Cruel ones are brief !
Compensation. J. G. SAXE.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.
Verses on Robert Levet. DR. S. JOHNSON.

IMAGINATION.

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal that they become
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own.
The Excursion, Bk. IV. W. WORDSWORTH.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
King Henry V., Chorus. SHAKESPEARE.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
Progress of Poesy. T. GRAY.

One of those passing rainbow dreams
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll,
In trance or slumber, round the soul.
Lalla Rookh. T. MOORE.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation:—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreached Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand;
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And home-bound Fancy runs her bark ashore.
Philip Van Artevelde, Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 5. SIR H. TAYLOR.

HAMLET. My father,—methinks I see my father.
HORATIO. Oh! where, my lord!
HAMLET. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.
Poems. E. DICKINSON.

IMMORTALITY.

To be no more—sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Death is delightful. Death is dawn,
The waking from a weary night
Of fevers unto truth and light.
Even So. J. MILLER.

No, no! The energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.
Immortality. M. ARNOLD.

God keeps a niche
In Heaven, to hold our idols; and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,—
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.
Futurity with the Departed. E. B. BROWNING.

The wisest men are glad to die; no fear
Of death can touch a true philosopher.
Death sets the soul at liberty to fly.
Continuation of Lucan. T. MAY.

Alas! for love, if thou art all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!
The Graves of a Household. MRS. F. HEMANS.

'T is not the whole of life to live:
Nor all of death to die.
The Issues of Life and Death. J. MONTGOMERY.

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew. J. DRYDEN.

INCONSTANCY.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
King Henry VI., Pt. III. Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

There is no music in a voice
That is but one, and still the same;
Inconstancy is but a name
To fright poor lovers from a better choice.
Shepherd's Holiday. J. RUTTER.

The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leafy.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Love ne'er should die; . . .
One object lost, another should succeed;
And all our life be love.
Pastorals. T. BROWN.

There are three things a wise man will not trust:
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith.
Madoc. R. SOUTHEY.

Who trusts himself to woman or to waves
Should never hazard what he fears to lose.
Governor of Cyprus. J. OLDMIXON.

Away, away—you 're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
O, by my soul, I burn with shame,
To think I 've been your slave so long!
Song. T. MOORE.

Frailty, thy name is woman !
Hamlet, *Act* i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

HAMLET.—Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
OPHELIA.—'T is brief, my lord.
HAMLET.—As woman's love.
Hamlet, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Framed to make women false.
Othello, *Act* i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

To beguile many, and be beguiled by one.
Othello, *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she
(O God ! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourned longer) married with my uncle,
My father's brother.
Hamlet, *Act* i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Trust not a man : we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel and inconstant ;
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him ;
But if he swears, he 'll certainly deceive thee.
The Orphan. T. OTWAY.

Nay, women are frail too ;
Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Measure for Measure, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride :
He comes too neere that comes to be denide.
A Wife. SIR T. OVERBURY.

The heart !—Yes, I wore it
As sign and as token
Of a love that once gave it,
A vow that was spoken ;
But a love, and a vow, and a heart,
Can be broken.
Hearts. A. A. PROCTER.

A love that took an early root,
And had an early doom.
The Devil's Progress. T. K. HERVEY.

Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

All love may be expelled by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.
All for Love. J. DRYDEN.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Palamon and Arcite, Bk. II. J. DRYDEN.

They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse!
The Arraignment of Paris: Cupid's Curse. G. PEELE.

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

To be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved.
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

INGRATITUDE.

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice.
Twelfth Night, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.
Busiris. DR. E. YOUNG.

Ah, how unjust to Nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Night Thoughts, Night II. DR. E. YOUNG.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!
King Lear, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

INN.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?
Henry IV., Pt. I. Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Now musing o'er the changing scene
Farmers behind the tavern screen
Collect; with elbows idly pressed
On hob, reclines the corner's guest,
Reading the news to mark again
The bankrupt lists or price of grain.
Puffing the while his red-tipt pipe
He dreams o'er troubles nearly ripe,
Yet, winter's leisure to regale.
Hopes better times, and sips his ale.
The Shepherd's Calendar. J. CLARE.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern. J. KEATS.

Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn.
Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.
Written on a Window of an Inn. W. SHENSTONE.

INNOCENCE.

Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
Tempest, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

O, white innocence,
That thou shouldst wear the mask of guilt to hide
Thine awful and serenest countenance
From those who know thee not!
The Cenci, Act v. *Sc.* 3. P. B. SHELLEY.

I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

And dallies with the innocence of love.
Twelfth Night, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.
The Minstrel, Bk. I. J. BEATTIE.

True, conscious honor is to feel no sin;
He's armed without that's innocent within.
Imitation of Horace, Epistle I. Bk. I. A. POPE.

INSECTS.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep.
A Pastoral Ballad, Pt. II. W. SHENSTONE.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.
Poems. E. DICKINSON.

O'er folded blooms
On swirls of musk,
The beetle booms adown the glooms
And bumps along the dusk.
The Beetle. J. W. RILEY.

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.
I'd be a Butterfly. T. H. BAYLY.

Rose suddenly a swarm of butterflies,
On wings of white and gold and azure fire;
And one said; "These are flowers that seek the skies,
Loosed by the spell of their supreme desire.
Butterflies. C. G. D. ROBERTS.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
Poetry: a Rhapsody. J. SWIFT.

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried.
On a Fly buried in Amber. R. HERRICK.

Oh ! that the memories which survive us here
Were half so lovely as these wings of thine !
Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine
Now thou art gone.
On Finding a Fly Crushed in a Book. C. T. TURNER.

When evening closes Nature's eye,
The glow-worm lights her little spark
To captivate her favorite fly
And tempt the rover through the dark.
The Glow-worm. J. MONTGOMERY.

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late ;
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate.
The Mower to the Glow-worm. A. MARVEL.

Where the katydid works her chromatic reed on the wal
nut-tree over the well.
Leaves of Grass, Pt. XXXVIII. W. WHITMAN.

What gained we, little moth? Thy ashes,
Thy one brief parting pang may show :
And withering thoughts for soul that dashes,
From deep to deep, are but a death more slow.
Tragedy of the Night-Moth. T. CARLYLE.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

Much like a subtle spider, which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide :
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.
Immortality of the Soul : Feeling. SIR J. DAVIES.

INSTRUCTION.

'T is education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined.
Moral Essays, Epistle I. A. POPE.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Essay on Criticism. A. POPE.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
Julian and Maddalo. P. B. SHELLEY.

INVENTION.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the field of air.
The Botanic Garden, Pt. I. Ch. I. [1781]. E. DARWIN.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old *régime*.
And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
I 'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.
The Two Ages. H. S. LEIGH.

What cannot art and industry perform,
When science plans the progress of their toil!
The Minstrel. J. BEATTIE.

For out of the old fieldès, as men saithe,
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,
And out of old bookès, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere.
The Assembly of Foules. CHAUCER.

JEALOUSY.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. . . .
But, O, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

With groundless fear he thus his soul deceives:
What phrenzy dictates, jealousy believes.
Diome. J. GAY.

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.
Paradise Lost, Bk. V. MILTON.

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

O jealousy,
Thou ugliest fiend of hell ! thy deadly venom
Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue
Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,
And drinks my spirit up !
David and Goliath. H. MORE.

If I shall be condemned
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'T is rigor, and not law.
Winter's Tale, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

But through the heart
Should Jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'T is then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmixed, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

JESUS CHRIST.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.
Epiphany. BISHOP R. HEBER.

He was the Word, that spake it ;
He took the bread and brake it ;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.
Divine Poems: On the Sacrament. DR. J. DONNE.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.
In Memoriam, XXXVI. A. TENNYSON.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessèd feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
Henry IV., Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Lovely was the death
Of Him whose life was Love! Holy with power,
He on the thought-benighted Skeptic beamed
Manifest Godhead.
Religious Musings. S. T. COLERIDGE.

But chiefly Thou
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die.
Death. B. PORTEUS.

One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love!
A Friend that Sticketh Closer than a Brother.
J. NEWTON.

'T is done, the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Oh, who with earth would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blest?
Happy Day. P. DODDRIDGE.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.
Our Master. J. G. WHITTIER.

JEWEL.

These gems have life in them: their colors speak,
Say what words fail of.
The Spanish Gypsy. GEORGE ELIOT.

If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster shell.
Apology for his Book. J. BUNYAN.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spoke I to my girle,
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarelets of pearl.
The Rock of Rubies and the Quarrie of Pearl.
R. HERRICK.

The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact.
The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

Like stones of worth, they thinly placèd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
Sonnet III. SHAKESPEARE.

Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.
A Persian Song of Hafiz. SIR W. JONES.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.
Song: Rich and Rare. T. MOORE.

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold.
Comedy of Errors, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

JOURNALISM.

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
The Task, Bk. IV. W. COWPER.

Trade hardly deems the busy day begun
Till his keen eye along the sheet has run;
The blooming daughter throws her needle by,
And reads her schoolmate's marriage with a sigh;
While the grave mother puts her glasses on,
And gives a tear to some old crony gone.
The preacher, too, his Sunday theme lays down,
To know what last new folly fills the town;
Lively or sad, life's meanest, mightiest things,
The fate of fighting cocks, or fighting kings.
Curiosity. C. SPRAGUE.

For evil news rides fast, while good news baits.
Samson Agonistes. MILTON.

If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it:
A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it.
On Capt. Grose's Perigrinations Through Scotland.
R. BURNS.

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. LORD BYRON.

To serve thy generation, this thy fate:
"Written in water," swiftly fades thy name;
But he who loves his kind does, first and late,
A work too great for fame.
The Journalist. MRS. M. CLEMMER A. HUDSON.

This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not e'en critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention while I read,

. . . . .

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?
'T is pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world,—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

. . . . .

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
Winter Evening: The Task, Bk. IV. W. COWPER.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here Patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.
Motto of Salem (Mass.) Register. J. STORY.

JOY.

What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.
Pleasures of Hope, Pt. II. T. CAMPBELL.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.
The Parting. J. NORRIS.

And these are joys, like beauty, but skin deep.
Festus, Sc. A Village Feast. P. J. BAILEY.

Joys too exquisite to last,
And yet more exquisite when past.
The Little Cloud. J. MONTGOMERY.

The joy late coming late departs.
Some Sweet Day. L. J. BATES.

There 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.
Song: There's Not a Joy. LORD BYRON.

Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
King Henry VI., Pt. III. Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
The Course of Time, Bk. I. R. POLLOK.

O stay!—O stay!—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 't is pain
To break its links so soon.
Fly Not Yet. T. MOORE.

KISS.

What is a kiss? Alacke! at worst,
A single Dropp to quenche a Thirst,
Tho' oft it prooves, in happie Hour,
The first swete Dropp of our long Showre.
In the Old Time. C. G. LELAND.

I was betrothed that day;
I wore a troth kiss on my lips I could not give away.
The Lay of the Brown Rosary, Pt. II. E. B. BROWNING.

The kiss you take is paid by that you give:
The joy is mutual, and I 'm still in debt.
Heroic Love, Act v. *Sc.* 1.
LORD LANDSDOWNE.

Give me a kisse, and to that kisse a score;
Then to that twenty adde a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred; so kisse on,
To make that thousand up a million;
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let 's kisse afresh, as when we first begun.
Hesperides to Anthea. R. HERRICK.

Blush, happy maiden, when you feel
The lips which press love's glowing seal;
But as the slow years darklier roll,
Grown wiser, the experienced soul
Will own as dearer far than they
The lips which kiss the tears away.
Kisses. E. AKERS.

Teach not thy lips such scorn: for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
Richard III., Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth,—I kissed her.
The Door-Step. E. C. STEDMAN.

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
When soul meets soul on lover's lips.
Prometheus Unbound, Act iv. P. B. SHELLEY.

O Love! O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.
Fatima. A. TENNYSON.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.
Don Juan, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—
Her lips suck forth my soul; see, where it flies!—
Faustus. C. MARLOWE.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish, "that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce;"
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once, from North to South.
Don Juan, Canto VI. LORD BYRON.

Or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.
Cymbeline, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Eyes, look your last:
Arms, take your last embrace; and lips,
O! you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
Romeo and Juliet, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
The Task, Bk. VI. W. COWPER.

All things I thought I knew; but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less.
Works, Bk. VI. J. OWEN.

In vain sedate reflections we would make
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Moral Essays, Epistle I. A. POPE.

LABOR.

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him.
A Glance Behind the Curtain. J. R. LOWELL.

If little labor, little are our gaines:
Man's fortunes are according to his paines.
Hesperides: No Paines, No Gaines. R. HERRICK.

Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down

. . . . . .

To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?

. . . . . .

Sabbathless Satan!
Work. C. LAMB.

It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art,
That soft yet ardent Athens learnt to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

. . . . . .

Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men to be in love with death!
The Castle of Indolence, Canto II. J. THOMSON.

My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Sonnet CXI. SHAKESPEARE.

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

How many a rustic Milton has passed by,
Stifling the speechless longings of his heart,
In unremitting drudgery and care!
How many a vulgar Cato has compelled
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail!
Queen Mab, Pt. V. P. B. SHELLEY.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
King Henry, Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

MACDUFF. I know this is a joyful trouble to you,
But yet, 't is one.
MACBETH. The labor we delight in physics pain.
Macbeth, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Cheered with the view, man went to till the ground
From whence he rose; sentenced indeed to toil,
As to a punishment, yet (even in wrath,
So merciful is heaven) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a livelong hour, and surest guard
Against disease and death.

Death. B. PORTEUS.

Like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labor to his grave.
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Hath the forehand and vantage of a king.

King Henry V., Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman? *

J. BALL.

Joy to the Toiler!—him that tills
The fields with Plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound.

Songs of the Toiler. B. HATHAWAY.

LAW.

In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 't is not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Press not a falling man too far! 't is virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him.

Henry VIII., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.

Twelfth Night, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

* Lines used by John Ball, to encourage the rebels in Wat Tyler's rebellion. Hume's *History of England*, Vol. i.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
King Henry VI., Pt. I. Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Mastering the lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances.
Aylmer's Field. A. TENNYSON.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.
Rape of the Lock, Canto III. A. POPE.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue
And loud withal, that could not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee.
Valpone. B. JONSON.

While lawyers have more sober sense
Than t' argue at their own expense,
But make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss.
Hudibras. S. BUTLER.

All, all look up with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law.
Epilogue to Satire, Dialogue I. A. POPE.

Once (says an Author; where, I need not say)
Two Trav'lers found an Oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While Scale in hand Dame Justice passed along.
Before her each with clamor pleads the Laws.
Explained the matter, and would win the cause,
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
"There take" (says Justice), "take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on Fools like you:
'T was a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu."
Verbatim from Boileau. A. POPE.

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.
Measure for Measure, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.
McFingal, Canto III. J. TRUMBULL.

Who to himself is law, no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a king indeed.
Bussy D'Ambois, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. G. CHAPMAN.

LEARNING.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. II. A. POPE.

When night hath set her silver lamp on high,
Then is the time for study.
Festus, Sc. A Village Feast. P. J. BAILEY.

BIRON.—What is the end of Study? let me know.
KING.—Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
BIRON.—Things hid and barred, you mean, from common sense?
KING.—Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Taming of the Shrew, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
Love of Fame, Satire I. DR. E. YOUNG.

With just enough of learning to misquote.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. LORD BYRON.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
Fables: The Shepherd and the Philosopher. J. GAY.

And thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.
In Memoriam: Conclusion. A. TENNYSON.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixèd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
The Wife of Bath: Her Prologue. A. POPE.

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
The Task, Bk. VI. Winter Walk at Noon. W. COWPER.

Learning by study must be won;
'T was ne'er entailed from son to son.
The Pack Horse and Carrier. J. GAY.

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.
Night Thoughts, Night VI. DR. E. YOUNG.

Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still.
Night Thoughts, Night VII. DR. E. YOUNG.

LETTERS.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!
The Seaside and the Fireside: Dedication.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.
Letters. R. W. EMERSON.

And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love.
Henry and Emma. M. PRIOR.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper!
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

I will touch
My mouth unto the leaves, caressingly;
And so wilt thou. Thus from these lips of mine
My message will go kissingly to thine,
With more than Fancy's load of luxury,
And prove a true love-letter.
Sonnet (With a Letter). J. G. SAXE.

Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.
Twelfth Night, Act ii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly;
Fly to the light in the valley below—
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye.
The Letter. A. TENNYSON.

LIFE.

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life.
The Vanity of Human Wishes. DR. S. JOHNSON.

It matters not how long we live, but how.
Festus, Sc. Wood and Water. P. J. BAILEY.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.
Paradise Lost, Bk. XI. MILTON.

All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being.
Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.
Martial. Liber II. A. COWLEY.

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do.
Of Prudence. SIR J. DENHAM.

"Live, while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day;"
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
"Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in *pleasure*, when I live to *Thee*."
"*Dum vivimus vivamus.*" (*Motto of his Family Arms.*)
P. DODDRIDGE.

A man's ingress into the world is naked and bare,
His progress through the world is trouble and care;
And lastly, his egress out of the world, is nobody knows where.
If we do well here, we shall do well there;
I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year.
Eccentricities, Vol. I. J. EDWIN.

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
Grongar Hill. J. DYER.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap.
Paradise Lost, Bk. XI. MILTON.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
Old Mortality: Chapter Head. SIR W. SCOTT.

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

The world 's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and nature do with actors fill.
Apology for Actors. T. HEYWOOD.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life is but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

The web of our life is of a mingled
Yarn, good and ill together.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

And what 's a life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.
What is Life? F. QUARLES.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.
Essay on Man, Epistle II. A. POPE.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
Julius Cæsar, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

"Life is not lost," said she, "for which is bought
Endlesse renowne."
Faërie Queene, Bk. III. Canto XI. E. SPENSER.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day.
Autumnal Vespers. B. TAYLOR.

There taught us how to live; and (oh, too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.
On the Death of Addison. T. TICKELL.

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone.
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
Hymns and Spiritual Songs. DR. I. WATTS.

LOSS.

For it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.
In Memoriam, LXXVIII. A. TENNYSON.

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Though lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer,
The hope to meet again.
Song: Though Lost to Sight. G. LINLEY.

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Merchant of Venice, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man 's without a shirt.
Be Merry, Friends. J. HEYWOOD.

For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
The Retired Cat. W. COWPER.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
King Henry VI., Pt. III. Act v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE.

What thing is love?—for (well I wot) love is a thing.
It is a prick, it is a sting,
It is a pretty, pretty thing;
It is a fire, it is a coal,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole!
The Hunting of Cupid. G. PEELE.

O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his biziness!
Love is Like a Dizziness. J. HOGG.

With a smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.
Paradise Lost, Bk. VIII. MILTON.

Love, like death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre.
Lady of Lyons. E. BULWER-LYTTON.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And O, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.
Lalla Rookh: Light of the Harem. T. MOORE.

Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens
Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel
It runs a headlong course to desperate madness.
The Lover's Melancholy, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. J. FORD.

Ask not of me, Love, what is love?
Ask what is good of God above;
Ask of the great sun what is light;
Ask what is darkness of the night;
Ask sin of what may be forgiven;
Ask what is happiness of heaven;
Ask what is folly of the crowd;
Ask what is fashion of the shroud;
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss;
Ask of thyself what beauty is.
Festus, Sc. Party and Entertainment. P. J. BAILEY.

All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.
Prometheus Unbound, Act ii. *Sc.* 5. P. B. SHELLEY.

Love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts.
Hymn in Honor of Beauty. E. SPENSER.

There 's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought.
Endymion. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit
That woman's love can win, or long inherit.
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit.
Samson Agonistes. MILTON.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Twelfth Night, Act ii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
Rape of the Lock, Canto V. A. POPE.

Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—
Is human love the growth of human will?
Lara, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason.
Cymbeline, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Love goes toward love as school-boys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Divine is Love and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self.
Love the Only Price of Love. SIR W. RALEIGH.

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Affection is a coal that must be cooled;
Else, suffered, it will set the heart on fire.
Venus and Adonis. SHAKESPEARE.

In all amours a lover burns,
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with sullen,
As charming looks, surprised and stolen.
Hudibras, Pt. III. Canto I. S. BUTLER.

Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!
. . . . .
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!
Rosamond, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. J. ADDISON.

If there 's delight in love, 't is when I see
The heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me.
Way of the World, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. W. CONGREVE.

Give, you gods,
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
The rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off;
I 'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.
All for Love, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. J. DRYDEN.

Much ado there was, God wot;
He would love, and she would not,
She sayd, "Never man was trewe;"
He sayes, "None was false to you."
Phillida and Corydon. N. BRETON.

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Love, then, hath every bliss in store;
'T is friendship, and 't is something more.
Each other every wish they give;
Not to know love is not to live.
Plutus, Cupid, and Time. J. GAY.

LOVE'S ARTS.

Sweet to entrance
The raptured soul by intermingling glance.
Psyche. MRS. M. TIGHE.

Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.
Marriage à la Mode, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. J. DRYDEN.

Of all the paths [that] lead to a woman's love
Pity 's the straightest.
Knight of Malta, Act i. *Sc.* 1.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love ;
And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
Shakespeare's King Richard III. (Altered), Act ii. *Sc.* 1.
C. CIBBER.

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
Don Juan, Canto XV. LORD BYRON.

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully ;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly :
Who can show all his love doth love but lightly.
Sonnet. S. DANIEL.

Love first invented verse, and formed the rhyme,
The motion measured, harmonized the chime.
Cymon and Iphigenia. J. DRYDEN.

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
A Poet's Epitaph. W. WORDSWORTH.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.
Epigram. GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.
Blind Beggar of Alexandria. G. CHAPMAN.

We only love where fate ordains we should,
And, blindly fond, oft slight superior merit.
Fall of Saguntum. PH. FROWDE.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
Merchant of Venice, Act ii. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE'S DANGERS.

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.
Ill Omens. T. MOORE.

And whispering, "I will ne'er consent,"—consented.
Don Juan, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets.
Beggar's Opera, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. J. GAY.

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly 's all they 've taught me.
The time I 've lost in wooing. T. MOORE.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love that run away.
Conquest by Flight. T. CAREW.

LOVE'S CAUTIONS.

The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me;
Too many eyes are gazing
Upon the costly tree;
But there 's a rose in yonder glen
That shuns the gaze of other men,
For me its blossom raising,—
O, that 's the rose for me.
The rose that all are praising. T. H. BAYLY.

But the fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.
The Answer. LADY MARY W. MONTAGU.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Lord forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust.
Lamia. J. KEATS.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name.
The Giaour. LORD BYRON.

Love in your hearts as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns.
Hudibras, Pt. II. Canto I. S. BUTLER.

LOVE'S DELIGHT.

All the heart was full of feeling: love had ripened into speech,
Like the sap that turns to nectar, in the velvet of the peach.
Adonais. W. W. HARNEY.

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.
Progress of Poesy, i. 3. T. GRAY.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.
Hudibras, Pt. III. Canto I. S. BUTLER.

Then awake !—the heavens look bright, my dear !
'T is never too late for delight, my dear !
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear !
Young May Moon. T. MOORE.

Lovers' hours are long, though seeming short.
Venus and Adonis. SHAKESPEARE.

And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Paradise Lost, Bk. VIII. MILTON.

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Imparadised in one another's arms.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

I give thee all—I can no more,
Though poor the offering be ;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
My Heart and Lute. T. MOORE.

I 've lived and loved.
Wallenstein, Pt. I. Act ii. *Sc.* 6. S. T. COLERIDGE.

LOVE'S PAINS.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss ;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Gold. A. COWLEY.

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love ;
The taint of earth, the odor of the skies
Is in it.
Festus, Sc. Alcove and Garden. P. J. BAILEY.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.
On Sensibility. R. BURNS.

Love is like a landscape which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.
On Love. R. HEGGE.

Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,
That 't is a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.
Alexander the Great, Act i. *Sc.* 3. N. LEE.

To love you was pleasant enough,
And O, 't is delicious to hate you !
To —— T. MOORE.

LOVE'S UNITY.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.
Ingomar the Barbarian, Act ii.
VON M. BELLINGHAUSEN. LOVELL'S *Trans.*

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if the other do.
And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like the other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.
A Valediction forbidding Mourning. DR. J. DONNE.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.
To —— W. WORDSWORTH.

With thee, all toils are sweet; each clime hath charms;
Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms.
The Bride of Abydos. LORD BYRON.

What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
Measure for Measure, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

He was a lover of the good old school,
Who still become more constant as they cool.
Beppo, Canto XXXIV. LORD BYRON.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That 's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.
Drink ye to her. T. CAMPBELL.

FERDINAND.—Here 's my hand.
MIRANDA.—And mine, with my heart in 't.
Tempest, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
. . . . .
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!
. . . . .
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
Night Thoughts, Night I. DR. E. YOUNG.

Nature they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating as by rote.
Commemoration Ode. J. R. LOWELL.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.
The Invitation. MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

'T is God gives skill,
But not without men's hands: He could not make
Antonio Stradivari 's violins
Without Antonio.
Stradivarius. GEORGE ELIOT.

Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise;
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
Iliad, Bk. V. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

Be wise with speed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
Love of Fame, Satire II. DR. E. YOUNG.

What tho' short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name.
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methusalems may die;
O, how misdated on their flatt'ring tombs!
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.
Iliad, Bk. VI. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
. . . .
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Essay on Man, Epistle II. A. POPE.

MANNERS.

Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions.
Paradise Lost, Bk. VIII. MILTON.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.
. . . .
A safe companion and an easy friend
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
Epitaph on Gay. A. POPE.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired:
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.
Parish Register, Pt. II. G. CRABBE.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

What would you have? your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

'T is not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. III. A. POPE.

Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached.
Twelfth Night, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

He was the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.
Don Juan, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.
King Henry VIII., Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Moral Essays, Epistle I. A. POPE.

Plain living and high thinking are no more.
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.
Written in London, September, 1802. W. WORDSWORTH.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

MATRIMONY.

True Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
. . . . . .
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home.
Love. J. R. LOWELL.

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him;
King John, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!
Hiawatha, Pt. X. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Man is but half without woman; and
As do idolaters their heavenly gods,
We deify the things that we adore.
Festus. P. J. BAILEY.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart,
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.
. . . . .
Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.
Twelfth Night, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
Taming of the Shrew, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."
Don Juan, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
. . . . .
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

So loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life ;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.
Venice Preserved, Act v. *Sc.* 1. T. OTWAY.

Maidens like moths are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. LORD BYRON.

So, with decorum all things carry'd ;
Miss frowned, and blushed, and then was—married.
The Double Transformation. O. GOLDSMITH.

For talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.
Don Juan, Canto XII. LORD BRYON.

Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose ?
Why don't the men propose? T. H. BAYLY.

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
Chaucer's Wife of Bath : Prologue. A. POPE.

Under this window in stormy weather
I marry this man and woman together ;
Let none but Him who rules the thunder
Put this man and woman asunder.
Marriage Service from his Chamber Window.
J. SWIFT.

This house is to be let for life or years ;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears ;
Cupid, 't has long stood void ; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.
Emblems, Bk. II. 10. F. QUARLES.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.
Of Wiving and Thriving. T. TUSSER.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure ;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.
The Old Bachelor, Act v. *Sc.* 1. W. CONGREVE.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.
As You Like it, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost.
Advice to a Lady. LORD LYTTELTON.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft comparèd been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.
Contention betwixt a Wife, etc. SIR J. DAVIES.

O fie upon this single life! forego it.
Duchess of Malfy. J. WEBSTER.

1. That man must lead a happy life
2. Who is directed by a wife;
3. Who's free from matrimonial chains
4. Is sure to suffer for his pains.

5. Adam could find no solid peace
6. Till he beheld a woman's face;
7. When Eve was given for a mate,
8. Adam was in a happy state.

Epigram on Matrimony: Read alternate lines,—1, 3; 2, 4; 5, 7; 6, 8.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity and perhaps forgive.
Mutual Forbearance. W. COWPER.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

And when with envy Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You 'll in your girls again be courted,
And I 'll go wooing in my boys.
Winifreda. T. PERCY.

Cling closer, closer, life to life,
Cling closer, heart to heart;
The time will come, my own wed Wife,
When you and I must part!
Let nothing break our band but Death,
For in the world above
'T is the breaker Death that soldereth
Our ring of Wedded Love.
On a Wedding Day. G. MASSEY.

MEDICINE.

You tell your doctor, that y' are ill;
And what does he, but write a bill?
Of which you need not read one letter;
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.
Alma, Canto III. M. PRIOR.

But when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed.
Lodgings for Single Gentlemen. G. COLEMAN, *the Younger.*

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
The Sick Man and the Angel. J. GAY.

I do remember an apothecary.
. . . .
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes.
Romeo and Juliet, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisik,
In al this world ne was ther non him lyk
To speke of phisik and of surgerye.
. . . .
He knew the cause of every maladye,
Were it of hoot or colde, or moyste or drye,
And wher engendered and of what humour;
He was a verrey parfight practisour.
Canterbury Tales: Prologue. CHAUCER.

'T is not amiss, ere ye 're giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
Hudibras to Sidrophel. S. BUTLER.

Take a little rum,
The less you take the better,
Pour it in the lakes
Of Wener or of Wetter.

Dip a spoonful out
And mind you don't get groggy,
Pour it in the lake
Of Winnipissiogie.

Stir the mixture well
Lest it prove inferior,
Then put half a drop
Into Lake Superior.

Every other day
Take a drop in water,
You 'll be better soon—
Or at least you oughter.

Lines on Homœopathy. BISHOP G. W. DOANE.

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.

Cymbeline, Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

MELANCHOLY.

Melancholy
Is not, as you conceive, indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease.

The Lover's Melancholy, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. J. FORD.

Go—you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my gloom away.
There 's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay!

To —— S. ROGERS.

There is a mood
(I sing not to the vacant and the young),
There is a kindly mood of melancholy
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.

Ruins of Rome. J. DYER.

MEMORY.

And, when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

The Excursion, Bk. VII. W. WORDSWORTH.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.
A Gleam of Sunshine. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.
Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
Psalm CXII. TATE AND BRADY.

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Thou, thou alone, shall dwell forever.
And still shall recollection trace
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, upon that face—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.
Though Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear. T. MOORE.

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.
Doge of Venice. LORD BYRON.

Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
The Grave. R. BLAIR.

He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Romeo and Juliet, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When Memory plays an old tune on the heart!
Old Dobbin. E. COOK.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
Walking with God. W. COWPER.

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

The leaves of memory seem to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.
The Fire of Driftwood. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

My memory now is but the tomb of joys long past.
The Giaour. LORD BYRON.

Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

And memory, like a drop that night and day
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!
Lalla Rookh. T. MOORE.

Of all affliction taught the lover yet,
'T is sure the hardest science to forget.
Eloisa to Abélard. A. POPE.

Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate,
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget.
Eloisa to Abélard. A. POPE.

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee!
I saw thy form. T. MOORE.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.
From my Arm-chair. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained,—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'T is mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. . . .

We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.
Merchant of Venice, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercie ever hope to have ?
Faërie Queene, Bk. VI. Canto I. E. SPENSER.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
Measure for Measure, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Titus Andronicus, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and Thee appease.
Paradise Lost, Bk. X. MILTON.

MERRIMENT.

Gold that buys health can never be ill spent,
Nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.
Westward Ho, Act v. *Sc.* 3. J. WEBSTER.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Tempest, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The glad circles round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
The Seasons : Summer. J. THOMSON.

As merry as the day is long.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.
Taming of the Shrew: Induction, Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit.
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-loving jest.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Jog on, jog, on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
The Winter's Tale, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
Expostulatory Odes, XV. DR. J. WOLCOTT (*Peter Pindar*).

And yet, methinks, the older that one grows,
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, tho' laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.
Beppo. LORD BYRON.

There' s not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy.
Ode to Melancholy. T. HOOD.

Low gurgling laughter, as sweet
As the swallow's song i' the South,
And a ripple of dimples that, dancing, meet
By the curves of a perfect mouth.
Ariel. P. H. HAYNE.

Fight Virtue's cause, stand up in Wit's defence,
Win us from vice and laugh us into sense.
On the Prospect of Peace. T. TICKELL.

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

MIND.

We had not walked
But for Tradition ; we walk evermore
To higher paths by brightening Reason's lamp.
Spanish Gypsy, Bk. II. GEORGE ELIOT.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers ; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same ;
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey ?

. . . . .

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !
To the Countess of Cumberland. S. DANIEL.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unused.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
The Vanity of Human Wishes. DR. S. JOHNSON.

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts !
Paracelsus. R. BROWNING.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind 's the standard of the man.
Horæ Lyricæ, Bk. II.: False Greatness. DR. I. WATTS.

Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
Moral Essays, Epistle I. A. POPE.

While Reason drew the plan, the Heart informed
The moral page and Fancy lent it grace.
Liberty, Pt. IV. J. THOMSON.

Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.
Yes! Thou art Fair. WORDSWORTH.

Cried, "'T is resolved, for Nature pleads that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray."
Mac Flecknoe. J. DRYDEN.

MISSIONS.

Onward, ye men of prayer!
Scatter in rich exuberance the seed,
Whose fruit is living bread, and all your need
Will God supply; his harvest ye shall share.

Seek ye the far-off isle;
The sullied jewel of the deep,
O'er whose remembered beauty angels weep,
Restore its lustre and to God give spoil.
Missionaries. W. B. TAPPAN.

When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears;
Be thou with them!
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.
Departing Missionaries. T. KELLY.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The Lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains. BISHOP R. HEBER.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Success of the Gospel. S. F. SMITH.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

God's Word and Works. DR. I. WATTS.

MODERATION.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone,
And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thine own.

Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume.

. . . . .

Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.

King Henry IV., Pt. I. Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

And for my means, I 'll husband them so well
They shall go far with little.

Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door.
Translation of Horace, Bk. II. Ode X. W. COWPER.

Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be to moderate their haste.
Metamorphoses: Phaeton, Bk. II.
OVID. *Trans. of* ADDISON.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest.
King Lear, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

MOON.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.
The Light of Stars. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

See yonder fire! it is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.
Christus: The Golden Legend, Pt. VI.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

How like a queen comes forth the lonely Moon
From the slow opening curtains of the clouds;
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!
Diana. G. CROLY.

The Moon arose: she shone upon the lake,
Which lay one smooth expanse of silver light;
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade.
Madoc, Pt. II. R. SOUTHEY.

No rest—no dark.
Hour after hour that passionless bright face
Climbs up the desolate blue.
Moon-struck. D. M. MULOCK CRAIK.

Mother of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild chamois from her Alpine snow,
Where hunters never climbed—secure from dread?
Ode to the Moon. T. HOOD.

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.
Manfred, Act iii. *Sc.* 4 (*The Coliseum*). LORD BYRON.

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle;
So doth the greater glory dim the less.
Merchant of Venice, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The moon looks
On many brooks,
"The brook can see no moon but this."
While gazing on the moon's light. T. MOORE.

I see them on their winding way,
Above their ranks the moonbeams play.
. . . . .
And waving arms and banners bright
Are glancing in the mellow light.
Lines written to a March. BISHOP R. HEBER.

The devil 's in the moon for mischief; they
Who called her chaste, methinks, began too soon
Their nomenclature; there is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way,
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
And then she looks so modest all the while!
Don Juan, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

Faëry elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

Day glimmered in the east, and the white Moon
Hung like a vapor in the cloudless sky.
Italy: Lake of Geneva. S. ROGERS.

MORNING.

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, roundabout,
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray.
Paradise Regained, Bk. IV. MILTON.

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
The Death of Wallenstein, Act i. *Sc.*1. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Night wanes,—the vapors round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
Lara. LORD BYRON.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Night's sun was driving
His golden-haired horses up;
Over the eastern firths
High flashed their manes.
The Longbeard's Saga. C. KINGSLEY.

Slow buds the pink dawn like a rose
From out night's gray and cloudy sheath;
Softly and still it grows and grows,
Petal by petal, leaf by leaf.
The Morning Comes Before the Sun.
S. C. WOOLSEY (*Susan Coolidge*).

The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.
Tempest, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

An hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east.
Romeo and Juliet, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day.
Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

Hail, gentle dawn! mild blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
The Chase, Bk. II. W. C. SOMERVILLE.

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
The Princess. A. TENNYSON.

The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews.
The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charms of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Morn,
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of light.
Paradise Lost, Bk. VI. MILTON.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so customed, for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred.
Paradise Lost, Bk. V. MILTON.

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewie hayre;
And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
Faërie Queene, Bk. I. Canto V. E. SPENSER.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day
Rejoicing in the east.
The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

'T is always morning somewhere in the world,
And Eos rises, circling constantly
The varied regions of mankind. No pause
Of renovation and of freshening rays
She knows.
Orion, Bk. III. Canto III. R. H. HORNE.

MOTHER.

The only love which, on this teeming earth,
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.
The Dream. HON. MRS. NORTON.

A mother's love,—how sweet the name!
What is a mother's love?—
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;—
This is a mother's love.
A Mother's Love. J. MONTGOMERY.

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
King Richard III., Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who 'd give her booby for another?
Fables: The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy. J. GAY.

Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just);
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles.

Aurora Leigh, Bk. I. E. B. BROWNING.

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

What Rules the World. W. R. WALLACE.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

My Mother. JANE TAYLOR.

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

The Princess, Canto VII. A. TENNYSON.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

The Three Graces. S. T. COLERIDGE.

MOUNTAIN.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice.

Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland. W. WORDSWORTH.

Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seedtime and harvest, morning, noon, and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;
Who first beholds the Alps—that mighty chain

Of mountains, stretching on from east to west,
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 't is a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and forever!
Italy. S. ROGERS.

The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!—
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.
Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
The Task, Bk. II. W. COWPER.

Over the hills and far away.
The Beggar's Opera, Act i. *Sc.* 1. J. GAY.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Manfred, Act i. *Sc.*1. LORD BYRON.

MOURNING.

They truly mourn, that mourn without a witness.
Mirza. R. BARON.

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.
Night Thoughts, Night II. DR. E. YOUNG.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.
Dirge in Cymbeline. W. COLLINS.

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before,—
He gathers round him.
Human Life. S. ROGERS.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
Macbeth, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.
Verses to his Friend under Affliction. J. POMFRET.

My grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul.
King Richard II., Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show !
To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. A. POPE.

He first deceased ; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.
Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.
SIR H. WOTTON.

Poor Jack, farewell !
I could have better spared a better man.
King Henry IV., Pt. I. Act v. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

So may he rest : his faults lie gently on him !
King Henry VIII., Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
Philip Van Artevelde, Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 5. H. TAYLOR.

The very cypress droops to death—
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.
The Giaour. LORD BYRON.

MURDER.

O blissful God, that art so just and trewe !
Lo, howe that thou biwreyest mordre alway !
Mordre wol out, that se we day by day.
The Nonnes Preestes Tale. CHAUCER.

Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dies.
The gods on murtherers fix revengeful eyes.
The Widow's Tears. G. CHAPMAN.

Murder may pass unpunished for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
The Cock and the Fox. J. DRYDEN.

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC.

God is its author, and not man; he laid
The key-note of all harmonies; he planned
All perfect combinations, and he made
Us so that we could hear and understand.
Music. J. G. C. BRAINARD.

There 's music in the sighing of a reed;
There 's music in the gushing of a rill;
There 's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.
Don Juan, Canto XV. LORD BYRON.

With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
The Task, Bk. VI.: Winter Walk at Noon. W. COWPER.

A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly,
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone,
And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.
The Symphony. S. LANIER.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled.
Comus. MILTON.

Though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
Measure for Measure, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.
Twelfth Night, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Where music dwells
Lingering and wandering on, as loath to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Pt. III. xliii. W. WORDSWORTH.

Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I 've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
The Mourning Bride, Act i. *Sc.* 1. W. CONGREVE.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast ;
Bids every passion revel or be still ;
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves ;
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair.
Art of Preserving Health. J. ARMSTRONG.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the Master's spell ;
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before !
Human Life. S. ROGERS.

Give me some music ; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair,
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair !
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon ;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French-horn, and twangs the tingling harp ;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Rejected Addresses : The Theatre. H. AND J. SMITH.

'T is believed that this harp which I wake now for thee
Was a siren of old who sung under the sea.
The Origin of the Harp. T. MOORE.

And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—
'T is but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll!
Music. F. S. OSGOOD.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced;
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Course of Time, Bk. IV. R. POLLOK.

Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
Essay on Criticism: A. POPE.

NAME.

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
Pleasures of Hope, Pt. II. T. CAMPBELL.

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations.
King Henry VIII., Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out.
Twelfth Night, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
Douglas, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. J. HOME.

And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honor doth forget men's names.
King John, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

What woful stuff this madrigal would be
If some starved hackney sonneteer, or me,
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Essay on Criticism, Pt. II. A. POPE.

'T is from high life high characters are drawn ;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.
Moral Essays, Epistle I. A. POPE.

Oh! Amos Cottle!* Phœbus! What a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. LORD BYRON.

NATURE.

The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escaped,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year.
The Seasons: Autumn. J. THOMSON.

When that the monthe of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foules synge,
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farwel my boke, and my devocion.
Legende of Goode Women: Prologue. CHAUCER.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'T is very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Sonnet XIV. J. KEATS.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature!
The Fate of the Butterfly. E. SPENSER.

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

In such green palaces the first kings reigned,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertained ;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.
On St. James' Park. E. WALLER

* "Mr. Cottle, Amos or Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, but now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of epics."—THE AUTHOR.

And recognizes ever and anon
The breeze of Nature stirring in his soul.
The Excursion, Bk. IV. W. WORDSWORTH.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year;
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
The Seasons: Winter. J. THOMSON.

Every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.
The Princess, Canto VII. A. TENNYSON.

I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant
And Autumn garner to the end of time.
I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while he endures;
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, Nature's good
And God's.
A Soul Tragedy, Act i. R. BROWNING.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.
The Castle of Indolence, Canto II. J. THOMSON.

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
The Cock and Fox. J. DRYDEN.

The course of nature is the art of God.
Night Thoughts, Night IX. DR. E. YOUNG.

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Night Thoughts, Night IX. DR. E. YOUNG.

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord.
Assembly of Foules. CHAUCER.

To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye.
Miscellaneous Sonnets. W. WORDSWORTH.

NIGHT.

Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in low'ring Night,
Her shadowy offspring.
Paradise Regained, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Now black and deep the Night begins to fall,
A shade immense! Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void,
Distinction lost, and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
The Seasons: Autumn. J. THOMSON.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!
Thalaba. R. SOUTHEY.

This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?
'T is the felt presence of the Deity.
. . . . .
By night an atheist half believes a God.
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Night Thoughts, Night I. DR. E. YOUNG.

All is gentle; naught
Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.
Doge of Venice. LORD BYRON.

O radiant Dark! O darkly fostered ray!
Thou hast a joy too deep for shallow Day.
The Spanish Gypsy, Bk. I. GEORGE ELIOT.

I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
Manfred, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4. LORD BYRON.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!
Night. J. MONTGOMERY.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task foredone.
Midsummer Night's Dream, *Act* v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the laborer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And when his work is ended dares not sleep.
The Guardian, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4. P. MASSINGER.

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macbeth, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

All was so still, so soft, in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!
Lara. LORD BYRON.

Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence.
Paradise Lost, *Bk. V.* MILTON.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;
Lovers, to bed; 't is almost fairy time.
Midsummer Night's Dream, *Act* v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Hamlet, *Act* i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.
Hamlet, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
To make the charmèd body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality!
Midnight. J. R. LOWELL.

NOBILITY.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
Sonnet IV. J. R. LOWELL.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder.
Coriolanus, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
Julius Cæsar, Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

OPINION.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.
Beppo. LORD BYRON.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. II. A. POPE.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.
Hudibras, Canto III. S. BUTLER.

OPPORTUNITY.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offered,
Shall never find it more.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it forever.
Youth and Art. R. BROWNING.

He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.
Quoted in Anatomy of Melancholy. R. BURTON.

He that would not when he might,
He shall not when he wolda.
Reliques: The Baffled Knight. BISHOP T. PERCY.

Urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, nor melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
King John, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold.
Desultory Stanzas. W. WORDSWORTH.

ORATORY.

But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel—must feel themselves.
The Rosciad. C. CHURCHILL.

Words that weep and tears that speak.
The Prophet. A. COWLEY.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.
Paradise Regained, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.
Love of Fame, Satire II. DR. E. YOUNG.

What means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
Henry VI., Pt. II. Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of debate.
The New Timon, Pt. I. E. BULWER-LYTTON.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

. . . .

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
Hudibras, Pt. I. Canto I. S. BUTLER.

"I wonder if Brougham thinks as much as he talks,"
Said a punster, perusing a trial;
"I vow, since his lordship was made Baron Vaux,
He 's been *Vaux et prœterea nihil!*"
A Voice and Nothing More. ANONYMOUS.

ORDER.

Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
Paradise Lost, Bk. III. MILTON.

For the world was built in order
And the atoms march in tune;
Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,
The sun obeys them, and the moon.
Monadnock. R. W. EMERSON.

Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fixed as Fate.
Essay on Man, Epistle III. A. POPE.

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order.
Troilus and Cresida, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

PAIN.

The scourge of life, and death's extreme disgrace,
The smoke of Hell, that monster callèd Paine.
Sidera: Paine. SIR P. SIDNEY.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in others' pain,
And perish in our own.
Daisy. F. THOMPSON.

Pain is no longer pain when it is past.
Nature's Lesson. M. J. PRESTON.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.

Song. LORD LYTTELTON.

PAINTING.

The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring.
Monody on the Death of the Rt. Hon. R. B. Sheridan.
LORD BYRON.

Hard features every bungler can command:
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.
To Mr. Lee, on his Alexander. J. DRYDEN.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
Retaliation. O. GOLDSMITH.

Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
Horace, Bk. II. Epistle I. A. POPE.

I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.
Timon of Athens, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
The Revolt of Islam. P. B. SHELLEY.

PARTING.

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.
On Taking Leave of ——. S. T. COLERIDGE.

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?

Song. J. THOMSON.

Two lives that once part, are as ships that divide
When, moment on moment, there rushes between
The one and the other, a sea;—
Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam on the years that shall be!

A Lament. E. BULWER-LYTTON.

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.
Childe Harold, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

We twain have met like the ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! and then, away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,
To meet no more.
Life Drama, Sc. 4. A. SMITH.

He did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,—
How swift his ship.
Cymbeline, Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

But in vain she did conjure him,
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him
And but one to bid him go.
When lips invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks as fresh as rose in June
Persuade delay,—
What boots to say
Forego me now, come to me soon?
Dulcina. SIR W. RALEIGH.

Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

JULIET.—O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
ROMEO.—I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

In the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.
Underwoods. B. JONSON.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss:
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!
When we two parted. LORD BYRON.

BRUTUS.—Whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
CASSIUS.—For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
Julius Cæsar, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

PASSION.

Take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will
Would not admit.
Paradise Lost, Bk. VIII. MILTON.

In men, we various ruling passions find;
In women two almost divide the kind;
Those only fixed, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.
Moral Essays, Epistle II. A. POPE.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.
The Silent Lover. SIR W. RALEIGH.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.
Henry VI., Pt. III. Act iv. *Sc.* 8. SHAKESPEARE.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.
. . . . . .
Hear then the truth: 'T is Heav'n each passion sends,
And different men directs to different ends.
Extremes in nature equal good produce;
Extremes in man concur to general use.
Moral Essays, Epistle III. A. POPE.

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
Essay on Man, Epistle II. A. POPE.

PAST, THE.

O, call back yesterday, bid time return.
. . . . . .
To-day, unhappy day, too late.
King Richard II., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Imitation of Horace, Bk. I. Ode XXIX. J. DRYDEN.

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.
Macbeth, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were,
. . . . .
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
Childe Harold, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed.
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.
A Gleam of Sunshine. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Applause
To that blest son of foresight; lord of fate!
That awful independent on to-morrow
Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;
Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile.
Night Thoughts, Night II. DR. E. YOUNG.

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.
Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

PATIENCE.

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts.
Columbus. J. R. LOWELL.

His patient soul endures what Heav'n ordains,
But neither feels nor fears ideal pains.
The Borough. G. CRABBE.

'T is all men's office to speak patience
To those that ring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

And I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture.
Prometheus Bound. E. B. BROWNING.

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Othello, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Julius Cæsar, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

I worked with patience, which means almost power.
Aurora Leigh, Bk. III. E. B. BROWNING.

Or arm th' obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill.
The Vanity of Human Wishes. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Patience, my lord! why, 't is the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues 't is nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
The Honest Whore, Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 12. T. DEKKER.

PATRIOTISM.

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why.
Connecticut. F-G. HALLECK.

No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the pure consecrated love of home;
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness.
The Graves of the Patriots. J. G. PERCIVAL.

The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king and country harm,
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors use, by letting blood.
Hudibras. S. BUTLER.

Hail! Independence, hail! Heaven's next best gift,
To that of life and an immortal soul!
Liberty, Pt. V. J. THOMSON.

The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The soul of patriots.
Leonidas. R. GLOVER.

I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life.
Coriolanus, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

What pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country!
Cato, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. J. ADDISON.

PEACE.

O Peace! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports.
Britannia. J. THOMSON.

Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honor.
King Henry VI., Pt. III. Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For freedom only deals the deadly blow;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade.
Written in an Album. J. Q. ADAMS.

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
King Richard III., Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Take away the sword;
States can be saved without it.
Richelieu, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. E. BULWER-LYTTON.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
King Henry IV., Pt. II. Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's sonnets turned to holy psalms;
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are his age's alms.
Polyhymnia. G. PEELE.

Ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace.
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailèd fleets and armèd towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace and crowned with all her flowers.
Ode, sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition.
A. TENNYSON.

PEN.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.
Richelieu, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. E. BULWER-LYTTON.

The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing.
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Pt. III., v. *Walton's Book of Lives.*
W. WORDSWORTH.

Whose noble praise
Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing.
Sonnet. DOROTHY BERRY.

You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen,
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.
Sonnet, LXXXI. SHAKESPEARE.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my gray-goose quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent-bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. LORD BYRON.

PEOPLE, THE.

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!—
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster thing,
O, who would wish to be thy king!
Lady of the Lake, Canto V. SIR W. SCOTT.

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.
Coriolanus, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The scum
That rises upmost when the nation boils.
Don Sebastian. J. DRYDEN.

Rumor is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.
King Henry IV., Pt. II. Act i. *Induction.*
SHAKESPEARE.

The people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Augustus. A. POPE.

Through all disguise, form, place or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on the man within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set—
The immortal gift of God to him.
Democracy. J. G. WHITTIER.

PERFECTION.

To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
King John, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Merchant of Venice, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor.
King Henry VIII., Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. II. A. POPE.

PERFUME.

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odor.
Richard III. (Altered), Act v. *Sc.* 3. C. CIBBER.

Perfume for a lady's chamber.
Winter's Tale, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Take your paper, too,
And let me have them very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to.
Taming of the Shrew, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Arabie the blest.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
Rape of the Lock, Canto I. A. POPE.

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that 's all perfume.
Conversation. W. COWPER.

PERSONAL.

CHAUCER.

As that renownèd poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.
Faërie Queene, Bk. IV. Canto II. E. SPENSER.

EARL OF WARWICK.

Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick!
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings.
King Henry VI., Part III. Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

GALILEO.

The starry Galileo, with his woes.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The admired mirror, glory of our isle,
Thou far, far more than mortal man, whose style
Struck more men dumb to hearken to thy song
Than Orpheus' harp, or Tully's golden tongue.
To him, as right, for wit's deep quintessence,
For honor, valor, virtue, excellence,
Be all the garlands, crown his tomb with bay,
Who spake as much as e'er our tongue can say.
Britannia's Pastorals, Bk. II. Song 2. W. BROWNE.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Divinest Spenser, heaven-bred, happy Muse!
Would any power into my brain infuse
Thy worth, or all that poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more.
Britannia's Pastorals, Bk. II. Song 1. W. BROWNE.

FRANCIS, LORD BACON.

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

BEN JONSON.

O rare Ben Jonson!
Epitaph. SIR J. YOUNG.

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life: then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
(Right witty, though but downright fools) more wise.
Letter to Ben Jonson. F. BEAUMONT.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learnèd Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
On Shakespeare. W. BASSE.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Old mother-wit and nature gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser and in Jonson art
Of slower nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share;
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own.
Elegy on Cowley. SIR J. DENHAM.

EARL OF MARLBOROUGH.

[Lord President of the Council to King James I. Parliament was dissolved March 10, and he died March 14, 1628.]

Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him. . . .
Killed with report that old man eloquent.
To the Lady Margaret Ley. MILTON.

JOHN WICKLIFFE.

As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Part II. xvii. *To Wickliffe.*
W. WORDSWORTH.

[Bartlett quotes, in this connection, the following:]

"Some prophet of that day said:
'The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.'"
From Address before the "Sons of New Hampshire" (1849).
D. WEBSTER.

JOHN MILTON.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time,
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Progress of Poesy. T. GRAY.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone;
For he was great, ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.
Oliver Cromwell. J. DRYDEN.

Or, ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

KING CHARLES II.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.
Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.
EARL OF ROCHESTER.

MARTIN LUTHER.

The solitary monk who shook the world
From pagan slumber, when the gospel trump
Thundered its challenge from his dauntless lips
In peals of truth.
Luther. R. MONTGOMERY.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.
Resolution and Independence. W. WORDSWORTH.

JAMES THOMSON.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Poured forth his unpremeditated strain:

The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laughed he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaffed, encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage: his ditty sweet
He lothèd much to write, ne carèd to repeat.
Stanza introduced into Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," Canto I. LORD LYTTELTON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.
Ode on the Death of Thomson. W. COLLINS.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

The hand of him here torpid lies
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here closed in death the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.
Epitaph. DR. S. JOHNSON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.
Epitaph. A. POPE.

DAVID GARRICK.

Here lies David Garrick—describe me, who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
Retaliation. O. GOLDSMITH.

EDMUND BURKE.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote:
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 't was his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.
Retaliation. O. GOLDSMITH.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Whose humor, as gay as the firefly's light,
Played round every subject, and shone as it played :—
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ;—
Whose eloquence—brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As ever bore freedom aloft on its wave !
Lines on the Death of Sheridan. T. MOORE.

Long shall we seek his likeness,—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan !
Monody on the Death of Sheridan. LORD BYRON.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

While Washington 's a watchword, such as ne'er
Shall sink while there 's an echo left to air.
Age of Bronze. LORD BYRON.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.
On the Death of the Duke of Wellington. A. TENNYSON.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

His nature 's a glass of champagne with the foam on 't,
As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont ;
So his best things are done in the flash of the moment.
A Fable for Critics. J. R. LOWELL.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain ?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain !
Hawthorne, May 23, 1864. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t' other the Exchange;
He seems, to my thinking (although I 'm afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have been made),
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl coexist.
A Fable for Critics. J. R. LOWELL.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

C. 's the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,—
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
The one 's two thirds Norseman, the other half Greek,
Where the one 's most abounding, the other 's to seek;
C. 's generals require to be seen in the mass,—
E. 's specialties gain if enlarged by the glass;
C. gives nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with mystical hues,—
E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp common-sense.
A Fable for Critics. J. R. LOWELL.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind.
A Fable for Critics. J. R. LOWELL.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,
And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,
Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect;
There was ne'er a man born who had more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that kind of thing;

. . . . . .

Our Quaker leads off metaphorical fights
For reform and whatever they call human rights,
Both singing and striking in front of the war,
And hitting his foes with the mallet of Thor.
A Fable for Critics. J. R. LOWELL.

PHILOSOPHY.

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!
The Excursion, Bk. III. W. WORDSWORTH.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbèd, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
Comus. MILTON.

In discourse more sweet,
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame;
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Sublime Philosophy!
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beckoning angels;—but alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams.
By the first step,—dull slumbering on the earth.
Richelieu, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. E. BULWER-LYTTON.

Not so the son; he marked this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right;
(For What to shun, will no great knowledge need,
But What to follow, is a task indeed!)
Moral Essays, Epistle III. A. POPE.

He knew what 's what, and that 's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
Hudibras, Pt. I. DR. S. BUTLER.

His cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation.
Chronon, Act i. *Sc.* 1. H. CAREY.

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it—'t was no matter what he said.
Don Juan, Canto XI. LORD BYRON.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything and everything is naught.
Rejected Addresses: Cui Bono? H. AND J. SMITH.

HORATIO.—O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
HAMLET.—And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

PITY.

Pity 's akin to love ; and every thought
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.
Oroonoko, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. T. SOUTHERNE.

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
King Richard IV., Act i. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs.
King Henry VI., Pt. III. Act iv. *Sc.* 8. SHAKESPEARE.

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
Timon of Athens, Act iii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest.
The Duenna, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. R. B. SHERIDAN.

PLEASURE.

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem ;
There 's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
Hidden Joys. L. BLANCHARD.

Pleasure admitted in undue degree
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.
Progress of Error. W. COWPER.

Sure as night follows day,
Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When Pleasure treads the paths which Reason shuns.
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.
Night Thoughts, Night VIII. DR. E. YOUNG.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth
Retaliation. O. GOLDSMITH.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.
Resolution and Independence. W. WORDSWORTH.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

POET, THE.

We call those poets who are first to mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn,—
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
While others only note that day is gone.
Shakespeare. O. W. HOLMES.

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.
Epistle to G. F. Mathews. J. KEATS.

Most joyful let the poet be;
It is through him that all men see.
The Poet of the Old and New Times. W. E. CHANNING.

God's prophets of the beautiful.
Vision of Poets. E. B. BROWNING.

For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.
Of Poets and Poesy: (*Christopher Marlowe*).
M. DRAYTON.

But he, the bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful, and of soul sublime,
Who, from the glowing mint of fancy, pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold, to matchless purity refin'd,
And stamp'd with all the godhead in his mind.
Juvenal. W. GIFFORD.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
Julian and Maddalo. P. B. SHELLEY.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:

There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

The Garden (Translated). A. MARVELL.

In his own verse the poet still we find,
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,
As in their amber sweets the smothered bees,—
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,
Lies self-embalmed amidst the mouldering trees.

Bryant's Seventieth Birthday. O. W. HOLMES.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.

The Timepiece: The Task, Bk. II. W. COWPER.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.

The Dunciad. A. POPE.

Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
The pastime of a drowsy summer day.
But gather all thy powers,
And wreak them on the verse that thou wouldst weave.

The Poet. W. C. BRYANT.

From his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus. LORD LYTTELTON.

I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shined;
The age wherein he lived was dark, but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see.

Progress of Learning. SIR J. DENHAM.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse may seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

Essay on Poetry.
SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.
The Poet. A. TENNYSON.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.
The Art of Poetry. J. DRYDEN.

But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.
Hudibras, Pt. II. DR. S. BUTLER.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
Hudibras, Pt. I. DR. S. BUTLER.

And he whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad.
Prologue to Satires. A. POPE.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen can'stick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'T is like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
King Henry IV., Pt. I. Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. II. A. POPE.

Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.
To Stella. J. SWIFT.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,—
The Poets! who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Personal Talk. W. WORDSWORTH.

POETRY.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.
The Excursion, Bk. VII. W. WORDSWORTH.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well;
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving poesy.
Essay on Poetry.
SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power,—under-makers.
Festus: Proem. P. J. BAILEY.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung.
A Persian Song of Hafiz. SIR W. JONES.

One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.
Imitations of Horace. Epistle I. Bk. II. A. POPE.

Read, meditate, reflect, grow wise—in vain;
Try every help, force fire from every spark;
Yet shall you ne'er the poet's power attain,
If heaven ne'er stamped you with the muses' mark.
The Poet. A. HILL.

Jewels five-words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever.
The Princess, Canto II. A. TENNYSON.

Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
Of ordinary men.
Resolution and Independence. W. WORDSWORTH.

The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Imitations of Horace, Bk. II. Epistle I. A. POPE.

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, or in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the one
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.
Poems in Summer of 1833, *XXXVII.*
W. WORDSWORTH.

Thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

Snow-Bound. J. G. WHITTIER.

Give me that growth which some perchance deem sleep,
Wherewith the steadfast coral-stems arise,
Which, by the toil of gathering energies,
Their upward way into clear sunshine keep
Until, by Heaven's sweetest influences,
Slowly and slowly spreads a speck of green
Into a pleasant island in the seas,
Where, mid tall palms, the cane-roofed home is seen,
And wearied men shall sit at sunset's hour,
Hearing the leaves and loving God's dear power.

Sonnet VII. J. R. LOWELL.

A drainless shower
Of light is poesy: 't is the supreme of power;
'T is might half slumbering on its own right arm.

Sleep and Poetry. J. KEATS.

For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heaven and Heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown.

Odyssey, Bk. XXII. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

Paradise Lost, Bk. VII. MILTON.

POLITICS.

The freeman casting, with unpurchased hand,
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.

Poetry. O. W. HOLMES.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you;—'t is the ballot-box.

A Word from a Petitioner. J. PIERPONT.

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.
Epigram. E. ELLIOTT.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.
The Good-natured Man, Act ii. O. GOLDSMITH.

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half shut eyes.
Rape of the Lock, Canto III. A. POPE.

Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
King Lear, Act iv. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

Here and there some stern, high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.
Don Juan, Canto XIII. LORD BYRON.

Get place and wealth; if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.
Epistles of Horace, Epistle I. A. POPE.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
Merchant of Venice, Act ii. *Sc.* 9. SHAKESPEARE.

POSSESSION.

When I behold what pleasure is pursuit,
What life, what glorious eagerness it is,
Then mark how full possession falls from this,
How fairer seem the blossoms than the fruit,—
I am perplext, and often stricken mute,
Wondering which attained the higher bliss,
The wingèd insect, or the chrysalis
It thrust aside with unreluctant foot.
Pursuit and Possession. T. B. ALDRICH.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remembered joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, they are, they yet shall be.
The Little Cloud. J. MONTGOMERY.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.
Childe Harold, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

I die,—but first I have possessed,
And come what may, I *have been* blessed.
The Giaour. LORD BYRON.

POVERTY.

I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient.
King Henry IV., Pt. II. Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks, and passes by,
Condemned on penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world, and left without a home.
Pleasures of Hope. T. CAMPBELL.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all.
King Lear, Act iv. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

O world! how apt the poor are to be proud!
Twelfth Night, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed.
Vanity of Human Wishes. DR. S. JOHNSON.

And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.
Burns. T. CAMPBELL.

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.
King Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

POWER.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame.
A mechanized automaton.
Queen Mab, Pt. III. P. B. SHELLEY.

Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
Rob Roy's Grave. W. WORDSWORTH.

For what can power give more than food and drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
Medal. J. DRYDEN.

Patience and gentleness is power.
On a Lock of Milton's Hair. L. HUNT.

Some novel power
Sprang up forever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much,
In watching thee from hour to hour.
In Memoriam, CXI. A. TENNYSON.

A power is passing from the earth.
On the Expected Dissolution of Mr. Fox.
W. WORDSWORTH.

He hath no power that hath not power to use.
Festus, Sc. A Visit. P. J. BAILEY.

PRAISE.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.
Love of Fame, Satire I. DR. E. YOUNG.

One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages.
Winter's Tale, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O Popular Applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?
The Task, Bk. II. W. COWPER.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

If matters not how false or forced,
So the best things be said o' the worst.
Hudibras, Pt. II. S. BUTLER.

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise.
Paradise Regained, Bk. III. MILTON.

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
Iliad, Bk. X. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.
The Poets. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

PRAYER.

Prayer moves the Hand which moves the world.
There is an Eye that Never Sleeps. J. A. WALLACE.

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.
Hesperides: The Heart. R. HERRICK.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
As Down in the Sunless Retreats. T. MOORE.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
In Memoriam, XXXII. A. TENNYSON.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Prayer. H. COLERIDGE.

Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.
Prayer. H. COLERIDGE.

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
Exhortation to Prayer. W. COWPER.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
The Vanity of Human Wishes. DR. S. JOHNSON.

You few that loved me
. . . . .
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.
King Henry VIII., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE

PREACHING.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
The Task, Bk. II. W. COWPER.

God preaches, a noted clergyman,
And the sermon is never long;
So instead of getting to heaven at last,
I 'm going all along.
A Service of Song. E. DICKINSON.

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The new Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
Tales of a Wayside Inn: Prelude. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind.
And, while they captivate, inform the mind.
Hope. W. COWPER.

The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipped cream of courtly sense.
Satires: Epilogues, Dialogue I. A. POPE.

The lilies say: Behold how we
Preach without words of purity.
Consider the Lilies of the Field. C. G. ROSSETTI.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
The Field of the World. J. MONTGOMERY.

His preaching much, but more his practice wrought—
A living sermon of the truths he taught.
Character of a Good Parson. J. DRYDEN.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
Love breathing Thanks and Praise. R. BAXTER.

PRESENT, THE.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.
Hymn. C. WESLEY.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!
Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. T. MOORE.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state.
Essay on Man, Epistle I. A. POPE.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Imitation of Horace, Bk. I. Ode 29. J. DRYDEN.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
Letter to Cobham. W. CONGREVE.

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal Now does always last.
Davideis, Vol. I. Bk. I. A. COWLEY.

PRIDE.

Pride like an eagle builds amid the stars.
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea?
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

'T is pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Cato, Act i. *Sc.* 4. J. ADDISON.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. II. A. POPE.

Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
The Vanity of Human Wishes. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
Essay on Translated Verse. W. DILLON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark.
The Chameleon. J. MERRICK.

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
Cymbeline, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Ask for whose use the heavenly bodies shine;
Earth for whose use? Pride answers,
'T is for mine!
Essay on Man, Pt. I. A. POPE.

PROGRESS.

From lower to the higher next,
Not to the top, is Nature's text;
And embryo good, to reach full stature,
Absorbs the evil in its nature.
Festina Lente. J. R. LOWELL.

Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beast's;
God is, they are,
Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.
A Death in the Desert. R. BROWNING.

Progress is
The law of life, man is not
Man as yet.
Paracelsus, Pt. V. R. BROWNING.

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, "Am I your debtor?"
And the Lord—"Not yet: but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."
By an Evolutionist. A. TENNYSON.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit moves.
In Memoriam, LXXXIII. A. TENNYSON.

PROMISE.

Promise is most given when the least is said.
Musæus of Hero and Leander. G. CHAPMAN.

He was ever precise in promise-keeping.
Measure for Measure, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
King Henry VIII., Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

There buds the promise of celestial worth.
The Last Day, Bk. III. DR. E. YOUNG.

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.
King Henry VI., Pt. I. Act i. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

QUARREL.

O, shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

O we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.
The Princess. A. TENNYSON.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
Rape of the Lock, Canto I. A. POPE.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposèd may beware of thee.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
Fables: The Mastiffs. J. GAY.

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honor 's at the stake.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

In a false quarrel there is no true valor.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

I 'm armed with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel.
Lust's Dominion, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. C. MARLOWE.

RAIN.

The Clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

Drip, drip, the rain comes falling,
Rain in the woods, rain on the sea;
Even the little waves, beaten, come crawling
As if to find shelter here with me.
Waiting in the Rain. J. H. MORSE.

The rain-drops' showery dance and rhythmic beat,
With tinkling of innumerable feet.
The Microcosm: Hearing. A. COLES.

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

See where it smokes along the sounding plain,
Blown all aslant, a driving, dashing rain;
Peal upon peal, redoubling all around,
Shakes it again and faster to the ground.
Truth. W. COWPER.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
Anacreontiques. A. COWLEY.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
Twelfth Night, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

RAINBOW.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
Idylls of the King: The Coming of Arthur.
A. TENNYSON.

Mild arch of promise! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting.
The Evening Rainbow. R. SOUTHEY.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part;
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.
To the Rainbow. T. CAMPBELL.

What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Marmion, Canto VI. SIR W. SCOTT.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct, and low, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant between all and One.
The Rainbow. H. VAUGHAN.

READING.

I had found the secret of a garret room
Piled high with cases in my father's name;
Piled high, packed large,—where, creeping in and out
Among the giant fossils of my past,
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs
Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there
At this or that box, pulling through the gap,
In heats of terror, haste, victorious joy,
The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow, in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read!
Aurora Leigh, Bk. I. E. B. BROWNING.

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow.
Titus Andronicus, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

He furnished me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Tempest, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humanized a world.
The Seasons: Winter. J. THOMSON.

POLONIUS.—What do you read, my lord?
HAMLET.—Words, words, words.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought may bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything.
Simon Lee. W. WORDSWORTH.

And choose an author as you choose a friend.
Essay on Translated Verse. EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

When the last reader reads no more.
The Last Reader. O. W. HOLMES.

REASONS.

All was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. I.
King Henry IV., Pt. I. Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
Julius Cæsar, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.
Hudibras, Pt. I. S. BUTLER.

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.
Lines on his Promised Pension. E. SPENSER.

REGRET.

For who, alas! has lived,
Nor in the watches of the night recalled
Words he has wished unsaid and deeds undone?
Reflections. S. ROGERS.

Thou wilt lament
Hereafter, when the evil shall be done
And shall admit no cure.
Iliad, Bk. IX. HOMER. *Trans. of* BRYANT.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets.
Lucile, Pt. I. Canto II. LORD LYTTON (*Owen Meredith*).

O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!
Tales of a Wayside Inn: The Theologian's Tale.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Calmly he looked on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear:
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
Thanked Heaven that he had lived, and that he died.
Epitaph X. A. POPE.

RELIGION.

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 't is thy soul is poor.
Bibliotres. J. R. LOWELL.

Religion, if in heavenly truths attired,
Needs only to be seen to be admired.
Expostulation. W. COWPER.

In religion,
What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text.
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

I think while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to Heaven.
Chant of Brazen Head. W. M. PRAED.

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
The Church Militant. G. HERBERT.

A Christian is the highest type of man.
Night Thoughts, Night IV. DR. E. YOUNG.

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
The Hermit. T. PARNELL.

Religion 's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and, in her right, the next.
Night Thoughts, Night IV. DR. E. YOUNG.

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my end.
Translation of Dies Iræ. EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

REMORSE.

What exile from himself can flee?
To zones though more and more remote
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.
Childe Harold, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

MACBETH.—Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
DOCTOR.— Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder.
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

How guilt once harbored in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great.
Irene, Act iv. *Sc.* 8. DR. S. JOHNSON.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Marmion, Canto III. SIR W. SCOTT.

Amid the roses, fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest; a quick-returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart.
The Seasons : Spring. J. THOMSON.

There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned
He deals on his own soul.
Manfred, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. LORD BYRON.

REPUTATION.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise,
They best can bear reproof who merit praise.
Essay on Criticism. A. POPE.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
King Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick.
King Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down!
Journal of a Modern Lady. J. SWIFT.

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
King Henry VIII., Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that loved, not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one, whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this.
Othello, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O God !—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me !
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

RESIGNATION.

Behold, how brightly breaks the morning,
Though bleak our lot, our hearts are warm.
Behold how brightly breaks. J. KENNEY.

God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing :
In common worldly things, 't is called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
King Richard III., Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.
Pericles, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief.
Winter's Tale, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.
Addressed to Sir G. H. B. W. WORDSWORTH.

Down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below !
King Lear, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

'T is impious in a good man to be sad.
Night Thoughts, Night IV. DR. E. YOUNG.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
To an Afflicted Protestant Lady. W. COWPER.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,—
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.
Barbarossa, Act v. *Sc.* 3. J. BROWN.

RESOLUTION.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
King John, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble—constant.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

When two
Join in the same adventure, one perceives
Before the other how they ought to act;
While one alone, however prompt, resolves
More tardily and with a weaker will.
Iliad, Bk. X. HOMER. *Trans. of* BRYANT.

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane."
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she 'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me"?
Epigram. J. R. LOWELL.

REST.

Take thou of me, sweet pillowes, sweetest bed;
A chamber deafe of noise, and blind of light,
A rosie garland and a weary hed.
Astrophel and Stella. SIR PH. SIDNEY.

And to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.
The Excursion, Bk. IV. W. WORDSWORTH.

The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And, oft renewed, seemed oft to die,
With breathless pause between,
O who, with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!
Lord of the Isles, Canto IV. SIR W. SCOTT.

Our foster-nurse of Nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
King Lear, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.
King Henry VIII., Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Epistles of Horace, Ep. I. Bk. I. J. DRYDEN.

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
Retirement. W. COWPER.

RETRIBUTION.

The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted—they have torn me, and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. LORD BYRON.

Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.
Essays on Translated Verse. W. DILLON.

REVENGE.

Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
With whom Revenge is virtue.
The Revenge, Act V. DR. E. YOUNG.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.
Mazeppa. LORD BYRON

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Titus Andronicus, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame.
Marmion, Canto VI. SIR W. SCOTT.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IX. MILTON.

ROD, THE.

I pray ye, flog them upon all occasions.
It mends their morals, never mind the pain.
Don Juan, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

Love is a boy by poets styled;
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.
Hudibras, Pt. II. Canto I. S. BUTLER.

Whipping, that 's virtue's governess,
Tutoress of arts and sciences ;
That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
And puts new life into dull matter ;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honors of the gown.
Hudibras, Pt. II. Canto I. S. BUTLER.

ROMANCE.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!
Auspicious queen of childish joys,
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys.
To Romance. LORD BYRON.

He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance ;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
Tales of a Wayside Inn : Prelude. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
A Narrow Girdle of Rough Stones. W. WORDSWORTH.

Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages :
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings.
There 's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss.
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life ?
Don Juan, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

ROYALTY.

When beggars die there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy ?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?
King Henry V., Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king.
King Richard II., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength.
King Richard III., Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

RURAL LIFE.

Far from gay cities and the ways of men.
Odyssey, Bk. XIV. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.
Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube.
R. M. MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON.

They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence and its shade.
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity or a mind
Cultured and capable of sober thought?
The Task, Bk. III. W. COWPER.

God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves.
The Task, Bk. I.: The Sofa. W. COWPER.

Before green apples blush,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town.
Summer. C. G. ROSSETTI.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature.
The Task, Bk. I. W. COWPER.

At eve the ploughman leaves the task of day
And, trudging homeward, whistles on the way:
And the big-uddered cows with patience stand,
And wait the strokings of the damsel's hand.
Rural Sport. J. GAY.

Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleased; the long loud laugh sincere;
The kiss snatched hasty from the sidelong maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.
The Seasons: Winter. J. THOMSON.

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!
The Old Cumberland Beggar. W. WORDSWORTH.

O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.
Politics and Poetics. L. HUNT.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace.
The Castle of Indolence, Canto II. J. THOMSON.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

SABBATH.

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion.
The Sabbath Bells. C. LAMB.

The clinkum-clank o' Sabbath bells
Noo to the hoastin' rookery swells,
Noo faintin' laigh in shady dells,
Sounds far an' near,
An' through the simmer kintry tells
Its tale o' cheer.

An' noo, to that melodious play,
A' deidly awn the quiet sway—
A' ken their solemn holiday,
Bestial an' human,
The singin' lintie on the brae,
The restin' plou'man.
A Lowden Sabbath Morn. R. L. STEVENSON.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss:
Heaven once a week:
The next world's gladness prepossest in this;
A day to seek;
Eternity in time.

Sundays. H. VAUGHAN.

As palmers wont to hail the nichèd seat
At desert well, where they put off the shoon
And robe of travel, so I, a pilgrim as they,
Tired with my six-days' track, would turn aside
Out of the scorch and glare into the shade
Of Sunday-stillness.

The Resting Place. M. J. PRESTON.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day.

The Sabbath. J. GRAHAME.

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!

Urania. O. W. HOLMES.

SATIRE.

Prepare for rhyme—I 'll publish, right or wrong:
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. LORD BYRON.

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that 's scarcely felt or seen.

To the Imitator of the first Satire of Horace, Bk. II. LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too discreet
To run amuck and tilt at all I meet.

Second Book of Horace. A. POPE.

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel,
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

Satires: Prologue. A. POPE.

SCANDAL.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

Satires: Prologue. A. POPE.

And there 's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame ;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
Satire IX. JUVENAL. *Trans. of* G. HARVEY.

There 's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woful likeness ; and, if lies,
" Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."
Imitations of Horace, Epistle I. Bk. II. A. POPE.

A third interprets motions, looks and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Rape of the Lock, Canto III. A. POPE.

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.
The Satires : Prologue. A. POPE.

SCHOOL.

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.
The Grave. R. BLAIR.

I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences.
Taming of the Shrew, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. . . .
. . . for, to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up.
Taming of The Shrew, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Grave is the Master's look : his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares :
Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His worst of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits ; before the awful frown
That binds his brows the boldest eye goes down ;
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.
The School-Boy. O. W. HOLMES.

Besides they always smell of bread and butter.
Manfred. LORD BYRON.

You 'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage ;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.
Lines written for a School Declamation. D. EVERETT.

Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a boy !
Childe Harold, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

SCIENCE.

While bright-eyed Science watches round.
Ode for Music : Chorus. T. GRAY.

There live, alas ! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
. . . . . .
O Star-eyed Science ! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair ?
Pleasures of Hope. T. CAMPBELL.

One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.
Essay on Criticism, Pt. I. A. POPE.

By the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.
The Hermit. J. BEATTIE.

I value science—none can prize it more,
It gives ten thousand motives to adore :
Be it religious, as it ought to be,
The heart it humbles, and it bows the knee.
The Microcosm : Christian Science. A. COLES.

SCOLD.

Unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab.
A scullion !
Fie upon 't ! Foh !
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Find all his having and his holding
Reduced to eternal noise and scolding,—
The conjugal petard that tears
Down all portcullises of ears.

Hudibras. S. BUTLER.

Abroad too kind, at home 't is steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.

Love of Fame. DR. E. YOUNG.

SCULPTURE.

As when, O lady mine,
With chiselled touch
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould,
The more the marble wastes
The more the statue grows.

Sonnet. M. ANGELO. *Trans. of* MRS. H. ROSCOE.

Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater
To raise the dead to life than to create
Phantoms that seem to live.

Michael Angelo. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

And the cold marble leapt to life a god.

The Belvedere Apollo. H. H. MILMAN.

Or view the lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life, and poesy, and light.—
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot,—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision—are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind within its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

SEA.

Ocean! great image of eternity,
And yet of fleeting time, of change, unrest,
Thou vast and wondrous realm of mystery,
Of thy great teachings too is man possessed.
Type of God's boundless might, the here and there
Uniting, thou dost with a righteous fear
Man's heart ennoble, awe, and purify,
As in thy mighty, multitudinous tones echoes of God roll by.
Nature and Man. J. W. MILES.

What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever amid our playing
I hear but their low, lone song?
What are the Wild Waves Saying? J. E. CARPENTER.

The land is dearer for the sea,
The ocean for the shore.
On the Beach. L. LARCOM.

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.
The Ocean. J. MONTGOMERY.

There the sea I found
Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound.
The Revolt of Islam, Canto I. P. B. SHELLEY.

And there, where the smooth, wet pebbles be,
The waters gurgle longingly,
As if they fain would seek the shore,
To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,
To be at rest forevermore.
The Sirens. J. R. LOWELL.

I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.
Don Juan, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

Watching the waves with all their white crests dancing
Come, like thick-plumed squadrons, to the shore
Gallantly bounding.
Julian. SIR A. HUNT.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider.
Don Juan, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him.
The Tempest, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

The sea heaves up, hangs loaded o'er the land,
Breaks there, and buries its tumultuous strength.
Luria, Act i. R. BROWNING.

Thus, I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel, with gentle gale.
The Spleen. M. GREEN.

What though the sea be calm? trust to the shore.
Ships have been drowned, where late they danced before.
Safety on the Shore. R. HERRICK.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main;—
Miserere Domine!
The Storm. A. A. PROCTER.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread Ocean undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe.
The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant Ship: along her watery way,
Homeward she drives before the favoring gales;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
Sonnet XIX. R. SOUTHEY.

Thou wert before the Continents, before
The hollow heavens, which like another sea
Encircles them and thee; but whence thou wert,
And when thou wast created, is not known,
Antiquity was young when thou wast old.
Hymn to the Sea. R. H. STODDARD.

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows.
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.
The Homeric Hexameter.
SCHILLER. *Trans. of* COLERIDGE.

SEASONS.

SPRING.

So forth issewed the Seasons of the yeare:
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloomes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt, engraven morion he did weare:
That, as some did him love, so others did him feare.
Faërie Queen, Bk. VII. E. SPENSER.

The stormy March has come at last,
With winds and clouds and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.
March. W. C. BRYANT.

March! A cloudy stream is flowing,
And a hard, steel blast is blowing;
Bitterer now than I remember
Ever to have felt or seen,
In the depths of drear December,
When the white doth hide the green.
March, April, May. B. W. PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

A gush of bird-song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning.
April. H. P. SPOFFORD.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!
The Tempest, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

When proud-pied April, dressed all in his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.
Sonnet XCVIII. SHAKESPEARE.

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come.
The Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

But yesterday all life in bud was hid;
But yesterday the grass was gray and sere;
To-day the whole world decks itself anew
In all the glorious beauty of the year.
Sudden Spring in New England. C. WELSH.

When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers.
The Fountains. W. C. BRYANT.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea.
Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots. R. BURNS.

Daughter of heaven and earth, coy Spring,
With sudden passion languishing,
Teaching barren moors to smile,
Painting pictures mile on mile,
Holds a cup of cowslip wreaths
Whence a smokeless incense breathes.
May Day. R. W. EMERSON.

Spring's last-born darling, clear-eyed, sweet,
Pauses a moment, with white twinkling feet,
And golden locks in breezy play,
Half teasing and half tender, to repeat
Her song of "May."
May. S. C. WOOLSEY (*Susan Coolidge*).

For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
The seson priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte.
Canterbury Tales: The Knightes Tale. CHAUCER.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

SUMMER.

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, coloured greene,
That was unlynèd all, to be more light,
And on his head a garlande well beseene.
Faërie Queene, Bk. VII. E. SPENSER.

All green and fair the Summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of Spring,
With tender blue of wistful skies,
And winds which softly sing.
Menace. S. C. WOOLSEY (*Susan Coolidge*).

From brightening fields of ether fair-disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth;
He comes, attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way.
The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

From all the misty morning air, there comes a summer sound,
A murmur as of waters from skies, and trees, and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo.
A Midsummer Song. R. W. GILDER.

His labor is a chant,
His idleness a tune;
Oh, for a bee's experience
Of clovers and of noon!
The Bee. E. DICKINSON.

Still as night
Or summer's noontide air.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.
A Christmas Carol. S. T. COLERIDGE.

The Summer looks out from her brazen tower,
Through the flashing bars of July.
A Corymbus for Autumn. F. THOMPSON.

Dead is the air, and still! the leaves of the locust and walnut
Lazily hang from the boughs, inlaying their intricate outlines
Rather on space than the sky,—on a tideless expansion of slumber.
Home Pastorals: August. B. TAYLOR.

AUTUMN.

Then came the Autumne, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruit the which the earth had yold.
Faërie Queene, Bk. VII. E. SPENSER.

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odor.
Richard III. (*Altered*), *Act* v. *Sc.* 3. C. CIBBER.

All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreathed with nodding corn.
Brigs of Ayr. R. BURNS.

Yellow, mellow, ripened days,
Sheltered in a golden coating
O'er the dreamy, listless haze,
White and dainty cloudlets floating;
. . . . .
Sweet and smiling are thy ways,
Beauteous, golden Autumn days.
Autumn Days. W. CARLETON.

While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on.
The Seasons: Autumn. J. THOMSON.

From gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.
The Eve of Election. J. G. WHITTIER.

The brown leaves rustle down the forest glade,
Where naked branches make a fitful shade,
And the lost blooms of Autumn withered lie.
October. G. ARNOLD.

The dead leaves their rich mosaics
Of olive and gold and brown
Had laid on the rain-wet pavements,
Through all the embowered town.
November. S. LONGFELLOW.

When shrieked
The bleak November winds, and smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades
That met above the merry rivulet
Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them still; they seemed
Like old companions in adversity.
A Winter Piece. W. C. BRYANT.

Dry leaves upon the wall,
Which flap like rustling wings and seek escape,
A single frosted cluster on the grape
Still hangs—and that is all.
November. S. C. WOOLSEY (*Susan Coolidge*).

WINTER.

Lastly came Winter, clothèd all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purple bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill;
In his right hand a tippèd staff he held
With which his feeble steps he stayèd still,
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosèd limbs he able was to weld.
Faërie Queene, Bk. VII. E. SPENSER.

Chaste as the icicle,
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Coriolanus, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined.
The Task: Winter Morning Walk. W. COWPER.

When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away?
Cymbeline, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapors, and Clouds, and Storms.
The Seasons: Winter. J. THOMSON.

From snow-topped hills the whirlwinds keenly blow,
Howl through the woods, and pierce the vales below,
Through the sharp air a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the gloomy skies.
Inebriety. G. CRABBE.

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!
The Pleasures of Hope. T. CAMPBELL.

Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That glimmer with an amethystine light.
A Winter Piece. W. C. BRYANT.

Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps.
A Winter Piece. W. C. BRYANT.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year.

. . . . .

I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art!
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
The Task: Winter Evening. W. COWPER.

SECRET.

Two may keep counsel, putting one away.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

I have played the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend will hold a secret
Mine own could not contain.
Unnatural Combat, Act v. *Sc.* 2. P. MASSINGER.

SHAME.

O shame, where is thy blush?
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.
Metamorphoses: Actæon, Bk. III.
OVID. *Trans. of* ADDISON.

All is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.
King Henry V., Act iv. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame was ashamed to sit.
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Himself sole author of his own disgrace.
Hope. W. COWPER.

Men the most infamous are fond of fame:
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.
The Author. C. CHURCHILL.

Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,—
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
A fixèd figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at!
Othello, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

SHIP.

Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.
The Building of the Ship. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
The Corsair, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men.
Hearts of Oak. D. GARRICK.

Sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger.
Samson Agonistes. MILTON.

Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.
King Henry V., Act iii. *Chorus.* SHAKESPEARE.

Heaven speed the canvas, gallantly unfurled,
To furnish and accommodate a world,
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit th' unsocial climates into one.
Charity. W. COWPER.

Dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing.
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

As rich . . .
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
King Henry V., Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Her deck is crowded with despairing souls,
And in the hollow pauses of the storm
We hear their piercing cries.
Bertram. C. R. MATURIN.

A brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perished.
The Tempest, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
"All hands to loose topgallant sails," I heard the captain call.
"By the Lord, she 'll never stand it," our first mate, Jackson, cried.
. . . "It 's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson," he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.
Christmas at Sea. R. L. STEVENSON.

SIGH.

To love,
It is to be all made of sighs and tears.
As You Like It, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The world was sad,—the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sighed—till Woman smiled.
Pleasures of Hope, Pt. I. T. CAMPBELL.

Sighed and looked unutterable things.
The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

My soul has rest, sweet sigh! alone in thee.
To Laura in Death. PETRARCH.

Yet sighes, deare sighes, indeede true friends you are
That do not leave your left friend at the wurst,
But, as you with my breast I oft have nurst,
So, gratefull now, you waite upon my care.
Sighes. SIR PH. SIDNEY.

Sighs
Which perfect Joy, perplexed for utterance,
Stole from her sister Sorrow.
The Gardener's Daughter. A. TENNYSON.

SILENCE.

Three Silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought.
The Three Silences of Molinos. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Stillborn silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Silence. R. FLECKNOE.

And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound.
The Music Grinder. O. W. HOLMES.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
The Silent Lover. SIR W. RALEIGH.

Shallow brooks murmur moste,
deepe silent slide away.
The Arcadia, Thirsis and Dorus. SIR PH. SIDNEY.

What, gone without a word?
Aye, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

The rest is silence.
Hamlet, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

SIN.

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall.
Faërie Queene, Bk. I. E. SPENSER.

There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.
A King and no King, Act v. *Sc.* 4.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Where is the man who has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!
The Bridal of Triermain, Canto I. SIR W. SCOTT.

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.
Metamorphoses, VII. 20.
OVID. *Trans. of* TATE AND STONESTREET.

I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The good he scorned
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.
The Grave, Pt. II. R. BLAIR.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.
Sin. F. VON LOGAU. *Trans. of* LONGFELLOW.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.
Missionary Hymn. BISHOP R. HEBER.

And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.
Divine Songs. DR. I. WATTS.

Commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.
Henry IV., Pt. II. Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

And out of good still to find means of evil.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart!
The Lady's Dream. T. HOOD.

Timely advised, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
Henry and Emma. M. PRIOR.

SINCERITY.

Men should be what they seem;
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
Sonnet LIV. SHAKESPEARE.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
King Henry IV. Pt. I. Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
King Richard III., Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Were there no heaven nor hell
I should be honest.
Duchess of Malfi, Act i. *Sc.* 1. J. WEBSTER.

SKY.

One of those heavenly days that cannot die.
Nutting. W. WORDSWORTH.

Green calm below, blue quietness above.
The Pennsylvania Pilgrim. J. G. WHITTIER.

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!
Peter Bell. W. WORDSWORTH.

But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.
A Summer Evening. DR. I. WATTS.

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
Written in a Volume of Shakespeare. T. HOOD.

Of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.
Queen Mab, Pt. IV. P. B. SHELLEY.

This majestical roof fretted with golden fire.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

SLEEP.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
Night Thoughts, Night I. DR. E. YOUNG.

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 't is the happy that have called thee so.
Curse of Kehama, Canto XV. R. SOUTHEY.

Sleep seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
The Tempest, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.
Cymbeline, Act iii. *Sc.* 6. SHAKESPEARE.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth !
Endymion, Bk. I. J. KEATS.

Sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act iii. *Sc.* 2.
SHAKESPEARE.

Then Sleep and Death, two twins of wingèd race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.
Iliad, Bk. XVI. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince ; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers ; . . . sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain.
Valentinian. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SMILE.

Smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IX. MILTON.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh ?
The Christian Year, 24th Sunday after Trinity.
J. KEBLE.

And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.
The Rose. W. COWPER.

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.
Education and Government. T. GRAY.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Satires : Prologue. A. POPE.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.
The What d' ye Call 't. J. GAY.

SOCIETY.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Essay on Man, Epistle II. A. POPE.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.
All's Well That Ends Well, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one—
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all.
Luria, Act v. R. BROWNING.

There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place;
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Imitations of Horace, Satire I. Bk. II. A. POPE.

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Rape of the Lock, Canto III. A. POPE.

Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Paradise Lost, Bk. VIII. MILTON.

The company is "mixed" (the phrase I quote is
As much as saying, they 're below your notice).
Beppo. LORD BYRON.

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored.*
Don Juan, Canto XI. LORD BYRON.

SOLDIER.

He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk;
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form and movement.
The Task, Bk. IV. W. COWPER.

A braver soldier never couchèd lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court.
King Henry VI., Pt. I. Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.

. . . . .

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.
The Campaign. J. ADDISON.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace.
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star.
A Horatian Ode: Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.
A. MARVELL.

'T is the soldier's life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.
Othello, Act ii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Some for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valor saved.
Night Thoughts, Night I. DR. E. YOUNG.

His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven.
The Giaour. LORD BYRON.

Wut 's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventured life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
The Biglow Papers, Second Series, No. X.
J. R. LOWELL.

God's soldier he be!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knolled.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 8. SHAKESPEARE.

O, now, forever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!
Othello, Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

SOLITUDE.

All heaven and earth are still,—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep;—
All heaven and earth are still;

. . . . .

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone.
Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.
Marmion, Canto II. Introduction. SIR W. SCOTT.

Alone!—that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word—*Alone!*
The New Timon, Pt. II. E. BULWER-LYTTON.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
Night Thoughts, Night IV. DR. E. YOUNG.

Converse with men makes sharp the glittering wit,
But God to man doth speak in solitude.
Highland Solitude. J. S. BLACKIE.

But, if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IX. MILTON.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

'T is solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive.
Childe Harold, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude?
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.
Retirement. W. COWPER.

SORROW.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.
Hamlet, Act iv. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.
Night Thoughts, Night III. DR. E. YOUNG.

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.
Hyperion, Bk. I. Motto: from Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

One fire burns out another's burning;
One pain is lessened by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be helped by backward turning;
One desp'rate grief cures with another's languish;
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Romeo and Juliet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

All that 's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!
National Airs: All that's bright must fade.
T. MOORE.

O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
The Queen of Corinth, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. J. FLETCHER.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
The Course of Time, Bk. I. R. POLLOK.

Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest showers,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest winds.
Misc. Sonnets, Pt. I. XXXIII. W. WORDSWORTH.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
Night Thoughts, Night IX. DR. E. YOUNG.

Like a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 't was thrown
So in affliction's violence, he that 's wise
The more he 's cast down will the higher rise.
Microcosmos. T. NABBES.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
The Light of Stars. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SOUL.

Summe up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dresse and undresse thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it: if, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.
The Temple: The Church Porch. G. HERBERT.

Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know.
Measure for Measure, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O ignorant, poor man! what dost thou bear
Locked up within the casket of thy breast?
What jewels and what riches hast thou there?
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest?
Worth of the Soul. SIR J. DAVIES.

Let Fortune empty all her quiver on me;
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
Sebastian, Act i. *Sc.* 1. J. DRYDEN.

And keeps that palace of the soul serene.
Of Tea. E. WALLER.

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.
In Praise of Lessius' Rule of Health. R. CRASHAW.

And rest at last where souls unbodied dwell,
In ever-flowing meads of Asphodel.
Odyssey, Bk. XXIV. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

SPEECH.

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
Iliad, Bk. XIV. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

Discourse may want an animated "No"
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
Conversation. W. COWPER.

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.
Love's Labor's Lost, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still.
King Henry V., Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks.
Parody on Pope. C. CIBBER.

Yet hold it more humane, more heavenly, first,
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear.
Paradise Regained, Bk. I. MILTON.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

"Careful with fire," is good advice, we know,
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.
First Settler's Story. W. CARLETON.

SPIRITS.

GLENDOWER.—I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
HOTSPUR.—Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
King Henry IV., Pt. I. Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both,
. . . .
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

But shapes that come not at an earthly call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Lords of the visionary eye, whose lid,
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!
Dion. W. WORDSWORTH.

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land,
Where first he walked when clasped in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.
In Memoriam, XCII. A. TENNYSON.

STAGE, THE.

Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Prologues, like compliments, are loss of time;
'T is penning bows and making legs in rhyme.
Prologue to Crisp's Tragedy of Virginia. D. GARRICK.

Prologues precede the piece in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse.
Prologue to Apprentice. D. GARRICK.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'T was only that when he was off, he was acting.
Retaliation. O. GOLDSMITH.

The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give.
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Prologue, Spoken by Mr. Garrick on Opening Drury Lane Theatre, 1747. DR. S. JOHNSON.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold—
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage.
Prologue to Addison's Cato. A. POPE.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.
Richard II., Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wanned?
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions.
. . . . .
The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the King.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age.
Curiosity. C. SPRAGUE.

A veteran see! whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.
Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776. D. GARRICK.

Who teach the mind its proper face to scan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man.
The Actor. R. LLOYD.

STAR.

That full star that ushers in the even.
Sonnet CXXXII. SHAKESPEARE.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto III. SIR W. SCOTT.

And fast by, hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad.
Night Thoughts, Night IX. DR. E. YOUNG.

There does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And cast a gleam over this tufted grove.
Comus. MILTON.

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.
Evangeline, Pt. I. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

'T is the witching hour of night,
Orbed is the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen—
For what listen they?
A Prophecy. J. KEATS.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.
The Light of Stars. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
Light will repay
The wrongs of night;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
Emblems, Bk. I. F. QUARLES.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.
Issues of Life and Death. J. MONTGOMERY.

STATECRAFT.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state ;
An hour may lay it in the dust.
Childe Harold, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

Who 's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen :
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet show :
Let but the puppets move, I 've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master wire.
Night. C. CHURCHILL.

Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. II. J. DRYDEN.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.
In Memoriam, LXIII. A. TENNYSON.

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.
To the Queen. A. TENNYSON.

What should it be, that thus their faith can bind ?
The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind !
Linked with success, assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to its will.
The Corsair. LORD BYRON.

'T is thus the spirit of a single mind
Makes that of multitudes take one direction.
Don Juan. LORD BYRON.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.
The Traveller. O. GOLDSMITH.

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !
Hamlet, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri * stand;
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. I. J. DRYDEN.

For close designs and crooked councils fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. I. (*Earl of Shaftesbury.*)
J. DRYDEN.

STEALING.

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief.
Timon of Athens, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Kill a man's family and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket.
Don Juan, Canto X. LORD BYRON.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter:
Stolen kisses much completer;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels:
Stolen, stolen be your apples.
Song of Fairies. T. RANDOLPH.

* George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

A tailor, though a man of upright dealing,—
True but for lying,—honest but for stealing.
Of a Precise Tailor. SIR J. HARRINGTON.

Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves.
Measure for Measure, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Thou hast stolen both mine office and my name ;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
Comedy of Errors, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

In vain we call old notions fudge
And bend our conscience to our dealing,
The Ten Commandments will not budge
And stealing will continue stealing.
Motto of American Copyright League, 1885.

STORM.

The lowering element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,
The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds ; till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal,
Crushed, horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.
The Seasons : Summer. J. THOMSON.

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage,
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.
The Seasons : Summer. J. THOMSON.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark !
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Julius Cæsar, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds.
Julius Cæsar, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted.
Book I. Ode V. HORACE. *Trans. of* MILTON.

Lightnings, that show the vast and foamy deep,
The rending thunders, as they onward roll,
The loud, loud winds, that o'er the billows sweep—
Shake the firm nerve, appal the bravest soul!
Mysteries of Udolpho: The Mariner.
MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE.

SUCCESS.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail.*
Richelieu, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. E. BULWER-LYTTON.

The star of the unconquered will.
The Light of Stars. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

'T is not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius; we 'll deserve it.
Cato, Act i. *Sc.* 2. J. ADDISON.

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.
King Henry VI., Pt. III. Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon.
Coriolanus, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advisèd watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both.
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
Success. EMILY DICKINSON.

SUICIDE.

He
That kills himself t' avoid misery, fears it,
And at the best shows but a bastard valor:
This life 's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up, till it be forced;
Nor will I: he 's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity.
The Maid of Honor. P. MASSINGER.

All mankind
Is one of these two cowards;
Either to wish to die
When he should live, or live when he should die.
The Blind Lady. SIR R. HOWARD.

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.
Cymbeline, Act iii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

SUN.

That orbèd continent the fire
That severs day from night.
Twelfth Night, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world, . . .
O Sun!
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines.
King Richard II., Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wand'ring streams,
High gleaming from afar.
The Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.
Hudibras, Pt. II. Canto II. DR. S. BUTLER.

"But," quoth his neighbor, "when the sun
From East to West his course has run,
How comes it that he shows his face
Next morning in his former place?"
"Ho! there 's a pretty question, truly!"
Replied our wight, with an unruly
Burst of laughter and delight,
So much his triumph seemed to please him:
"Why, blockhead! he goes back at night,
And that 's the reason no one sees him!"
The Astronomical Alderman. H. SMITH.

Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapors rise.
Absalom and Achitophel, Pt. I. J. DRYDEN.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose.
The Hermit. T. PARNELL.

Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'t is gone—and all is gray.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

Come watch with me the shaft of fire that glows
In yonder West: the fair, frail palaces,
The fading Alps and archipelagoes,
And great cloud-continents of sunset-seas.
Miracles. T. B. ALDRICH.

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.
King Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

SUSPICION.

Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
Comus. MILTON.

All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.
Essay on Criticism. A. POPE.

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup.
Catiline. G. CROLY.

SYMPATHY.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.
Endymion. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs of martial, brisk, or grave ;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
The Task: Winter Walk at Noon. W. COWPER.

Oh ! who the exquisite delights can tell,
The joy which mutual confidence imparts ?
Or who can paint the charm unspeakable,
Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts ?
Psyche. MRS. M. TIGHE.

O ! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below ;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the same fountain flow.
Kindred Hearts. MRS. F. D. HEMANS.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For other's good, and melt at other's woe.
Odyssey, Bk. XVIII. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

TABLE, THE.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it ;
But we hae meat, and we can eat ;
Sae let the Lord be thankit.
Grace before Meat. R. BURNS.

And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Taming of the Shrew, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.
King Henry IV., Pt. II. Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

My cake is dough: but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.
Taming of the Shrew, Act v. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

And gazed around them to the left and right
With the prophetic eye of appetite.
Don Juan, Canto V. LORD BYRON.

Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.
The Traveller. O. GOLDSMITH.

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy.
Paradise Lost, Bk. V. MILTON.

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.
On Two Monopolists. J. BYROM.

Nothing's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell!
Don Juan, Canto V. LORD BYRON.

Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to dine.
Love of Fame. DR. E. YOUNG.

Across the walnuts and the wine.
The Miller's Daughter. A. TENNYSON.

No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

TASTE.

Some say, compared to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver,—that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle:
Strange all this difference should be,
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!
On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini. J. BYROM.

What 's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.
Love's Cure, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty.
. . . . .
Such and so various are the tastes of men.
Pleasures of the Imagination, Bk. III. M. AKENSIDE.

TEAR.

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
Lady of the Lake, Canto IV. SIR W. SCOTT.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
A Lover's Complaint, Stanza XLII. SHAKESPEARE.

Sunshine and rain at once.
King Lear, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.
Don Juan, Canto VIII. LORD BYRON.

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.
On the Death of Mr. West. T. GRAY.

Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now
And have a good cry!
A Table of Errata. T. HOOD.

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry.
Bride of Abydos. LORD BYRON.

I cannot speak, tears so obstruct my words,
And choke me with unutterable joy.
Caius Marius. T. OTWAY.

Sorrow preys upon
Its solitude and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world
Than calling it at moments back to this.
The busy have no time for tears.
The Two Foscari, Act iv. LORD BYRON.

TEMPER.

Oh! blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.
Moral Essays, Epistle II. A. POPE.

From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage,
So much the fury still outran the wit,
That pleasure missed her, and the scandal hit.
Moral Essays, Epistle II. A. POPE.

Good-humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests and maintains the past.
Epistle to Mrs. Blount. A. POPE.

What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humor still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good-humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Rape of the Lock, Canto V. A. POPE.

TEMPTATION.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!
King John, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

O opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'T is thou that executest the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason.
The Rape of Lucrece. SHAKESPEARE.

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Troilus and Cressida, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath *without consent* bin only tride;
He comes *too neere*, that comes to be *denide*.
A Wife. SIR T. OVERBURY.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
Essay on Man, Epistle II. A. POPE.

Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse ;
Satan o'ercomes none but by willingnesse.
Hesperides' Temptations. R. HERRICK.

THEOLOGY.

In Adam's fall
We sinnèd all.
New England Primer.

Hold thou the good : define it well :
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.
In Memoriam. A. TENNYSON.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administered is best :
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
Essay on Man, Epistle III. A. POPE.

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong ; his *life*, I 'm sure, was in the right.
On the Death of Crashaw. A. COWLEY.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.

. . . . .

And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God and love of man.
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

THOUGHT.

Thought can wing its way
Swifter than lightning-flashes or the beam
That hastens on the pinions of the morn.
Sonnet. J. G. PERCIVAL.

I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.
King Henry V., Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the midday sun.
Comus. MILTON.

So Thought flung forward is the prophecy
Of Truth's majestic march, and shows the way
Where future time shall lead the proud array
Of peace, of power, and love of liberty.
SIR J. BOWRING.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.
Hamlet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

TIME.

O Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—soul philosopher,
For all besides are sophists, from thy thrift
Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.
. . . . .
Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.
The River of Life. T. CAMPBELL.

Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age; years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb:
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

Catch! then, O catch, the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower.
Winter: An Ode. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale."
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.
Ode in Imitation of Alcæus. SIR W. JONES.

Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
Love of Fame, Satire IV. DR. E. YOUNG.

Not one word more of the consumèd time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.
All's Well that End's Well, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

TOBACCO.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west,
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest,

. . . . . .

Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!
The Island, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learnèd doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight.
To my Cigar. C. SPRAGUE.

Such often, like the tube they so admire,
Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.
Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.
Conversation. W. COWPER.

Tobacco 's a musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close
Through the organ of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.
Song: Play of Technogamia. B. HOLIDAY.

Some sigh for this and that;
My wishes don't go far;
The world may wag at will,
So I have my cigar.
The Cigar. T. HOOD.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again.
Conversation. W. COWPER.

To him 't was meat and drink and physic,
To see the friendly vapor
Curl round his midnight taper.
And the black fume
Clothe all the room,
In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
Points of Misery. C. M. WESTMACOTT.

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust;
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
Rape of the Lock, Canto V. A. POPE.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossoms of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.
Love Thou the Land. A. TENNYSON.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn!
Where is to-morrow?
Night Thoughts, Night I. DR. E. YOUNG.

To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shows its weakness.
The Old Man's Relapse. DR. E. YOUNG.

Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.
Kéramos. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

To-morrow is, ah, whose?
Between Two Worlds. D. M. MULOCK CRAIK.

TREASON.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbors treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
King Henry VI., Pt. II. Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Treason is not owned when 't is descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.
Medals. J. DRYDEN.

Treason doth never prosper: what 's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.
Epigrams. SIR J. HARRINGTON.

Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With vizored falsehood and base forgery?
Comus. MILTON.

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
Lalla Rookh: The Fire Worshippers. T. MOORE.

To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master,
And cried "All hail!" whereas he meant all harm.
King Henry VI., Pt. III. Act v. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Tellest thou me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!
King Richard III. Altered, Act iv. *Sc.* 3. C. CIBBER.

TREE.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.
Seasons: Summer. J. THOMSON.

Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.
The Recollection. P. B. SHELLEY.

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.
My Cathedral. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
Hyperion, Bk. I. J. KEATS.

A brotherhood of venerable Trees.
Sonnet composed at —— Castle. W. WORDSWORTH.

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Of vast circumference and gloom profound,
This solitary Tree! A living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed.
Yew-Trees. W. WORDSWORTH.

TRIFLE.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.
King Henry VI., Pt. III. Act iv. *Sc.* 8. SHAKESPEARE.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hair, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there!
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot: Prologue to Satires. A. POPE.

At every trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride or little sense.
Essay on Criticism. A. POPE.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.
Love of Fame, Satire VI. DR. E. YOUNG.

TRUTH.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.
The Frankeleines Tale. CHAUCER.

But truths on which depends our main concern,
That 't is our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre he that runs may read.
Tirocinium. W. COWPER.

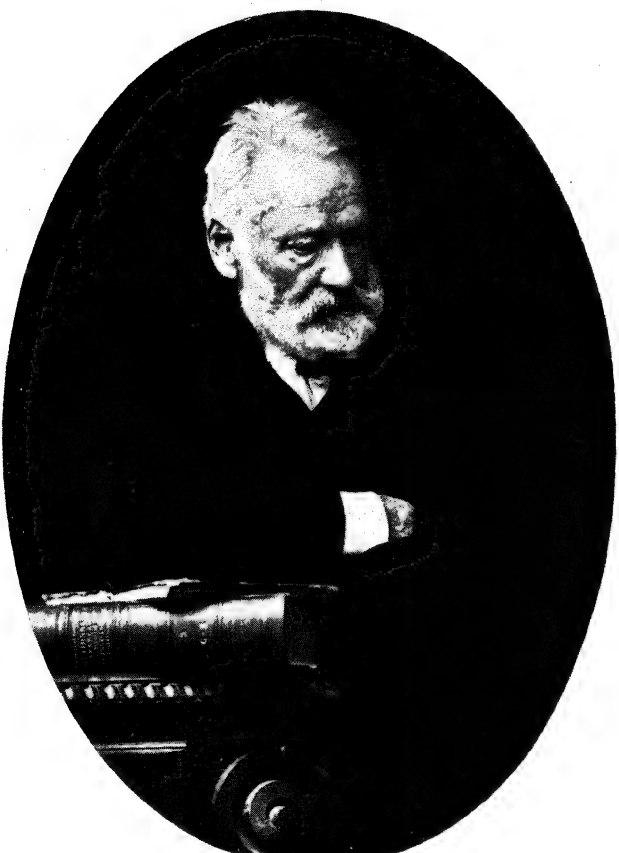
For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.
The Hind and Panther. J. DRYDEN.

And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill.
Sonnet LXVI. SHAKESPEARE.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge.
The Manciples Tale. CHAUCER.

'T is strange—but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction.
Don Juan, Canto XIV. LORD BYRON.

But what is truth? 'T was Pilate's question put
To Truth itself, that deigned him no reply.
The Task, Bk. III. W. COWPER.



The sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell
(Strange mansion!) in the bottom of a well:
Questions are then the windlass and the rope
That pull the grave old Gentlewoman up.
Birthday Ode. J. WOLCOTT (*Peter Pindar*).

Get but the truth once uttered, and 't is like
A star new-born that drops into its place
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.
Glance Behind the Curtain. J. R. LOWELL.

TYRANNY.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper.
Gustavus Vasa, Act iv. *Sc.* 1. H. BROOKE.

Tyranny
Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
None rebels except subjects? The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber-chief.
The Two Foscari, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. LORD BYRON.

Slaves would be tyrants if the chance were theirs.
The Vanished City. V. HUGO.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there 's this difference known:
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their owne.
Kings and Tyrants. R. HERRICK.

Oh! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

. . . . . .

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder,—
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak,
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,—

Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Measure for Measure, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

VANITY.

As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in!
Night Thoughts, Night VIII. DR. E. YOUNG.

One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain:
Even mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
Essay on Man, Epistle II. A. POPE.

Sir Plume (of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane),
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case.
Rape of the Lock. A. POPE.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
King Richard II., Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

VARIETY.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
The Task, Bk. I. W. COWPER.

Variety 's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.
The Timepiece: The Task, Bk. II. W. COWPER.

Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Windsor Forest. A. POPE.

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
The Task: The Timepiece. W. COWPER.

VIRTUE.

The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.
The Loyal Scot. A. MARVELL.

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,—
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is Virtue's prize.
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name.
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.
Paradise Lost, Bk. V. MILTON.

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.
Paradise Lost, Bk. VIII. MILTON.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
The Mourning Bride, Act v. *Sc.* 12. W. CONGREVE.

That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.
Essay on Man, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
Night Thoughts, Night VI. DR. E. YOUNG.

Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely.
Paradise Lost, Bk. IV. MILTON.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.
Comus. MILTON.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth
Erect your brow undaunting!

In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did the adviser!
Epistle to a Young Friend. R. BURNS.

Though lone the way as that already trod,
Cling to thine own integrity and God!
To One Deceived. H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Virtue she finds too painful to endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever.
Moral Essays, Epistle II. A. POPE.

Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can ever rise.
Tancred, Act v. *Sc.* 8. J. THOMSON.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.
Staniford's Art of Reading. ANONYMOUS.

This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Hamlet, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

VISIONS.

My thoughts by night are often filled
With visions false as fair:
For in the past alone I build
My castles in the air.
Castles in the Air. T. L. PEACOCK.

It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright,
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves.
The Spanish Student, Act iii. *Sc.* 5.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.
Dunciad, Bk. III. A. POPE.

And still they dream, that they shall still succeed;
And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams.
The Task, Bk. VI. W. COWPER.

[*Witches vanish.*

BANQUO.—The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?
MACBETH.—Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind.
Macbeth, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Julius Cæsar, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
Lochiel's Warning. T. CAMPBELL.

WAR.

My sentence is for open war; of wiles
More unexpert I boast not: then let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
Paradise Lost, Bk. II. MILTON.

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
. . . . . .
Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war.
Julius Cæsar, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
The Task: Winter Morning Walk. W. COWPER.

Long peace, I find,
But nurses dangerous humors up to strength,
License and wanton rage, which war alone
Can purge away.
Mustapha. D. MALLET.

The fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
King Henry IV., Pt. I. Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
Lochiel's Warning. T. CAMPBELL.

He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
King Richard II., Act iii. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

War, my lord,
Is of eternal use to human kind;
For ever and anon when you have passed
A few dull years in peace and propagation,
The world is overstocked with fools, and wants
A pestilence at least, if not a hero.
Edwin. G. JEFFERYS.

O War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy intensely bright!
Such gleams as from thy polished shield
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field!
Lord of the Isles. SIR W. SCOTT.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down.
Othello, Act i. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come.* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Macbeth, Act v. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

War, war is still the cry,—"war even to the knife!"
Childe Harold, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

O, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files arrayed
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.
O, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files arrayed
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.
O, the sight entrancing. T. MOORE.

From the tents,
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
King Henry V., Act iv. *Chorus.* SHAKESPEARE.

Father, I call on thee!
Clouds from the thunder-voiced cannon enveil me,
Lightnings are flashing, death's thick darts assail me:
Ruler of battles, I call on thee!
Father, oh lead thou me!
Prayer During the Battle. *German of* K. T. KÖRNER.
Trans. of J. S. BLACKIE.

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame!
Lochiel's Warning. T. CAMPBELL.

Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.
The Iliad, Bk. VII. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.
Hudibras, Pt. I. Canto III. S. BUTLER.

Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar
Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb ;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage ;—loud, and more loud
The discord grows ; till pale Death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud.

. . . . . .

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,
And to those royal murderers whose mean thrones
Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.
War. P. B. SHELLEY.

One to destroy is murder by the law ;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
Love of Fame, Satire VII. DR. E. YOUNG.

Great princes have great playthings.

. . . . . .

But war's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.
The Task : Winter Morning Walk. W. COWPER.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Death. B. PORTEUS.

Mark where his carnage and his conquest cease !
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace !
The Bride of Abydos, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it ; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn.
A New Way to Pay Old Debts, Act v. *Sc.* 1.
P. MASSINGER.

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat ;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.
The Biglow Papers, First Series, No. I. J. R. LOWELL.

WATERS.

Water is the mother of the vine,
The nurse and fountain of fecundity,
The adorner and refresher of the world.
The Dionysia. C. MACKAY.

Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water 's worth ;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famished boat's-crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You 'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.
Don Juan, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

Water its living strength first shows,
When obstacles its course oppose.
God, Soul, and World. J. W. GOETHE.

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage ;
But, when his fair course is not hinderèd,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave :
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.
The Minstrel, Book II. J. BEATTIE.

Along thy wild and willowed shore ;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto IV. SIR W. SCOTT.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.
The Story of Rimini. L. HUNT.

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below !
Gertrude, Pt. III. T. CAMPBELL.

Thou hastenest down between the hills to meet me at the road,
The secret scarcely lisping of thy beautiful abode
Among the pines and mosses of yonder shadowy height,
Where thou dost sparkle into song, and fill the woods with light.
Friend Brook. LUCY LARCOM.

Brook! whose society the poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy waterbreaks.
Brook! Whose Society the Poet Seeks.
W. WORDSWORTH.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss:
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture.
Childe Harold, Canto IV. LORD BYRON.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
Yarrow Unvisited. W. WORDSWORTH.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm,
Close sat I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I, that once loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.
Contemplations. ANNE BRADSTREET.

Two ways the rivers
Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently among them,
Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.
Christus: The Golden Legend, Pt. V.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto IV. SIR W. SCOTT.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake . . .?
Childe Harold, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

You leave us; you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sailed below,
When I was there with him; and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine.
In Memoriam, XCVII. A. TENNYSON.

There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine;
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems,
Steeply the thickets to his floods decline.
There is a Hill beside the Silver Thames.
R. S. BRIDGES.

The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
Julius Cæsar, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

That was the River. It looked cool and deep,
And as I watched, I felt it slipping past
As if it smoothly swept along in sleep,
Gleaning and gliding fast.
A London Idyl. R. BUCHANAN.

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream.
The Nile. L. HUNT.

WEALTH.

Here Wisdom calls, "Seek virtue first, be bold;
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
There London's voice, "Get money, money still,
And then let Virtue follow if she will."
Imitations of Horace, Epistle I. Bk. I. A. POPE.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And longed to tempt him, like good Job of old;
For Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Moral Essays, Epistle III. A. POPE.

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's.
Constant at church and change, his gains were sure,
His giving rare, save farthings to the poor.
Moral Essays, Epistle III. A. POPE.

Gold begets in brethren hate ;
Gold in families debate ;
Gold does friendship separate ;
Gold does civil wars create.
Anacreontics : Gold. A. COWLEY.

Trade it may help, society extend,
But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the friend :
It raises armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a senate, and the land 's betrayed.
Moral Essays, Epistle II. A. POPE

The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest ;
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless !
The last corruption of degenerate man.
Irene, Act i. *Sc.* 1. DR. S. JOHNSON.

But in the temple of their hireling hearts
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue.
Queen Mab, Pt. V. P. B. SHELLEY.

Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled ;
Heavy to get, and light to hold ;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled :
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold ;
Price of many a crime untold :
Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Good or bad a thousand-fold !
How widely its agencies vary,—
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.
Miss Kilmansegg. T. HOOD.

But all thing, which that shineth as the gold,
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.
Canterbury Tales. Chanones Yemannes Tale.
CHAUCER.

Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey;
The horse doth with the horseman run away.
Imitations of Horace, Bk. I. A. COWLEY.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Merchant of Venice, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

WIFE.

The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.
Lady Jane, Canto II. N. P. WILLIS.

Look through mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look through my very soul with thine!
The Miller's Daughter. A. TENNYSON.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.
The Sparrow's Nest. W. WORDSWORTH.

My latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight.
Paradise Lost, Bk. V. MILTON.

She is mine own!
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

A wife, domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail, should keep within her door;
But not, like snail, with silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.
Good Wives. W. W. HOW.

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.
An Irregular Ode. LORD LYTTELTON.

But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

To cheer thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smile unmurmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty.
Bride of Abydos, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

This flour of wifely patience.
The Clerkes Tale, Pt. V. CHAUCER.

And mistress of herself, though china fall.
Moral Essays, Epistle II. A. POPE.

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
The Happy Marriage. E. MOORE.

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.
SIMONIDES.

WIND.

Yet true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.
The Properties of Winds. T. TUSSER.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
King Henry VI., Pt. III. Act ii. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

Pure was the temperate air, an even calm
Perpetual reigned, save what the zephyrs bland
Breathed o'er the blue expanse.
Seasons: Spring. J. THOMSON.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented.
Biglow Papers, Second Series, No. X. J. R. LOWELL.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And softly stooped to kiss the stream,
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.
The Wind and the Stream. W. C. BRYANT.

As winds come whispering lightly from the West,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene.
Childe Harold, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

The moaning winds of autumn sang their song.
A Sicilian Story. B. W. PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains,
Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy mountains,
Draughts of life to me.
The North Wind. D. M. MULOCK CRAIK.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.
A Day of Sunshine. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

In winter when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines.
A Life Drama. A. SMITH.

'T was when the sea was roaring
With hollow blasts of wind.
The What d' ye Call 't. J. GAY.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
King Lear, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.
Hymns: Psalm CIV. T. STERNHOLD.

WINE.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misusèd wine.
Comus. MILTON.

In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury, and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Paradise Lost, Bk. I. MILTON.

From wine what sudden friendship springs!
The Squire and his Cur. J. GAY.

And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile.
Odyssey, Bk. XIV. HOMER. *Trans. of* POPE.

O, when we swallow down
Intoxicating wine, we drink damnation;
Naked we stand, the sport of mocking fiends,
Who grin to see our nobler nature vanquished,
Subdued to beasts.
Wife's Reick. C. JOHNSON.

WISDOM.

By wisdom wealth is won;
But riches purchased wisdom yet for none.
The Wisdom of Ali. B. TAYLOR.

On every thorn, delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
Love of Fame: Satire I. DR. E. YOUNG.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.
The Birth of Flattery. G. CRABBE.

Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought.
Night Thoughts, Night VIII. DR. E. YOUNG.

And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
Comus. MILTON.

The weak have remedies, the wise have joys,
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
Night Thoughts, Night VIII. DR. E. YOUNG.

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
Vanity of Human Wishes. DR. S. JOHNSON.

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.
The Excursion, Bk. III. W. WORDSWORTH.

To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom.
Paradise Lost, Bk. VIII. MILTON.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
Moral Essays, Epistle IV. A. POPE.

WOMAN.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her.
Don Juan, Canto IX. LORD BYRON.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There is in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
Venice Preserved, Act i. *Sc.* 1. T. OTWAY.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O, what were man?—a world without a sun.
Pleasures of Hope, Pt. II. T. CAMPBELL.

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears.
The Beggar's Opera, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. J. GAY.

In her first passion, woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love.
Don Juan, Canto III. LORD BYRON.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'T is woman's whole existence. Man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange:
Men have all these resources, we but one,—
To love again, and be again undone.
Don Juan, Canto I. LORD BYRON.

She 's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
King Henry VI., Part I. Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Alas, the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly and quick and crushing; yet as real
Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.
Don Juan, Canto II. LORD BYRON.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
An Elegy to an Old Beauty. T. PARNELL.

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
As You Like It, Act iii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
The Princess: Prologue. A. TENNYSON.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.
As You Like It, Act ii. *Sc.* 7. SHAKESPEARE.

Ladies like variegated tulips show,
'T is to their changes half their charms we owe.
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
Moral Essays, Pt. II. A. POPE.

And when a lady 's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
The Hare and Many Friends. J. GAY.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.
Taming of the Shrew, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

For several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil.
Tempest, Act iii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

IAGO.—Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended.

. . . . .

For I am nothing if not critical.
Othello, Act ii. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.
Othello, Act v. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

Lightly thou say'st that woman's love is false,
The thought is falser far.
Bertram. C. R. MATURIN.

But woman's grief is like a summer storm,
Short as it violent is.
Basil, Act v. *Sc.* 3. JOANNA BAILLIE.

When greater perils men environ,
Then women show a front of iron;
And, gentle in their manner, they
Do bold things in a quiet way.
Betty Zane. T. D. ENGLISH.

First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on 't;
If she will do 't, she will, and there 's an end on 't.
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.
Epilogue to Zara. A. HILL.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence.
Sex to the last.
Cymon and Iphigenia. J. DRYDEN.

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate;
But, for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.
Praise of Women. C. MACKAY.

Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.
Woman, her Character and Influence. E. S. BARRETT.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.
Irenè. J. R. LOWELL.

Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.
To a Young Lady. W. WORDSWORTH.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.
King Lear, Act v. *Sc.* 3. SHAKESPEARE.

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman 's at best a contradiction still.
Moral Essays, Epistle II. A. POPE.

For woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse ; could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain ; his dearest bond is this :
Not like to like but like in difference.
The Princess, XII. A. TENNYSON.

Through all the drama—whether damned or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.
The Rivals : Epilogue. R. B. SHERIDAN.

YOUTH.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven !
The Prelude, Bk. XI. W. WORDSWORTH.

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.
Epistle to James Smith. R. BURNS.

O, would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain
Was wept away in transient tears !
O, would I were a boy again. M. LEMON.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes,
Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.
Imitations of Horace, Epistle I. Bk. I. A. POPE.

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.
Don Juan, Canto XV. LORD BYRON.

"Young, gay, and fortunate!" Each yields a theme.
And, first, thy youth: what says it to gray hairs?
Narcissa, I 'm become thy pupil now;—
Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.
Night Thoughts, Night V. DR. E. YOUNG.

This bud of lovely Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daffed the world aside,
And bid it pass.
King Henry IV., Pt. I. Act iv. *Sc.* 1. SHAKESPEARE.

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
King Henry V., Act i. *Sc.* 2. SHAKESPEARE.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Essay on Criticism. A. POPE.

My salad days;
When I was green in judgment.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. *Sc.* 5. SHAKESPEARE.

The spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv. *Sc.* 4. SHAKESPEARE.

Returning, he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.
The Progress of Error. W. COWPER.

Young fellows will be young fellows.
Love in a Village, Act ii. *Sc.* 2. I. BICKERSTAFF.

Young men soon give and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.
Canto, Act ii. J. ADDISON.

Ah who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!
Now is the May of life. Careering round,
Joy wings his feet, joy lifts him from the ground!
Human Life. S. ROGERS.

Our youth we can have but to-day;
We may always find time to grow old.
Can Love be Controlled by Advice? BISHOP G. BERKELEY.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old! Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth 's no longer here!
Youth and Age. S. T. COLERIDGE.

ZEAL.

Zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
Paradise Regained, Bk. III. MILTON.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Satires of Horace, Sat. I Bk. II. A. POPE.

No seared conscience is so fell
As that, which has been burned with zeal;
For Christian charity 's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal 's a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace.
Miscellaneous Thoughts. S. BUTLER.

Easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
Absalom and Achitophel. J. DRYDEN.

Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
Zeal and Vigor in the Christian Race. PH. DODDRIDGE.

THE END.

GENERAL INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TITLES.

GENERAL INDEX OF AUTHORS AND TITLES.

	VOL.	PAGE
ADAM, JEAN.		
Schoolmistress. Scotland, 1710—1765.		
"There's nae luck about the house"...	ii	442
ADAMS, CHARLES FOLLEN.		
Author. Dorchester, Mass., 1842—Lives, Roxbury, Mass.		
Dot Long-Handled Dipper[1]	ix	328
Little Yawcob Strauss[2]	ix	327
Publishers: [1]H. B. TURNER & Co., Boston; [2]LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.		
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY.		
Statesman. Braintree (now Quincy), Mass., 1767—Washington, D. C., 1848.		
Wants of Man, The..	vi	421
ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER.		
England, 1805—1849.		
Father, Thy Will be Done	iv	346
ADDISON, JOSEPH.		
Essayist. England, 1672—1719.		
Ode: "The spacious firmament on high" (*Spectator*)	iv	13
Sempronius's Speech for War (*Cato*).....	viii	193
Soliloquy: On Immortality (*Cato*)	iv	384
ÆSCHYLUS.		
Dramatic poet. Greece, 525—Sicily, 456 B. C.		
Wail of Prometheus Bound, The (*Mrs. Browning's Trans.*)..	iii	156
AGATHIAS.		
Poet; historian. Greece, 536—581.		
Time's Revenge (*Bland's Translation*)	iii	72
AINSLEE, HEW.		
Scotland, 1792—Louisville, Ky., 1878.		
Ingle-Side, The	i	293
AKENSIDE, MARK.		
Physician. England, 1721—1770.		
"The shape alone let others prize"	ii	11
AKERMAN, LUCY EVELINA.		
America.		
"Nothing but leaves"	iv	283
AKERS, ELIZABETH (ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN).		
Strong, Me., 1832—Lives, Tuckahoe, N.Y.		
Little Feet	i	19
"Rock me to sleep"..	i	284
Telltale, The	ii	119
Publishers: LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.		
ALDRICH, JAMES		
Editor. Mattituck, L. I., 1810—New York, 1856.		
Death-Bed, A	iii	306
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY.		
Author; editor; poet. Portsmouth, N. H., 1836—.		
After the Rain	v	123
Baby Bell	i	60
Before the Rain	v	117
Broken Music	vi	346
Guilielmus Rex	vii	53
Intaglio Head of Minerva, On an	vi	382
Outward Bound	vi	123
Palabras Cariñosas ..	ii	281
Tennyson	vii	83
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES HUMPHREYS.		
Ireland, 1823—1895.		
Burial of Moses	iv	365

	VOL.	PAGE
ALGER, WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.		
Unitarian clergyman. Freetown, Mass., 1822—Lives, Boston.		
Parting Lovers, The (*From the Chinese*)..	iii	104
"To Heaven approached a Sufi Saint" (*Persian of Jallal-ud-din Rumi*)	iv	405
ALLEN, ELIZABETH AKERS. See AKERS, ELIZABETH.		
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.		
Editor. Ireland, 1828—London, Eng., 1889.		
Among the Heather..	ii	171
Dirty Old Man, The...	iii	55
Fairies, The	vi	19
Half-Waking	i	103
Lovely Mary Donnelly.	ii	50
ALLSTON, WASHINGTON.		
Artist. Waccamaw, S. C. 1779—Cambridge, Mass., 1843.		
America to Great Britain	viii	27
Boyhood	i	76
ALTENBURG, MICHAEL.		
Germany, 1583—1640.		
Battle-Song of Gustavus Adolphus, The (*Translation*)	viii	216
AMES, MARY CLEMMER. See HUDSON, MARY CLEMMER AMES.		
ANACREON.		
Lyric poet. Teos, Asia Minor, 562 (?). Lived in Greece—d. 477 B. C.		
Epicure, The (*Cowley's Translation*)	vi	248
ANDERSON, ALEXANDER (*Surfaceman*).		
Librarian. Scotland, 1845.		
Cuddle Doon	i	44
ANGELO, MICHAEL. See BUONAROTTI, MICHAEL ANGELO.		
ANSTER, JOHN.		
Ireland, 1793—1867.		
Fairy Child, The	vi	32
ARISTOPHANES.		
Writer of Comedies. Greece, 448—380 (?) B. C.		
Cloud Chorus, The (*Lang's Translation*).	v	131
Women's Chorus (*Collins' Translation*) ...	ix	200
ARNDT, ERNST MORITZ.		
Editor; patriotic writer. Germany, 1769—1860.		
Patriotic Song (*Translation*)	viii	76
"What is the German's fatherland" (*Translation*)	viii	74
ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN.		
Editor; Orientalist. England, 1832—.		
After Death in Arabia.	iii	452
Secret of Death, The..	iii	434
ARNOLD, GEORGE.		
Journalist. New York, 1834—Strawberry Farm, N. J., 1865.		
September	v	147
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
ARNOLD, MATTHEW.		
Critic; poet. England, 1822—1888.		
Desire	iv	125
Dover Beach	v	423
Early June (*Thyrsis*).	v	252
Forsaken Merman, The	vi	80
Good Shepherd with the Kid, The	iv	68
Memorial Verses	vii	72
Oxus (*Sohrab and Rustum*)	v	207
Philomela	v	308
Requiescat	iii	307
Slaying of Sohrab, The (*Sohrab and Rustum*)	ix	28
World and the Quietist, The.....	vi	430
ASKEWE, ANNE.		
England, 1529—1546.		
Fight of Faith, The..	iv	136
ATTAR, FARID-UDDIN.		
Poet. Persia, 1119—1129 (?).		
Welcome, The (*Fitzgerald's Translation*).	i	380
AUSTIN, ALFRED.		
Editor; Poet Laureate since 1896. England, 1835—.		
Agatha	iii	13

	VOL.	PAGE
AUSTIN, SARAH TAYLOR.		
England, 1793—1867.		
Passage, The (*German of Uhlund*)	iii	342
AVERILL, ANNA BOYNTON.		
America.		
Birch Stream, The	v	199
AYTON, or AYTOUN, SIR ROBERT.		
Scotland, 1570—London, 1638.		
Woman's Inconstancy.	iii	71
AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE.		
Editor. Scotland, 1813—1865.		
Broken Pitcher, The	vii	325
Erl-King, The (*German of Goethe*)	vi	58
Execution of Montrose.	viii	43
Heart of the Bruce	vii	420
BACON, FRANCIS, BARON VERULAM.		
Statesman; philosopher. England, 1561—1626.		
World, The	iii	151
BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES.		
Barrister. England, 1816—1902.		
Death in Youth (*Festus*)	iii	428
Life (*Festus*)	iv	407
Poet of Nature, The (*Festus*)	vi	334
Youth and Love (*Festus*)	i	252
BAILLIE, JOANNA.		
Scotland, 1792—Hampstead, Eng., 1851.		
Heath-Cock, The	v	324
Morning Song	v	39
Song	ii	411
BAKER, GEORGE AUGUSTUS.		
Lawyer. New York, 1849—.		
Thoughts on the Commandments	ii	125
BALLANTINE, JAMES.		
Artist. Scotland, 1808—1877.		
"Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew"	iii	241
Muckle-Mou'd Meg	vii	418
BANIM, JOHN.		
Dramatist; novelist. Ireland, 1798—1842.		
Soggarth Aroon	iv	170
BANKS, GEORGE LINNÆUS.		
Journalist. England, 1821—1881.		
What I live For	iv	186
BARBAULD, ANNA LÆTITIA.		
Essayist. England, 1743—1825.		
Life	iii	400
Praise to God	iv	40
Sabbath of the Soul	iv	195
BARBIER, AUGUSTE.		
Poet. France. Published 1793.		
Bronze Statue of Napoleon, The	viii	232
BARCLAY, ALEXANDER.		
Roman Catholic priest. Scotland, about 1475—England, 1552.		
Of Hym that Togyder wyll Serve Two Maysters (*German of Brandt*)	iv	217
BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS (*Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.*).		
Clerical wit. England, 1788—1845.		
City Bells (The Lay of St. Aloy's)	vii	147
Jackdaw of Rheims	ix	331
BARING-GOULD, SABINE.		
Clergyman. England, 1834—.		
Child's Evening Hymn.	i	117
BARKER, EDWARD D.		
America.		
Go Sleep, ma Honey	i	100
Publishers: M. WITMARK & SONS, New York.		
BARLOW, GEORGE.		
Poet. England, 1847—.		
Old Maid, The	ii	369
BARLOW, JANE.		
Novelist. Ireland, 1857—.		
Flitting of the Fairies, The (*End of Elfintown*)	vi	85

VOL. PAGE

BARNARD, LADY ANNE.
Scotland, 1750—1825.
Auld Robin Gray .... iii 32

BARNES, WILLIAM.
Clergyman. England, 1800—1886.
Castle Ruins, The ... vii 213

BARR, AMELIA EDITH.
Novelist. England, 1831—Lives, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Bottom Drawer, The.. iii 405

BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH.
Editor. Ireland, 1817—1889.
Place where Man should Die, The ..... viii 111

BARTON, BERNARD.
"*The Quaker Poet.*"
England, 1784—1849.
Bruce and the Spider. viii 302
Caractacus ..... viii 190
"Not ours the vows". ii 450
Sea, The ..... v 377

BATES, ARLO.
Professor English Lit.
East Machias, Me., 1850—Lives, Boston.
On the road to Chorrera ..... ii 47
"There is such power" vi 310
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

BATES, CHARLOTTE FISKE (MME. ROGÉ).
New York, 1838—Lives, Waverly, Mass.
Delay ..... vi 409

BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES.
Novelist. England, 1797—1839.
"Oh! where do fairies hide their heads?".. vi 56

BEATTIE, JAMES.
Prof. Moral Philos.
Scotland, 1735—1803.
Morning (*The Minstrel*) ..... v 42

BEATTY, PAKENHAM THOMAS.
England, 1855—.
When Will Love Come? ii 74

VOL. PAGE

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS.
Dramatist. England, 1584—1616.
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey ..... iii 269

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.
Connected as writers in London from about 1605 to 1615. See BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, and FLETCHER, JOHN.
Folding the Flocks... v 359

BEDDOES, THOMAS LOWELL.
Physiologist England, 1803—Basle, Switzerland, 1849.
To Sea ..... v 410

BEERS, ETHELINDA ELLIOTT (*Ethel Lynn*).
Goshen, N. Y., 1825—Orange, N. J., 1879.
"All quiet along the Potomac" ..... viii 350
Weighing the Baby... i 5
Publishers: HENRY T. COATES & Co., Phila.

BEERS, HENRY AUGUSTIN
Prof. English Lit. Buffalo, N. Y., 1847—Lives, New Haven, Conn.
Singer of one Song.. vi 343
Publishers: HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.

BENJAMIN, PARK.
Journalist; lecturer.
Demerara, British Guiana, 1809—New York, 1864.
Old Sexton, The ..... iii 282

BENNETT, G.
Time for Prayer, The. iv 112

BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMB.
Magazine writer. Chillicothe, O., 1863.
Flag goes by, The.... viii 108

BENNETT, LUCY A.
England. Published in London, 1879.
"Asleep, asleep" .... iii 396

VOL. PAGE

BENNETT, WILLIAM COX.
Journalist. England, 1820—1895.
Baby May ..... i 17
Baby's Shoes ..... i 66
Invocation to Rain in Summer ..... v 113
Worn Wedding-Ring.. ii 438

BENTON, JOEL.
Author. Amenia, N. Y., 1832—Lives, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
December ..... v 175
Scarlet Tanager, The. v 329

BENTON, MYRON B.
Farmer; writer. Amenia, N. Y., 1834—1902.
Mowers, The ..... vii 249

BÉRANGER, PIERRE-JEAN DE.
Printer; poet. France, 1780—1857.
Old Vagabond, The (*Translation*) ..... iii 188

BERKELEY, GEORGE.
Clergyman. Ireland, 1684—d. Bishop of Cloyne, 1753.
On the Prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America. viii 91

BERNARD OF CLUNY.
See MORLAIX, BERNARD DE.

BETHUNE, GEORGE WASHINGTON.
Universalist clergyman. New York, 1805—Florence, Italy, 1862.
"It is not death to die" ..... iii 455

BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE.
Novelist; dramatist. Norway, 1832—.
Princess, The (*Dole's Translation*) ..... iii 9

BLACKIE, JOHN STUART.
Lecturer; writer. Scotland, 1809—1895.
Emigrant Lassie, The. iii 280
Sabbath Hymn on the Mountains ..... iv 190

VOL. PAGE

BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE.
Novelist. England, 1825—1900.
Reunited Love ..... ii 425

BLAKE, WILLIAM.
Artist. England, 1757—1827.
Opportunity ..... vi 267
Piper, The ..... i 96
Tiger, The ..... v 354

BLAMIRE, SUSANNA.
England, 1747—1794.
Siller Croun, The .... ii 177
"What ails this heart o' mine"..... vii 139

BLANCHARD, LAMON.
Journalist; humorist. England, 1804—1845.
Mothers' Hope, The.. i 37
Ode to the Human Heart ..... ix 428

BLAND, ROBERT.
Clergyman. England, 1766—1823.
Home (*Greek of Leonidas*) ..... i 266
Memory and Oblivion (*Greek of Macedonius*) vi 321
Time's Revenge (*Greek of Agathias*) ..... iii 72

BLIND, MATHILDE.
Critic; poet. Mannheim, Ger., 1847—London, Eng., 1896.
Dead, The ..... iii 279
Mystic's Vision, The.. iv 142
Parable, A ..... i 95

BLOOD, HENRY AMES.
Poet. Temple, N. H., 1838—Washington, D. C., 1900.
Song of the Savoyards. iii 248
Publishers: NEALE PUBLISHING CO., Washington.

BLUNT, WILFRED SCAWEN.
England, 1840—.
Oasis of Sidi Khaled. v 44
Old Squire, The ..... v 165

BODENSTEDT, FRIEDRICH MARTIN VON.
Poet. Germany, 1819—1892.
Unchanging (*Translation*) ..... iii 242

VOL. PAGE

BOKER, GEORGE HENRY.
Poet; dramatist; diplomat. Philadelphia, 1823—1890.
Black Regiment, The.. viii 393
Countess, Laura ..... ix 55
Dirge for a Soldier... viii 370
Prince Adeb ..... vii 308
Publishers: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.

BOLTON, SARAH KNOWLES.
Editor. Farmington, Conn., 1841—Lives, Cleveland, O.
Her Creed ..... iv 236
Publishers: T. Y. CROWELL & Co., New York.

BOLTON, SARAH TITTLE.
Author. Newport, Ky., 1815—Indianapolis, 1893.
Left on the Battle-Field ..... viii 386

BONAR, HORATIUS
Free Church divine. Scotland, 1808—1889.
"Beyond the smiling and the weeping"... iii 378
Book of God, The.... iv 206
Master's Touch, The.. iv 337

BONER, JOHN HENRY.
Editor. Salem, N. C., 1845—Washington, D. C., 1903.
Light'ood Fire, The.. i 299
Poe's Cottage at Fordham ..... vii 94
Publishers: BRENTANOS, New York.

BOUCICAULT, DION.
Dramatist; actor. Dublin, Ire., 1822—New York, 1890.
Wearing of the Green. viii 57

BOURDILLON, FRANCIS WILLIAM.
Educator. England, 1852.
Light ..... ii 78

BOWEN, SIR CHARLES.
England.
Fall of Troy, The (*Latin of Virgil*).... vii 261

VOL. PAGE

BOWEN, JOHN ELIOT.
Editor. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1858—1890.
Fodder-Time (*German of Carmen Sylva*)... v 358
Publishers: THE FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, New York.

BOWLES, CAROLINE ANNE. See SOUTHEY, CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES.

BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE.
Clergyman. England, 1762—1850.
"Come to these scenes of peace" ..... v 17
On the Rhine ..... v 207

BOWRING, SIR JOHN.
Linguist; diplomat. England, 1792—1872.
"From the recesses of a lowly spirit" ..... iv 132
God (*Russian of Dershávin*).

BRAINARD, JOHN GARDINER CALKINS.
Journalist. New London, Conn., 1796—1828.
Fall of Niagara, The.. v 208
"I saw two clouds at morning" ..... ii 259

BRANCH, MARY LYDIA BOLLES.
Author. New London, Conn., 1840—.
Petrified Fern, The... vi 200

BRANDT, SEBASTIAN.
Germany, 1458—1521.
Of Hym that Togyder wyll Serve two Maysters (*Barclay's Translation*) ..... iv 217

BRENAN, JOSEPH.
Journalist. Ireland, 1828—New Orleans, La., 1857.
"Come to me, dearest" ..... iii 144

BRETON, NICHOLAS.
England, 1555—1624.
"I would I were an excellent divine".... iv 312
Phillida and Corydon. ii 152

BRIDGES, MADELINE. See DE VERE, MARY AINGE.

VOL. PAGE

BRIDGES, ROBERT (*Droch*).
Editor. Shippenburg, Pa., 1858—Lives, New York.
For a novel of Hall Caine's ..... ix 460
Unillumined Verge, The ..... iii 308

BRIDGES, ROBERT SEYMOUR.
Physician. England, 1844—.
Asian Birds ..... v 328
Sea Poppy, The ..... v 285
"So sweet love seemed" ii 326

BROOKS, CHARLES TIMOTHY.
Clergyman; translator. Salem, Mass., 1813—Newport, R. I., 1883.
Fisher, The (*German of Goethe*)[1] ..... vi 78
Harvest Song (*German of Hölty*) ..... v 150
Max and Maurice (*German of Busch*)[2] .... i 184
Men and Boys (*German of Körner*)[1].... viii 78
Nobleman and the Pensioner, The (*German of Pfeffel*)[1] ..... vii 303
Sword Song (*German of Körner*)[1]..... viii 217
Winter (*German of Claudius*) ..... v 172
Winter Song (*German of Hölty*)[1] ..... v 186
Wives of Weinsberg, The (*German of Burge*) ..... ix 200
Publishers: [1]HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston; [2]LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston.

BROOKS, MARIA GOWEN (*Maria del Occidente*).
Medford, Mass., about 1795—Matanzas, Cuba, 1845.
Song of Egla ..... iii 138
Publishers: LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

BROOKS, PHILLIPS.
Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts. Boston, 1835—1893.
"O little town of Bethlehem" ..... iv 47
Publishers: E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York.

VOL. PAGE

BROWN, JOSEPH BROWNLEE.
Journalist. Charleston, S. C., 1824—Brooklyn, N. Y., 1888.
Thalatta! Thalatta!... iii 388

BROWN, WILLIAM GOLDSMITH.
Editor; educator. Vermont, 1812—?
"The hills were made for freedom" ..... viii 139

BROWNE, FRANCES.
Ireland, 1818—London, Eng., 1879.
"O, the pleasant days of old" ..... vii 206

BROWNE, WILLIAM.
England, 1590—1645.
Hunted Squirrel, The (*Britannia's Pastorals*) ..... v 157
My Choice ..... ii 87
Sirens' Song, The (*Inner Temple Masque*). vi 79
"Welcome, welcome, do I sing" ..... ii 69

BROWNELL, HENRY HOWARD.
Lawyer. Providence, R. I., 1820—Hartford, Conn., 1872.
Coming ..... viii 338
Lawyer's Invocation to Spring, The ..... ix 435
Words for the "Hallelujah Chorus" ..... viii 171

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT.
Poet. Durham, Eng., 1809—Florence, Italy, 1861.
Comfort ..... iii 433
Court Lady, A ..... viii 146
Cry of the Human, The. iv 286
De Profundis ..... iii 421
George Sand ..... vii 40
Hopeless Grief ..... iii 217
Lord Walter's Wife... ii 392
Mother and Poet .... iii 323
Musical Instrument, A. vi 86
Parting Lovers ..... viii 85
Portrait, A ..... i 56
Portrait of Wordsworth, A ..... vii 69
Prospect, The ..... iv 347
Romance of the Swan's Nest, The ..... i 123
Sleep, The ..... iii 389

	VOL.	PAGE
Sonnets from the Portuguese: vi; xiv; xviii; xxi; xxviii; xxxv; xxxviii; xxxix; xliii	ii	377
Tears	iii	429
That England (*Aurora Leigh*)	vii	200
Two Sayings	iv	68
View across the Roman Campagna	vii	187
Wail of Prometheus Bound (*Greek of Æschylus*)	iii	156
BROWNING, ROBERT *Poet.* Camberwell, Eng., 1812 — Venice, Italy, 1889.		
Among the Rocks	v	430
Epilogue	iv	374
Evelyn Hope	iii	310
Give a Rouse	viii	271
God in Nature	v	6
Glove, The	vii	332
Hervé Riel	vii	341
Home Thoughts from Abroad	v	83
House	vii	108
How They brought the Good News	vii	349
In a Gondola	ii	346
Incident of the French Camp	viii	230
Ivàn Ivànovitch	ix	102
Lost Leader, The	vii	70
Love: "Such a starved bank of moss"	ii	339
Meeting at night	ii	364
Memorabilia	vii	58
Pied Piper of Hamelin, The	vi	169
Prospice	iii	391
Rabbi Ben Ezra	iv	220
Service (*Pippa Passes*)	iv	156
Song (*Pippa Passes*)	iv	1
BRYANT, JOHN HOWARD. *Farmer.* Cummington, Mass., 1807—1902.		
Little Cloud, The	viii	168
Valley Brook, The	v	193
Winter	v	183
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN. *Lawyer; editor; poet.* Cummington, Mass., 1794—New York, 1878.		
America ("O Mother of a mighty race")	viii	88
Antiquity of Freedom	viii	115
Battlefield, The	viii	447
Blessed are They that Mourn	iii	420
Conqueror's Grave	iii	442
Crowded Street, The	vi	239
Death of the Flowers	v	255
Evening Wind, The	v	54
Forest Hymn, A	v	223
Fringed Gentian, To the	v	284
Future Life, The	iv	397
Hurricane, The	vii	151
June	v	102
"O, Fairest of the rural maids"	ii	46
Our Country's Call	viii	98
Planting of the Apple Tree, The	v	332
Robert of Lincoln	v	310
Snow-Shower, The	v	178
Song of Marion's Men	viii	330
Thanatopsis	iii	264
Waterfowl, To a	v	308
Publishers: D. Appleton & Co., New York.		
BRYDGES, SIR SAMUEL EGERTON. England, 1762—1837.		
Echo and Silence	vi	180
BUCHANAN, ROBERT. *Dramatist; poet; novelist.* England, 1841—1901.		
Ballad of Judas Iscariot, The	vi	90
Fra Giacomo	ix	76
Little Milliner, The	ii	135
BULWER. See Lytton, Edward Bulwer, Lord.		
BUNYAN, JOHN. *Preacher; author.* England, 1628—1688.		
Song: "He that is down need fear no fall"	vi	418
BUONAROTTI, MICHAEL ANGELO. *Artist.* Tuscany, Italy, 1474—Rome, 1563.		
"If it be true that any beauteous thing" (*Taylor's Trans.*)	ii	72
"The might of one fair face" (*Taylor's Translation*)	ii	329
BURDETTE, ROBERT JONES. *Humorist; lecturer.* Greensborough, Pa., 1844—.		
"Keep sweet and keep movin'"	vi	270
"When my ship comes in"	iii	245

VOL. PAGE

BÜRGER, GOTTFRIED AUGUST.
Poet. Germany, 1747—1794.
Wives of Weinsberg, The (*Brooks' Translation*) ..... ix 200

BURGESS, [FRANK] GELETT.
Illustrator; humorist. Boston, 1866—Lives, San Francisco.
Psycholophon ..... ix 455
Purple Cow, The .... ix 456
Publishers: THE FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York.

BURLEIGH, WILLIAM HENRY.
Journalist; lecturer. Woodstock, Conn., 1812—Brooklyn, N. Y., 1871.
Deborah Lee ..... ix 400

BURNS, ROBERT.
Ploughman; exciseman; poet. Scotland, 1759—1796.
Address to the Toothache ..... ix 307
"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever" .... iii 98
Afton Water ..... v 202
Auld Lang Syne ..... i 405
Banks o' Doon, The.. iii 12
Bannockburn ..... viii 304
Bard's Epitaph, A.... vii 113
"Comin' through the rye" ..... ii 108
Cotter's Saturday Night, The ..... i 300
"Duncan Gray cam' here to woo" ..... ii 178
Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson .... i 363
For a' That and a' That ..... vi 398
"Green grow the rashes, O" ..... ii 91
Highland Mary ..... iii 329
"I love my Jean"... iii 126
"John Anderson, my jo" ..... ii 461
"Let not woman e'er complain" ..... ii 219
Louse, To a ..... v 348
Mary in Heaven, To.. iii 339
Mountain Daisy, To a. v 277
Mouse, To a ..... v 350
"My heart's in the Highlands" ..... viii 39

VOL. PAGE

"My wife's a winsome wee thing" ..... ii 420
"O, my Luve's like a red, red rose"..... iii 99
"O, saw ye bonnie Leslie" ..... iii 130
Tam O'Shanter ..... vi 70
"The day returns, my bosom burns" ..... ii 422
Unco Guid, To the... iv 320
"Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad"..... ii 108

BURROUGHS, JOHN.
Naturalist; author. Roxbury, N.Y., 1837—.
Lapland Longspur, To the ..... v 238
Waiting ..... iii 314
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

BURTON, RICHARD.
Educator; author. Hartford, Conn., 1859—Lives, Boston.
Polar Quest, The .... v 421
Publishers: THE LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., Boston.

BUSCH, WILHELM.
Germany, 1832—.
Max and Maurice (*Brooks' Translation.*) i 184
Publishers: LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston.

BUTLER, SAMUEL.
Secretary; Satirist. England, 1600—1680.
Hudibras' Sword and Dagger (*Hudibras*).. ix 254
Religion of Hudibras, The (*Hudibras*) .... iv 228

BUTLER, WILLIAM ALLEN.
Lawyer in New York. Albany, N. Y., 1825—Yonkers, N. Y., 1902.
"Nothing to Wear".. ix 213
Publishers: HARPER & BROS., New York.

BUTTS, MARY FRANCES BARBER.
Writer. Hopkinton, R. I., 1836—Bristol, 1902.
Happy Hour, The ... i 12

VOL. PAGE

BYERS, SAMUEL HAWKINS MARSHALL.
Soldier; author; consul. Pulaski, Pa., 1838—Lives, Des Moines, Ia.
Sherman's March to the Sea ..... viii 406
Publishers: RAND, MCNALLY & Co., Chicago.

BYRON, GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD.
Poet. London, Eng., 1788—Missolonghi, Greece, 1824.
"Adieu, adieu! my native shore" ..... iii 108
Calm on Lake Leman (*Childe Harold*) .... v 211
Coliseum, The (*Childe Harold*) ..... vii 178
Destruction of Sennacherib, The (*Hebrew Melodies*) ..... viii 183
Dream, The ..... iii 73
Evening (*Don Juan*). v 57
Fallen Greece (*Giaour*). viii 125
Farewell to his Wife.. iii 109
First Love (*Don Juan*). ii 256
Francesca Da Rimini (*Italian of Dante*).. ii 99
Girl of Cadiz, The.... ii 28
Greece Enslaved (*Childe Harold*) ..... viii 127
Latest Verses ..... iii 169
"Maid of Athens, ere we part" ..... iii 100
Napoleon (*Childe Harold*) ..... vii 9
Night (*Childe Harold*) v 65
Orient, The (*Bride of Abydos*) ..... vii 164
Pantheon, The (*Childe Harold*) ..... vii 181
Picture of Death, A (*The Giaour*) ..... iii 261
Poet's Impulse, The (*Childe Harold*) .... vi 335
Prisoner of Chillon, The ..... ix 88
Rhine, The (*Childe Harold*) ..... vii 169
Saint Peter's at Rome (*Childe Harold*) ..... vii 186
Sea, The (*Childe Harold*) ..... v 375
"She walks in beauty" ii 32
Song of the Greek Poet (*Don Juan*).... viii 130
Storm in the Alps (*Childe Harold*)..... v 213
Swimming (*Two Foscari*) ..... v 141
Thomas Moore, To... vii 57
Waterloo (*Childe Harold*) ..... viii 287
Wreck, The (*Don Juan*) ..... v 416

CALDERON DE LA BARCA, PEDRO.
Dramatist. Spain, 1600—1681.
Dream-Life (*Fitzgerald's Translation*)... vi 324

CALDWELL, WILLIAM WARREN.
Newburyport, Mass., 1823—?
Rose Bush, The (*From the German*) ..... vi 233

CALL, WATHEN MARKS WILKS.
Reformer; writer. England, 1817—1890.
Summer Days ..... ii 341

CALLIMACHUS.
Learned librarian at Alexandria; Greek poet. Cyrene, Africa, III. Century B. C.
Dead Poet-Friend, The (*Cory's Translation*). i 396

CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART.
Educator; lecturer; humorist. England, 1831—1884.
Arab, The ..... ix 413
Auld Wife, The..... 407
Cock and the Bull, The ix 402
Disaster ..... ix 441
Forever ..... ix 424
Lovers and a Reflection ..... ix 409
Motherhood ..... ix 440
Ode to Tobacco ..... ix 387
On the Brink..... ix 443

CAMOËNS, LUIS DE.
Soldier; poet. Portugal, 1524—1579.
Blighted Love (*Strangford's Translation*)... iii 81

CAMPBELL, THOMAS.
Poet. Scotland, 1777—1844.
Battle of the Baltic.. viii 281
Evening Star, To the.. v 54
Exile of Erin..... viii 67
First Kiss, The..... ii 94
Hallowed Ground .... viii 118
Hohenlinden ..... viii 225
Hope (*Pleasures of Hope*) ..... iv 145

	VOL.	PAGE
Last Man, The.....	iv	360
Lord Ullin's Daughter.	vii	399
Napoleon and the British Sailor	vii	347
Poland (*Pleasures of Hope*)	viii	144
Soldier's Dream, The..	i	280
Song of the Greeks....	viii	197
"Ye mariners of England"	v	407

CAMPION, THOMAS.
Physician. England, about 1575—1619.

Advice to a Girl.....	ii	242

CANNING, GEORGE.
Parliamentarian. England, 1770—1827.

Epitaph on Marquis of Anglesea's Leg.....	ix	292
Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder, The	ix	398
Song of One Eleven years in Prison.....	ix	293

CANTON, WILLIAM.
Journalist. Irish parentage; 1845—Lives, Scotland.

Laus Infantium	i	7

CARBERY, ETHNA.
See MACMANUS, ANNA JOHNSTON.

CARDUCCI, GIOSUÈ.
Philologist. Italy, 1836—

Ox, The (*Sewall's Translation*)	v	359
Roma (*Sewall's Trans.*)	vi	310

Publishers: DODD, MEAD & Co., New York.

CAREW, THOMAS.
England, 1589—1639.

Disdain Returned.....	ii	20
"Give me more love or more disdain"	ii	245
Song: "Ask me no more where Jove bestows"	ii	36
"Sweetly breathing, vernal air"	v	82

CAREY, HENRY.
Playwright. England, 1690 (?)—1743.

"God save the King".	viii	18
Maiden's Ideal of a Husband. A (*The Contrivances*)	ii	89
Sally in our Alley....	ii	290

CARLETON, WILL.
Poet. Hudson, Mich., 1845—Lives, Brooklyn, N. Y.

New Church Organ..	ix	316
"Out of the old house, Nancy"	i	268
"Over the hill to the poor-house"	iii	175

Publishers: HARPER & BROS., New York.

CARLYLE, THOMAS.
Biographer; historian. Scotland, 1795—London, Eng., 1881.

Mignon's Song (*Wilhelm Meister*)	vi	313

CARMAN, BLISS.
Editor; poet. Fredericton, N. B., 1861—Lives, New York.

Grave-digger, The.....	v	385
Hack and Hew.....	vi	381
Joys of the Road, The.	i	253
More Ancient Mariner, A	v	345
Spring Song	i	248

Publishers: SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston.

CARNEGIE, SIR JAMES.
See SOUTHESK, SIR JAMES CARNEGIE, EARL OF.

CARROLL, LEWIS. See DODGSON, CHARLES LUTWIDGE.

CARY, ALICE.
Poet. Near Cincinnati, O., 1820—New York, 1871.

My Creed	iv	237
Pictures of Memory...	i	76
Spinster's Stint, A...	ii	118

Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

CARY, HENRY FRANCIS.
Translator. England, 1772—1844.

Selections from "The Divine Comedy" (*Italian of Dante*).	iv	436
"The fairest thing in mortal eyes" (*French of Duke of Orleans*)..	iii	356

CARY, PHŒBE.
Poet. Cincinnati, 1824—Newport, R. I., 1871.

Nearer Home	iv	393

Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

VOL. PAGE

CASIMIR THE GREAT.
King of Poland. 1309—1370.
"It kindles all my soul" (*Translation*). iv 373

CASWALL, EDWARD.
England, 1814—?
"My God, I love Thee" (*Latin of St. Francis Xavier*)..... iv 103

CATULLUS, CAIUS VALERIUS.
Lyric poet. Italy, 84—54 B. C.
Homeward Bound (*Martin's Trans.*)... i 313

CAWEIN, MADISON JULIUS.
Author. Louisville, Ky., 1865—.
Proem (*From "Myth and Romance"*) .... vi 333
Publishers: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.

CELANO, THOMAS A.
Italy, about 1250.
Dies Iræ (*Dix's Trans.*) iv 100
Publishers: D. APPLETON & Co., New York.

CHADWICK, JOHN WHITE.
Unitarian clergyman. Marblehead, Mass., 1840—Lives, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Making of Man, The.. vi 202
Rise of Man, The..... iv 311
Two Waitings, The... iii 409
Publishers: LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.

CHALKHILL, JOHN.
It is uncertain whether this name represents a friend of Isaac Walton, or Walton himself.
See WALTON, ISAAC.
Angler, The ..... v 139

CHAMBERS, ROBERT WILLIAM.
Artist. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1865—Lives, New York.
Recruit, The ..... ix 321
Publishers: HARPER & BROS., New York.

VOL. PAGE

CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY.
Essayist. Boston, 1818—1902.
"Our boat to the waves" (*Poems of Sixty-five Years*).... v 409
Sleepy Hollow (*Poems of Sixty-five Years*).. iii 277
Publisher: C. S. GOODSPEED, Boston.

CHAPMAN, GEORGE.
Dramatist; translator. England, 1559—1634.
Camp at Night, The (*Greek of Homer*)... v 62
Sonnet ..... ii 73

CHATEAUBRIAND, FRANCOIS AUGUSTE, VICOMTE DE.
France, 1769—1848.
Jeune Fille et Jeune Fleur (*Translation*).. iii 305

CHATTERTON, THOMAS.
Poet. England, 1752—1770.
Minstrel's Marriage Song (*Ælla*) ..... ii 340
Minstrel's Song ..... iii 340
Resignation ..... iv 368

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY.
Poet. England, 1328 or 1340—1400.
Canterbury Pilgrims, The (*The Canterbury Tales*) ..... vii 363
Daisy, The (*Legend of Good Women*) ..... v 275
Morning in May..... v 89

CHENEY, JOHN VANCE.
Librarian, Groveland, N. Y., 1848—Lives, Chicago.
Fallen, The ..... vi 442
Happiest Heart, The.. i 268
Man with the Hoe, The; A Reply..... vi 395

CHERRY, ANDREW.
England, 1762—1812.
Bay of Biscay, The... v 405

CHORLEY, HENRY FOTHERGILL.
Critic. England, 1808—1872.
Brave old Oak, The.. v 220

	VOL.	PAGE
CLARE, JOHN.		
Agricultural lavorer. England, 1793—1864.		
Summer Moods	v	136
CLARK, WILLIS GAYLORD.		
Journalist. Otisco, N. Y., 1810 — Philadelphia, 1841.		
Euthanasia	iv	359
CLARKE, EDNAH PROCTOR. See HAYES, EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE.		
CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN.		
Unitarian clergyman. Hanover, N. H., 1810—Boston, 1888.		
Caliph and Satan, The (*After Tholuck's German translation from the Persian*)	iv	119
Cana	iv	65
Children's Church, The (*German of Gerok*)..	i	115
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.		
CLAUDIUS, MATTHIAS.		
Germany, 1740—1815.		
Hen, The (*Trans.*)...	ix	431
Winter (*Brooks' Trans.*)	v	172
CLEANTHES.		
Philosopher. Greece, 331—232 B. C.		
Hymn to Zeus (*Trans.*).	iv	7
CLELAND, WILLIAM.		
England, d. 1689.		
Hallo, my Fancy	vi	3
CLEMMER, MARY. See HUDSON, MARY CLEMMER AMES.		
CLEPHANE, ELIZABETH CECILIA.		
Scotland, 1830—1869.		
Lost Sheep, The ("*The Ninety and Nine*")..	iv	66
CLEVELAND, JOHN.		
England, 1613-1659.		
Memory of Ben Jonson, To the.....	vii	46
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH.		
Educator. England, 1819—1861.		
Despondency Rebuked.	iii	235
Gondola, The	vii	191
In a Lecture-Room...	iv	132
Latest Decalogue, The.	ix	315
Qua Cursum Ventus..	iii	107
"Where lies the land".	vi	231
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY.		
Critic. England, 1796—1849.		
Ideality	vi	43
Shakespeare	vii	52
"She is not fair to outward view".....	ii	33
Summer Rain	v	43
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR.		
Critic; poet. England, 1772—1834.		
Dallying with Temptation (*Wallenstein, Part* I.)	iv	327
Epigrams	ix	286
Exchange, The	ii	164
Fancy in Nubibus....	v	50
Good Great Man, The.	iii	244
Hymn before Sunrise.	iv	15
Knight's Tomb, The..	viii	428
Kubla Khan	vi	62
Love	ii	159
Metrical Feet	ix	429
On an Infant	iv	232
Rime of the Ancient Mariner	vi	130
Youth (*Youth and Age*)	i	263
COLES, ABRAHAM		
Physician. Scotch Plains, N. J., 1813—Monterey, Cal., 1891.		
Stabat Mater Dolorosa (*Latin of Jacopone*).	iv	70
Publishers: D. APPLETON & CO., New York.		
COLLINS, MORTIMER.		
Novelist. England, 1827—1876.		
Darwin	ix	383
Two Worlds, The....	iv	400
COLLINS, WILLIAM.		
Poet. England, 1721—1759.		
"How sleep the brave".	viii	449
Passions, The	vi	367
Women's Chorus (*Greek of Aristophanes*)....	ix	200
COLMAN, GEORGE, THE YOUNGER.		
Dramatist. England, 1762—1836.		
Gluggity Glug (*The Myrtle and the Vine*).	ix	245
Toby Tosspot	ix	257

	VOL.	PAGE
CONE, HELEN GRAY. *Educator.* New York, 1859—.		
Yellow Pansy, A (*Oberon and Puck*)	vi	179
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.		
COOK, ELIZA. England, 1812—1889.		
Ganging *to* and Ganging *frae*	ii	293
Old Arm-Chair, The	i	92
COOKE, PHILLIP PENDLETON. *Lawyer.* Martinsburg, Va., 1816—near Boyce, Va., 1850.		
Life in the Autumn Woods	v	151
COOKE, ROSE TERRY. *Poet.* West Hartford, Conn., 1827—Pittsfield, Mass., 1892.		
Trailing Arbutus	v	250
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.		
COOLBRITH, INA DONNA. *Librarian.* Near Springfield, Ill., 1840—Lives, San Francisco, Cal.		
Copa De Oro	v	281
Mariposa Lily, The	v	280
COOLIDGE, SUSAN. See WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCEY.		
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE. *Novelist; historian.* Burlington, N. J., 1789 — Cooperstown, N. Y., 1851.		
My Brigantine (*The Water Witch*)	v	402
CORNEILLE, PIERRE. *Dramatist.* France, 1606—1684.		
Paulina's Appeal (*Noke's Translation*)	ii	396
CORNWALL, BARRY. See PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER.		
CORNWALL, HENRY SYLVESTER.		
Sunset City, The	vii	158
CORY, W. England.		
Dead Poet-Friend, The (*Greek of Callimachus*)	i	396
COSTELLO, LOUISE STUART. *Artist.* Ireland, 1815—Boulogne, France, 1870.		
Mary Stuart, To (*French of De Ronsard*)	vii	4
On the Death of Francis I. (*French of Marguerite*)	iii	338
Sonnet (*French of Labé*)	iii	237
To Diane de Poitiers (*French of Marot*)	iii	69
COUCH, A. T. QUILLER. See QUILLER-COUCH, A. T.		
COURTHOPE, WILLIAM JOHN. *Man of letters.* England, 1842—.		
Ode to the Roc	ix	437
COWLEY, ABRAHAM. *Essayist; poet.* England, 1618—1667.		
Chronicle, The	ii	232
Epicure, The (*Greek of Anacreon*)	vi	248
Hymn to Light, From.	v	35
Invocation (*The Davideis*)	vi	371
Wish, A	vi	416
COWPER, WILLIAM. *Poet.* England, 1731—1800.		
Diverting History of John Gilpin, The	ix	276
England (*The Task*)	viii	10
Light Shining out of Darkness	iv	23
My Mother's Picture	i	79
Nose and the Eyes	ix	310
On the Loss of the Royal George	ix	182
Present Good, The (*The Task*)	iii	150
Slavery (*The Task*)	viii	135
"Sweet stream, that winds"	i	210
Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk	vi	311
To Seek a Friend (*Friendship*)	i	397

VOL. PAGE

Unmusical Birds (*The Task*) ..... v 309
Winter Morning (*The Task*) ..... v 186

COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND.
Episcopal Bishop of Western New York. Mendham, N. J., 1818—Clifton Springs, N. Y., 1896.
Chimes of England, The (*Christian Ballads*) ..... iv 200
Publishers: THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN CO., Milwaukee.

COZZENS, FREDERICK SWARTWOUT.
Merchant. New York, 1818—Brooklyn, N. Y., 1869.
Experience and a Moral, An ..... ii 58

CRABBE, GEORGE.
Clergyman. England, 1754—1832.
Approach of Age, The (*Tales of the Hall*).. iii 163
Quack Medicines (*The Borough*) ..... vi 287

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCK.
England, 1826—1887.
By the Alma River... viii 292
Her Likeness ..... ii 32
Lancashire Doxology, A. iv 204
Now and Afterwards. iii 268
Only a Woman..... iii 86
Philip, my King..... i 16
Saint Christopher .... iv 296
Sunday Morning Bells. iv 190
Too Late ..... iii 335

CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE.
Artist. Alexandria, Va., 1813 — Cambridge, Mass., 1892.
Bobolinks, The ..... v 316
Compensation ..... iii 229
Thought ..... vi 322
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

CRANSTOUN, JAMES.
Scotland.
Immortality of Genius, The (*Latin of Propertius*) ..... vi 357

VOL. PAGE

CRASHAW, RICHARD.
Clergyman; poet. England, 1600—1650.
Briefs:
"Two went up to the Temple to pray:" Water turned into Wine; Widow's Mites. iv 306
Nightingale's Song .. v 306
Wishes for the Supposed Mistress ..... ii 83

CRAWFORD, ISABELLA VALANCEY.
Ireland, about 1857—Toronto, 1887.
Axe, The (*Malcom's Katie*) ..... vi 388

CRAWFORD, JOHN MARTIN.
Physician. Herrick, Pa.. 1845—Lives, Cincinnati.
Proem to the Kalevala (*From the Finnish*).. viii 81
Publishers: THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY, Cincinnati.

CRAWFORD, JULIA (or LOUISA MACARTNEY).
Ireland, 1800 (?)—1885 (?).
Kathleen Mavourneen. iii 112
"We parted in silence" iii 113

CROLY, GEORGE.
Dramatist; novelist. Ireland, 1780—1860.
Catiline to the Roman Army (*Catiline*)..... viii 188
Death of Leonidas... viii 194

CROSS, MARY ANN EVANS LEWES (*George Eliot*).
Novelist. England, 1819—1880.
"Day is dying" (*Spanish Gypsy*) ... v 50
"O may I join the choir invisible"..... iv 241
Two Lovers ..... ii 402

CROWQUILL, ALFRED.
See FORRESTER, ALFRED H.

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN.
Poet. Scotland, 1784—London, Eng., 1842.
"A wet sheet and a flowing sea"..... v 399
Poet's Bridal-Day Song. ii 414
"Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie". ii 416

	VOL.	PAGE
CUNNINGHAM, JOHN. Ireland, 1729—1773.		
Morning	v	40
CURRIER, ELLEN BARTLETT. Oberlin, O.		
Silent Baby	i	22
DANA, RICHARD HENRY. *Critic; poet.* Cambridge, Mass., 1787—Boston, 1879.		
Little Beach Bird, The	v	302
Pleasure-Boat, The	v	142
DANIEL, SAMUEL. *Historian.* England, 1562—1619.		
Delia, To	v	61
"Love is a sickness"	ii	62
DANTE ALIGHIERI. *Statesman; poet.* Italy, 1265—1321.		
Francesca Da Rimini (*Byron's Translation*)	ii	99
My Lady (*Norton's Translation*)	ii	24
Selections from "The Divine Comedy" (*Cary's Translation*)	iv	436
DARLEY, GEORGE. *Critic.* Ireland, 1785—1846.		
Gambols of Children	i	55
Loveliness of Love	ii	370
Song of the Summer Winds	v	99
DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM. *Playwright; poet.* England, 1606—1668.		
Daybreak	ii	4
DAVIDSON, JOHN. *Dramatist.* England, 1857—.		
London	vii	230
Publisher: JOHN LANE, New York.		
DAVIES, SIR JOHN. *Judge.* England, 1569—1626.		
Dancing of the Air	v	125
Spring, To the (*Hymnes of Astræa*)	vii	3
DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE. *Poet.* Ireland, 1814—1845.		
Christmas Scene, A	ii	262
Fontenoy	viii	277
Sack of Baltimore, The	ix	127
Welcome, The	ii	296
DAY, THOMAS FLEMING. *Editor.* England, 1861—Lives, New York.		
Coasters, The	vii	153
Publishers: THE RUDDER PUBLISHING CO., New York.		
DEKKER, THOMAS. *Dramatist.* England, about 1570—1641.		
Happy Heart, The (*Patient Grissell*)	vi	409
DELAND, MARGARETTA WADE. *Author.* Allegheny, Pa., 1857—Lives, Boston.		
Affaire D'Amour	ii	245
Love and Death	iii	394
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.		
DEMAREST, MARY LEE (MRS.). Scotland.		
My Ain Countree	iv	353
DERSHAVIN, GAVRIIL ROMANOVICH. *Poet.* Russia, 1743—1816.		
God (*Bowring's Trans.*)	iv	24
DE VERE, AUBREY THOMAS. *Essayist.* Ireland, 1814—1902.		
Early Friendship	i	344
"Sad is our youth, for it is ever going"	iii	225
DE VERE, MARY AINGE (*Madeline Bridges*). Brooklyn, N. Y., 1840 (?)—.		
Friend and Lover	i	374
Spinner, The	iii	70
Publisher: RICHARD G. BADGER, Boston.		
DE VERE, SIR STEPHEN EDWARD. *Country gentleman.* Ireland, 1812—?		
Thaliarchus, To (*Latin of Horace*)	i	232
DIBDIN, CHARLES *Dramatist; actor.* England, 1745—1814.		
Heaving of the Lead	v	402
Poor Jack	v	436
Tom Bowling	v	406

VOL. PAGE

DIBDIN, THOMAS JOHN.
Dramatist. England, 1771—1841.
All's Well (*The British Fleet*) ..... v 404
Snug Little Island, The. viii 15

DICKENS, CHARLES.
Novelist. England, 1812—1870.
Ivy Green, The..... v 263

DICKINSON, CHARLES MONROE.
Editor. Lowville, N. Y., 1842—Lives, Turkey.
Children, The ..... i 286

DICKINSON, EMILY.
Poet. Amherst, Mass., 1830—1886.
Found Wanting ..... iv 326
Heaven ..... iv 390
Publishers: LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston.

DICKINSON, MARY LOWE.
Educator. Fitchburg, Mass., 1839—Lives, New York.
"If we had but a day". iv 187
Publishers: WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING CO., Chicago.

DIMOND, WILLIAM.
Theatrical manager. England, 1800—Paris, France, 1836.
Mariner's Dream, The. v 438

DIX, JOHN ADAMS.
Statesman; soldier. Boscawen, N. H., 1798—New York, 1879.
Dies Iræ (*Latin of Celano*) ..... iv 100
Publishers: HARPER & BROS., New York.

DOBELL, SYDNEY [THOMPSON].
Merchant. England, 1824—1874.
England to America.. viii 92
Home, Wounded .... iii 58
"How's my boy"..... v 434
Milkmaid's Song, The.. ii 285

DOBSON, [HENRY] AUSTIN.
Man of letters. England, 1840—.
Ballad of Prose and Rhyme, The ..... vi 340

VOL. PAGE

Before Sedan ..... ix 101
Fan, On a .....
Fancy from Fontenelle, A ..... vi 198
Gage D'Amour, A .... ii 56
Growing Gray ..... vi 286
Longfellow ..... vii 107
Sun-Dial, The ..... iii 15
Publishers in America: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

DODDRIDGE, PHILIP.
Nonconformist divine. England, 1702—Lisbon, Spain, 1751.
"Amazing, beauteous change" ..... iv 197

DODGE, MARY ELIZABETH MAPES.
Editor. New York, 1838—.
Once Before (*Along the Way*) ..... vi 304
Snowflakes (*Along the Way*) ..... v 176
Two Mysteries, The (*Along the Way*).... iii 262
Publishers: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

DODGSON, CHARLES LUTWIDGE (*Lewis Carroll*).
Clergyman. England, 1833—1898.
Baker's Tale, The (*The Hunting of the Snark*). ix 456
Jabberwocky ..... ix 459
Walrus and the Carpenter, The (*Alice in Wonderland*) ..... i 180

DOLE, NATHAN HASKELL.
Editor. Chelsea, Mass., 1852—Lives, Boston.
Larks and Nightingales ..... ix 447
Princess, The (*Norwegian of Björnson*).... iii 9
Publishers: T. Y. CROWELL & CO., New York.

DOLLIVER, CLARA G.
America.
No Baby in the House. i 101

DOMETT, ALFRED.
Colonial official, New Zealand. England, 1811—1887.
Christmas Hymn, A.. iv 59

DONNER. See HOFFMAN, HEINRICH.

VOL. PAGE

DONNE, DR. JOHN.
Clergyman. England, 1573—1631.
Will, The ..... vi 295

DORR, JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY.
Novelist; poet. Charleston, S. C., 1825—Lives, Rutland, Vt.
Hush (*Afterglow*) ... iii 400
Thy Songs and Mine.. vi 355
Publishers: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

DORSET, CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF.
England, 1637—1706.
Fire of Love, The (*Examen Miscellaneum*).. ii 449

DOUGLAS, MARION. See ROBINSON, ANNIE D. GREEN.

DOWDEN, EDWARD.
Critic. Ireland, 1843.
Leonardo's "Monna Lisa" ..... vii 150

DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW.
Journalist. Ireland, 1823—San Francisco, 1863.
Revelry of the Dying. ix 170

DOWNING, ELLEN MARY PATRICK (*Mary of the Nation*).
Ireland, 1828—1869.
"Were I but his own wife" ..... ii 400

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN.
Novelist. Scotland, 1859—Lives, England.
Bowmen's Song, The (*The White Company*). viii 12

DOYLE, SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS.
Barrister. England, 1810—1888.
Private of the Buffs.. viii 20

DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN.
Physician; poet. New York, 1795—1820.
American Flag, The... viii 152
Culprit Fay, The..... vi 35
Publishers: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.

VOL. PAGE

DRAYTON, MICHAEL.
Poet Laureate, 1626—1631. England, 1563—1631.
Ballad of Agincourt.. viii 264
"Come let us kisse and parte" ..... iii 111

DROCH. See BRIDGES, ROBERT.

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM, OF HAWTHORNDEN.
Scotland, 1585—1649.
"Alexis, here she stayed" ..... ii 224
This Life ..... vi 225

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM HAMILTON.
Clergyman; scholar. Ireland, 1778—1865.
Chariot of Cuchullin, The (*From the Irish*). v 371

DRYDEN, JOHN.
Poet. England, 1631—1700.
"Ah, how sweet" (*Tyrannic Love*) ..... ii 68
Alexander's Feast ... vi 372
Song for St. Cecila's Day, 1687, A..... vi 364
Under the Portrait of John Milton ..... vii 54
Veni Creator Spiritus (*Latin of St. Gregory*). iv 104

DSCHELLALEDDIN RUMI. See JALLALAD-DIN RUMI.

DUFFERIN, HELEN SELINDA SHERIDAN, LADY (*Afterwards* LADY GIFFORD).
Ireland, 1807—1867.
Lament of the Irish Emigrant ..... iii 343

DUNBAR, PAUL LAWRENCE.
Librarian; poet. Dayton, O., 1872—Lives, Washington, D. C
Conscience and Remorse ..... iv 326
Harriet Beecher Stowe. vii 105
On the Road..... ii 292
Publishers: DODD, MEAD & Co., New York.

VOL. PAGE

DUNBAR, WILLIAM.
Diplomat; Poet Laureate. Scotland, about 1460—about 1513.
Advice (*Modernized by Fitzgibbon*) ..... i 401
True Philosophy of Life, The (*Modernized by Haliburton*)..... vi 299

DUNLOP, JOHN.
Song-writer. Scotland, 1755—1820.
"Dinna ask me"..... ii 100

DURBIN, HARRIET WHITNEY.
St. Louis, Mo.—Lives, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
Little Dutch Garden, A (*Munsey's Magazine*). i 153

DURIVAGE, FRANCIS ALEXANDER.
Journalist; author. Boston, 1814—New York, 1881.
All ..... viii 415

DWIGHT, JOHN SULLIVAN.
Musical critic. Boston, 1813—1893.
Landlady's Daughter, The (*German of Uhland*) ..... ii 335

DWIGHT, TIMOTHY.
Educator; theologian. Northampton, Mass., 1752—New Haven, Conn., 1817.
Columbia ..... viii 89

DYER, SIR EDWARD.
Courtier. England, about 1540—1607.
"My minde to me a kingdom is" ..... vi 325

EASTMAN, CHARLES GAMAGE.
Journalist. Fryeburg, Me., 1816—Montpelier, Vt., 1861.
Picture, A ..... i 316
Snow-Storm, A ..... v 180

EASTMAN, ELAINE GOODALE.
Educator. Washington, Mass., 1863—Lives, Amherst, Mass.
Ashes of Roses ..... iii 51
Goldenrod ..... v 285
Publishers: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.

VOL. PAGE

EATON, ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON.
Episcopal clergyman. Kentville, Nova Scotia—Lives, New York.
Voyage of Sleep, The.. vi 437
Publishers: CASSELL & Co., New York.

EDWARDS, AMELIA BLANDFORD.
Egyptologist. England, 1831—1892.
"Give me three grains of corn, mother".... iii 197

ELIOT, GEORGE. See CROSS, MARY ANN EVANS LEWES.

ELIOT, SAMUEL ATKINS.
Mayor of Boston; Mem. Congress; Treas. Harvard Coll. Boston, 1798 — Cambridge, Mass., 1862.
Labor Done (*German of Schiller*) ..... vi 412

ELIZABETH (*Carmen Sylva*).
Queen of Roumania. Germany, 1843—.
Fodder-Time (*Bowen's Translation*) ..... v 358
Publishers: THE FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York.

ELLIOT, LADY CHARLOTTE.
England, 1830(?)—.
Wife of Loki, The.... ii 398

ELLIOTT, EBENEZER.
Reform poet. England, 1781—1849.
Burns ..... vii 63
Corn-Law Hymn .... vi 397
Spring ..... v 88

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.
Philosopher; essayist; poet. Boston, 1803—Concord, Mass., 1882.
Brahma ..... iv 6
Each and All ..... v 9
Friendship ..... i 339
Goodbye ..... iv 31
Humblebee, To the... v 342
Hymn (Concord Monument) ..... viii 326
Problem, The ..... iv 229

VOL. PAGE

Rhodora, The ..... v 252
Sea, The ..... v 374
Snow-Storm, The..... v 176
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN.
Physician; legislator. Philadelphia, Pa., 1819—Newark, N. J., 1902.
Ben Bolt ..... i 222
Publishers: AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York.

ERSKINE, RALPH.
England, XVIII. Century.
Smoking Spiritualized. vi 250

EURIPIDES.
Tragic poet. Greece, about 480—about 406 B. C.
Choral Song (*Milman's Translation*) ..... v 215
Sacrifice of Polyxena, The (*Symonds' Trans.*) ix 5

EYTINGE, MARGARET.
Writer. America.
Baby Louise ..... i 21

FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM.
Anglican, later Roman Catholic clergyman. England, 1814—1863.
Low Spirits ..... iv 338
Paradise ..... iv 434
Right Must Win, The. iv 299
Will of God, The..... iv 36
World, The ..... iv 284

FAIRFAX, EDWARD.
Poet. England, d. 1635.
Erminia and the Wounded Tancred (*Italian of Tasso*).. vii 319

FALCONER, WILLIAM.
Seaman; poet. Scotland, 1732 (?)—1769.
Shipwreck, The ..... v 417

FANSHAWE, CATHERINE MARIA.
England, 1765—1834.
Riddle, A ..... ix 450

FENNER, CORNELIUS GEORGE.
Providence, R. I., 1822—Cincinnati, 1847.
Gulf-Weed ..... v 392

VOL. PAGE

FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL.
Barrister; antiquarian. Ireland, 1810—1886.
Forging of the Anchor. vii 234
Pretty Girl of Loch Dan, The ..... i 220

FIELD, EUGENE.
Humorist; journalist. St. Louis, 1850—Chicago, 1895.
Compliment, The .... ix 342
Dutch Lullaby, A.... i 102
Japanese Lullaby .... i 15
Jim's Kids ..... iii 290
Seein' Things ..... i 164
Publishers: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

FIELD, MICHAEL.
The pen-name of two English ladies.
Burial of Robert Browning, The ..... vii 89
Dancers, The ..... i 133

FIELDING, HENRY.
Novelist, England, 1707—Lisbon, 1754.
"A-hunting we will go" ..... v 158
Roast Beef of Old England, The ..... viii 13

FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS.
Publisher. Portsmouth, N. H., 1816—Boston, 1881.
Nantucket Skipper, The ..... ix 343
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

FINCH, FRANCIS MILES.
Judge. Ithaca, N. Y., 1827.
Blue and the Gray, The (*Atlantic Monthly*).. viii 455
Nathan Hale (*Atlantic Monthly*) ..... viii 328

FITZGERALD, EDWARD.
Scholar; poet. England, 1809—1883.
Anne Allen, On ..... iii 303
Dream-Life (*Spanish of Calderon*) ..... vi 324
Rubâiyât (*Persian of Omar Khayyâm*) ... vi 204
Welcome, The ..... i 380

VOL. PAGE

FITZGIBBON, H. MACAULAY.
Published England, 1887.
Advice (*Early English of Dunbar*) ..... i 401

FLAGG, WILSON.
Naturalist. Beverly, Mass., 1805—North Cambridge, Mass., 1884.
O'Lincoln Family, The. v 312
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

FLEMING, PAUL.
Diplomat. Germany, 1609—1640.
Myself, To (*Winkworth's Translation*). iii 218

FLETCHER, JOHN.
Dramatist. England, 1579—1625.
"Hence, all ye vain delights" ..... iii 160
Invocation to Sleep (*Valentinian*) ..... vi 432
"Take, O, take those lips away" (*Bloody Brother*) ..... iii 71

FOLLEN, ELIZA LEE CABOT.
Boston, 1787—Brookline, Mass., 1860.
Three Little Kittens. i 106
Publishers: LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

FORRESTER, ALFRED H. (*Alfred Crowquill*).
England, 1806—?
My Nose, To ..... ix 421

FORRESTER, FANNY. See JUDSON, EMILY CHUBBUCK.

FOSDICK, WILLIAM WHITEMAN.
Dramatist. Cincinnati, 1825—1862.
Maize, The ..... v 267

FOSS, SAM WALTER.
Librarian. Candia, N. H., 1858—Lives, Somerville, Mass.
He'd had No Show... ix 351
Publishers: LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

VOL. PAGE

FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS.
Song-writer. Pittsburg, Pa., 1826—New York, 1864.
My Old Kentucky Home. iii 147
Old Folks at Home... iii 148
Publishers: W. H. POND & Co., New York.

FOSTER, WILLIAM PRESCOTT.
Wells, Me., 1856—.
Silence of the Hills, The (*Century Magazine*) ..... v 213

FOX, WILLIAM JOHNSON.
Unitarian clergyman. England, 1786—1864.
Martyr's Hymn, The (*German of Luther*). iv 334

FRANCE, ROBERT II., KING OF. See ROBERT II.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN.
Philosopher; statesman. Boston, 1706—Philadelphia, 1790.
Paper ..... ix 289

FREILIGRATH, FERDINAND.
Poet. Germany, 1810—1876.
Lion's Ride, The (*Trans.*) v 355

FRENEAU, PHILIP.
Mariner; editor; patriotic writer. New York, 1752—near Monmouth, N. J., 1832.
On the Ruins of a Country Inn ..... vi 315

GALE, NORMAN.
England, 1862.
Country Faith, The... v 10

GALLAGHER, WILLIAM DAVIS.
Journalist. Philadelphia, 1808—1894
Laborer, The ..... iv 302
Publishers: THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY, Cincinnati.

VOL. PAGE

GANNETT, WILLIAM CHANNING.
Unitarian clergyman. Boston, 1840—Lives, Rochester, N. Y.
Aunt Phillis' Guest... iii 239
Hills of the Lord, The. iv 18
In Twos ..... ii 403
Publisher: W. C. GANNETT.

GARNETT, RICHARD.
Librarian; editor; poet. England, 1835—.
Fortune (*Greek of Sophocles*) ..... vi 283

GARRISON, WILLIAM LLOYD.
Anti-slavery agitator. Newburyport, Mass., 1805—New York, 1879.
Freedom of the Mind. viii 161

GASSAWAY, FRANK H.
America.
Bay Billy ..... viii 371

GAY, JOHN.
Poet. England, 1685—1732.
Black-eyed Susan .... iii 102

GAYLORD, WILLIS.
America.
Lines in an Album... ix 443

GEOGHEGAN, ARTHUR GERALD.
Revenue collector. Ireland, 1810—1889.
Mountain Fern, The.. v 264

GEROCK, CARL.
Religious poet. Germany, 1815—1890.
Children's Church, The (*Clarke's Translation*). i 115

GIBBONS, JAMES SLOANE.
Journalist. Wilmington, Del.—d. New York, 1892.
"Three hundred thousand more" ..... viii 356

GILBERT, WILLIAM SCHWENCK.
Barrister; dramatist. England, 1836—.
Captain Reece ..... ix 297

VOL. PAGE

Terrestrial Globe, To the ..... ix 301
Yarn of the "Nancy Bell," The ..... ix 301

GILDER, RICHARD WATSON.
Editor; poet. Bordentown, N. J., 1844—Lives, New York.
Cello, The ..... vi 364
Dawn ..... v 38
"Great nature is an army gay" ..... v 16
Life-Mask of Lincoln, On the ..... vii 29
Sonnet, The ..... vi 344
All the above from "Five Books of Song," New York: THE CENTURY CO. Copyrighted by Richard Watson Gilder, 1900.

GILFILLAN, ROBERT.
Clerk. Scotland, 1798—1850.
Exile's Song, The .... viii 51

GILMAN, CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.
Socialist lecturer. Hartford, Conn., 1860—Lives, New York.
Conservative, A ..... ix 422
Rock and the Sea, The. v 418
Publishers: SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

GILMORE, JAMES ROBERTS (*Edmund Kirke*).
Author. Boston, 1822—Lake George, N. Y., 1904.
Three Days ..... vi 189

GLADDEN, WASHINGTON.
Congregational clergyman. Pottsgrove, Pa., 1836—Lives, Columbus, O.
Awakening ..... iii 375
"O Master, let me walk with thee".... iv 135
Pastor's Reverie, The. iv 313
Ultima Veritas ..... iv 255
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

GLUCK, ——.
Germany.
To Death (*Trans.*).... iii 395

	VOL.	PAGE
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG.		
Statesman; philosopher; poet. Germany, 1749—1832.		
Erl-King, The (*Martin and Aytoun's Translation*)	vi	58
Fisher, The (*Brooks' Translation*)	vi	78
Mignon's Song (*Carlyle's Translation*)	vi	313
Haste Not! Rest Not (*Translation*)	vi	414
GOLAU, SOLOMON VON. See LOGAU, FRIEDRICH VON.		
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.		
Novelist; dramatist. Ireland, 1728—London, 1774.		
Deserted Village, The.	vii	214
East, West, Home's Best (*The Traveller*).	viii	7
Elegy on Madam Blaize	ix	266
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog	ix	263
England (*The Traveller*)	vii	199
Hermit, The (*The Vicar of Wakefield*)	ii	199
Swiss Peasant, The (*The Traveller*)	i	321
Wanderer's Home, The (*The Traveller*)	i	314
GOODALE, DORA READ.		
Poet. Mt. Washington, Mass., 1866—Lives, Redding, Conn.		
Twilight Fancy, A	v	53
Publishers: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.		
GOODALE, ELAINE. See EASTMAN, ELAINE GOODALE.		
GOSSE, EDMUND [WILLIAM].		
Essayist; critic. England, 1849—.		
February in Rome	vii	185
Hans Christian Andersen	vii	43
Impression	vi	335
Lying in the Grass	i	225
Perfume	ii	92
Publishers in America: HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.		
GOULD, HANNAH FLAGG.		
Lancaster, Mass., 1789—Newburyport, Mass. 1865.		
Frost, The	i	156
GOULD, SABINE BARING. See BARING-GOULD, SABINE.		
GRAHAM OF GARTMORE, ROBERT.		
Scotland, 1750—1797.		
"If doughty deeds my lady please"	ii	102
GRAHAME, JAMES.		
Lawyer; minister. Scotland, 1785—1838.		
Poor Man's Day, The (*The Sabbath*)	iv	193
GRANT, SIR ROBERT.		
Member of Parliament; Governor of Bombay. Scotland, 1785—India, 1838.		
Litany	iv	74
"When gathering clouds around I view"	iv	88
GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL.		
School inspector; editor; poet. Ireland, 1846—Lives, London.		
Irish Spinning-Wheel.	ii	53
Little Red Lark, The.	ii	158
GRAY, DAVID.		
Journalist. Scotland, 1836—Binghamton, N. Y., 1887.		
Golden Wedding, The.	ii	448
GRAY, DAVID.		
Poet. Scotland, 1838—1861.		
"Die down, O dismal day"	v	88
"O winter! wilt thou never go"	v	191
GRAY, THOMAS.		
Scholar; poet. England, 1716—1771.		
Bard, The	viii	34
Distant Prospect of Eton College, On a	i	244
Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.	iii	270
Pleasure arising from Vicissitude, Ode on	v	18
Spring	v	79

VOL. PAGE

GREEN, ANNIE D. See ROBINSON, ANNIE D. GREEN.

GREENE, ALBERT GORTON.
Lawyer. Providence, R. I., 1802—Cleveland, O., 1868.
Baron's Last Banquet. vii 300
Old Grimes ..... ix 264

GREENE, HOMER.
Lawyer. Ariel, Pa., 1853—Lives, Honesdale, Pa.
What my Lover Said. ii 279

GREENE, ROBERT.
Dramatist. England, 1560—1592.
Content (*Farewell to Follie*) ..... vi 418
Philomela's Ode ..... ii 79
Shepherd and the King. ii 63

GREENE, SARAH PRATT McLEAN.
Novelist. Simsbury, Conn., 1858—Lives, Roxbury, Mass.
De Sheepfol' ..... iv 67
Publishers: DEWOLFE, FISKE & Co., Boston.

GREENWOOD, GRACE. See LIPPINCOTT, SARA JANE.

GREGORY THE GREAT, ST. (POPE GREGORY I).
Italy, 540—604.
"Darkness is thinning" (*Neale's Trans.*) iv 122
Veni Creator Spiritus. (*Dryden's Trans.*) .. iv 104

GRIFFIN, BARTHOLOMEW.
England, XVI. Century.
Fidessa, To ..... ii 364

GRIFFIN, GERALD JOSEPH.
Journalist. Ireland, 1803—1840.
Sister of Charity, The. iv 183

GRIFFITH, GEORGE BANCROFT.
Lempster, N. H.
Our Fallen Heroes.... viii 449

VOL. PAGE

GRIMOALD, NICHOLAS.
Poet. England, d. about 1563.
Friend, The (*On Friendship*) ..... i 402

GRISSOM, ARTHUR.
Editor. Payson, Ill., 1869—New York, 1901.
Artist, The ..... vi 384

GUINEY, LOUISE IMOGEN.
Essayist; poet. Boston, 1861—Lives, Oxford, Eng.
To a Dog's Memory.. v 363
Tryste Noël ..... iv 61
Wild Ride, The..... vi 258
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

"H. H." See JACKSON, HELEN HUNT.

HABINGTON, WILLIAM.
Poet. England, 1605—1654.
To Roses in the Bosom of Castara ..... ii 34

HALIBURTON, HUGH.
England. Published 1895.
True Philosophy of Life, The (*Early English of Dunbar*)..... vi 299

HALL, CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN.
Clergyman. England, 1816—1902.
"My times are in thy hand" ..... iv 140

HALL, GERTRUDE.
Author. Boston, 1863—Lives, New York.
Spell, The (*French of Verlaine*) ..... vi 367
Publishers: LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.

HALL, JOSEPH.
Bishop of Exeter and Norwich. England, 1574—1656.
Hollow Hospitality... ix 384

	VOL.	PAGE
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE.		
Accountant; poet. Guilford, Conn., b. 1790—d. 1867—life mostly in New York.		
Alnwick Castle	ix	312
Fortune (*Fanny*)	vi	266
Joseph Rodman Drake.	vii	91
Marco Bozzaris	viii	200
Weehawken and the New York Bay (*Fanny*)	vii	244
Publishers: D. APPLETON & Co., New York.		
HAMILTON, ELIZABETH.		
Scottish. Belfast, Ire., 1758 — Harrogate, Eng., 1816.		
My Ain Fireside	i	295
HARDINGE, WILLIAM M.		
England.		
Generous Air (*Greek of Palladas*)	vi	229
Grave of Sophocles (*Greek of Simmias*).	iii	269
Wreath, The (*Greek of Meleager*)	v	255
HARPUR, CHARLES.		
Government service. New South Wales, 1817—1868.		
Midsummer's Noon in the Australian Forest, A	v	44
HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN.		
Courtier; scholar. England, 1561—1612.		
Of a Certaine Man ...	ix	199
Of the Warres in Ireland (*Epigrams*)....	viii	237
HARRISON, S. FRANCES (*Seranus*).		
Toronto, Canada.		
Château Papineau	vii	253
HARTE, [FRANCIS] BRET.		
Writer. Albany, N. Y., 1839 — Camberley, Eng., 1902.		
Chiquita	v	371
Dickens in Camp	vii	80
Dew's Flat	ix	368
Her Letter	ii	128
Jim	ix	364
Plain Language from Truthful James	ix	374
Pliocene Skull, To the.	ix	360
Ramon	ix	176
Society upon the Stanislaus, The	ix	372
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
HARTE, WALTER.		
Born, 1700—Wales, 1774.		
Soliloquy, A	v	339
HAVERGAL, FRANCIS RIDLEY.		
Religious poet. England, 1836—1879.		
"I gave my life for thee"	iv	95
Peace	iv	250
HAWKER, ROBERT STEPHEN.		
Clergyman. England, 1804—1875.		
Song of the Western Men	viii	136
HAWTREY, E. C.		
England.		
Hector to his Wife (*Greek of Homer*)...	iii	122
HAY, JOHN.		
Statesman. Salem, Ind., 1838 — Lives, Washington, D. C.		
Banty Tim	ix	366
Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle	ix	358
Liberty	viii	112
Little Breeches	ix	362
Religion and Doctrine.	iv	219
Woman's Love, A....	iii	52
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
HAYES, EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE.		
New York, 1870 (?)—Lives, Hawaiian Islands.		
Opal, An	ii	105
Publisher: E. R. LAMSON, Boston.		
HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON.		
Lawyer; journalist. Charleston, S. C., 1830—Augusta, Ga., 1886.		
In Harbor	iii	398
"Love scorns degrees" (*The Mountain of Lovers*)	ii	77
Patience	iv	343
Pre-Existence	vi	303

	VOL.	PAGE
Sleep, Ode to	vi	439
Storm in the Distance.	v	123
Publishers: THE LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., Boston.		
HAYNE, WILLIAM HAMILTON.		
Author. Charleston, S. C., 1856—Lives, Augusta, Ga.		
Quatrains: An Autumn Breeze (*Cosmopolitan Magazine*);		
Moonlight Song of the Mocking-Bird (*Century Magazine*);		
Night Mists (*The Critic*)	vi	179
Publishers: THE FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York.		
HAZEWELL, EDWARD WENTWORTH.		
Massachusetts, 1853—Lives, Revere, Mass.		
Veteran and Recruit..	viii	19
HEATH, LEONARD.		
Nashua, N. H., Published 1863.		
Grave of Bonaparte..	viii	435
HEBER, REGINALD.		
Bishop of Calcutta. England, 1783—India, 1826.		
"By cool Siloam's shady rill"	i	122
Epiphany	iv	50
"If thou went by my side, my love"	ii	441
"Thou art gone to the grave"	iii	445
HEDGE, FREDERIC HENRY.		
Unitarian clergyman. Cambridge, Mass., 1805—1890.		
"A mighty fortress is our God" (*German of Luther*)	iv	33
HEINE, HEINRICH.		
Poet. Germany, 1799—Paris, 1856.		
Lore-Lei, The (*Trans.*).	vi	77
Palm and the Pine, The (*Houghton's Trans.*).	iii	40
HELLMAN, GEORGE SIDNEY.		
Journalist. New York, 1878—.		
Hudson, The	i	314
HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE.		
Poet. England, 1793—near Dublin, Ire., 1835.		
Bernardo del Carpio..	ix	85
Casabianca	ix	184
Homes of England...	i	274
Hour of Death, The..	iii	259
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	viii	150
Treasures of the Deep.	v	385
HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST.		
Journalist; critic. England, 1849—1903.		
Ballad of Midsummer Days and Nights....	v	112
Invictus	iii	221
HERBERT, GEORGE.		
Clergyman; poet. Wales, 1593—1632.		
Call, The	iv	144
Church Porch, The, From	iv	304
Flower, The	iii	219
Gifts of God, The ...	iv	276
Life	vi	232
Peace	iv	248
Praise	iv	123
"Said I not so?"....	iv	282
Virtue Immortal	iii	254
HERBERT, W.		
Published, London, Eng., 1804—1806.		
Thor Recovers His Hammer (*Icelandic of Sæmund*)	vii	284
HERFORD, OLIVER.		
Journalist; comic writer. Lives, New York.		
Belated Violet, A	i	154
Elf and the Dormouse.	i	152
First Rose of Summer.	i	154
Publishers: CENTURY CO., New York; CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.		
HERMES, PAUL. See THAYER, WILLIAM ROSCOE.		
HERRICK, ROBERT.		
Clergyman, England, 1591—1674.		
Ben Jonson, Ode to..	vii	47
Blossoms, To	v	279
Daffodils, To	v	246
Delight in Disorder ..	vii	135

VOL. PAGE

Dianeme, To ..... ii 18
Holy Spirit, The .... iv 109
Kiss, The ..... ii 104
My Home ..... iv 246
Night Piece, The .... ii 165
Oberon's Feast ..... vi 14
True Lent, A ..... iv 303
Violets, To ..... v 253
Virgins, To the ..... i 229
"Whenas in silks my Julia goes" ..... ii 38

HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE.
Editor. Scotland, 1799—London, Eng., 1859.
Love ..... ii 359

HERWEGH, GEORG.
Poet. Germany, 1817—1875.
Trooper's Death, The (*Raymond's Trans.*).. viii 220

HEYWOOD, THOMAS.
Dramatist. England, about 1575—about 1650.
Frankford's Soliloquy (*A Woman Killed with Kindness*) ..... iv 328
Hierarchy of Angels.. vii 53
"Pack clouds away". v 41
Portrait, The ..... ii 6

HICKEY, EMILY HENRIETTA.
Author; poet. Ireland, 1845.
Sea Story, A ..... ix 193

HIGGINS, JOHN.
England. Time of Elizabeth.
Books ..... vi 361

HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH.
Clergyman; soldier; man-of-letters. Cambridge, Mass., 1823—.
"The snowing of the pines" ..... v 180
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

HILDEGARDE, ST.
Germany, 1098—1179.
"O Fire of God, the Comforter" (*Littledale's Translation*).. iv 107

HINKSON, KATHARINE TYNAN.
Novelist. Ireland, 1861—.
Sheep and Lambs .... i 121

VOL. PAGE

HOBART, MRS. CHARLES.
England.
Changed Cross, The.. iii 231

HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO.
Editor; song-writer. New York, 1806—Harrisburg, Pa., 1884.
Monterey ..... viii 336
Sparkling and Bright. i 386
Publishers: HENRY T. COATES & Co., Philadelphia.

HOFFMAN, HEINRICH (*Donner*).
Physician. Germany, 1809—1894.
Cruel Frederick (*Struwwelpeter*) ..... i 170
Johnny Head-in-Air (*Struwwelpeter*) ... i 173

HOGG, JAMES.
"*The Ettrick Shepherd*;" *poet.* Scotland, 1770—1835.
Jock Johnstone the Tinkler ..... vii 390
Kilmeny (*The Queen's Wake*) ..... vi 21
Skylark, The ..... v 301
When the Kye comes Hame ..... ii 283
Women Fo'k, The .... ix 197

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT.
Physician; editor; poet. Belchertown, Mass., 1819—New York, 1881.
Cost of Worth, The (*Bitter-Sweet*) ..... iv 300
Cradle Song (*Bitter-Sweet*) ..... i 13
In the Cellar (*Bitter-Sweet*) ..... i 317
Publishers: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.
Physician; author. Cambridge, Mass., 1809—Boston, 1894.
Bill and Joe ..... i 341
Boys, The ..... i 375
Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline ..... viii 344
Chambered Nautilus.. v 298
Contentment ..... vi 423

	VOL.	PAGE
Daniel Webster	vii	20
Insect, To an	v	340
Last Leaf, The	iii	85
Living Temple, The..	iv	215
Ode for a Social Meeting	ix	383
Old Ironsides	viii	96
Old Man Dreams, The.	ii	459
One-Hoss Shay, The..	ix	345
Ploughman, The	v	94
Rudolph the Headsman (*This is It*)	ix	293
Voiceless, The	iii	172

Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

HÖLTY, LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH.
Poet. Germany, 1748—1776.

Harvest Song (*Brooks' Translation*)	v	150
Winter Song (*Brooks' Translation*)	v	186

HOMER.
Greece. Between 700 and 1000 B.C.

Camp at Night, The (*Chapman's Trans.*).	v	62
Hector to his Wife (*Hawtrey's Trans.*).	iii	122
Parting of Hector and Andromache (*Pope's Translation*)	iii	118

HOOD, THOMAS.
Poet. England, 1798—1845.

Art of Book-Keeping.	ix	305
Bridge of Sighs, The.	iii	208
Death-Bed, The	iii	306
Dream of Eugene Aram, The	ix	157
Fair Ines	iii	10
Faithless Nelly Gray.	ix	268
Faithless Sally Brown.	ix	271
"Farewell, life"	iii	384
Flowers	v	282
Infant Son, To my...	i	29
"I remember, I remember"	i	83
Lost Heir, The	i	49
Morning Meditations..	ix	261
No	v	167
Nocturnal Sketch	ix	430
Ruth	i	219
Song of the Shirt, The.	iii	199
"What can an old man do but die"....	iii	174

HOOPER, ELLEN STURGIS.
America.

Duty	iv	277

HOOPER, LUCY HAMILTON JONES.
Journalist; novelist. Philadelphia, 1835—1893.

Three Loves	ii	77

Publishers: J. B. LIPPINCOTT, Philadelphia.

HOPPIN, WILLIAM J.
America.

Charlie Machree	ii	365

HORACE — QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.
Lyric poet. Italy, 65—8 B. C.

Thaliarchus, To (*S. De Vere's Translation*)..	i	232

HORNE, RICHARD HENRY HENGIST.
Critic. England, 1803—1884.

Genius	vi	302
Pelters of Pyramids..	vi	264
Plough, The	v	96

HOUGHTON, RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD.
Critic; statesman. England, 1809—1885.

Brookside, The	ii	156
Forever Unconfessed..	ii	241
Good Night and Good Morning	i	109
Hope of the Human Heart (*Anima Mundi*).	iv	110
London Churches	iii	207
Palm and the Pine, The (*German of Heine*)	iii	40
Thackeray, To	vii	83

HOVEY, RICHARD.
Journalist; poet. Normal, Ill., 1864—New York, 1900.

Battle of Manila, The.	viii	421
Beethoven's Third Symphony	vi	379
Faun, The	v	26
Love in the Winds...	ii	252

Publishers: SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

HOW, WILLIAM WALSHAM.
Bishop of Wakefield. England, 1823—1897.

Word, The	iv	199

VOL. PAGE

HOWARTH, ELLEN CLEMENTINE DORAN.
Cooperstown, N. Y., 1827—Trenton, N. J. 1899.
"Tis but a little faded flower" ..... vi 317

HOWE, JULIA WARD.
Editor; lecturer. New York, 1819—Lives, Boston, Mass.
Battle Hymn of the Republic ..... viii 172
Our Orders ..... viii 381
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN.
Novelist; critic. Martin's Ferry, O., 1837 — Lives, New York.
Caprice ..... ii 110
Two Wives, The ..... viii 355
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston; HARPER & BROS., New York.

HOWITT, MARY.
Story-writer; poet. England, 1799—Rome, 1888.
Fairies of the Caldon Low, The ..... i 148
Spider and the Fly... i 110
Use of Flowers, The.. v 241

HOWITT, WILLIAM.
Historian; poet. England, 1792—Rome, 1879.
Departure of the Swallow, The ..... v 331
Summer Noon, A .... v 46
Wind in a Frolic, The. i 143

HOWLAND, MARY WOOLSEY.
England, 1832—New York, 1864.
Rest ..... iii 397
Publishers: E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York.

HOYT, RALPH.
Episcopal clergyman. New York, 1806—1878.
Old ..... iii 180

VOL. PAGE

HUCKEL, OLIVER.
Congregational clergyman. Philadelphia, 1864—Lives, Baltimore.
Easy to Drift ..... iv 328
My Quaker Grandmothers ..... vi 235
Prayer and Answer... iv 128
Publishers: THE ARUNDEL PRESS, Baltimore.

HUDSON, MARY CLEMMER AMES.
Journalist. Utica, N. Y., 1839—Washington, D. C., 1884.
Something Beyond ... iii 234
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

HUGO, VICTOR MARIE.
Man of letters. France, 1802—1885.
Djinns, The (*Trans.*). vi 60
Napoleon (*Trans.*)... vii 8
Sack of the City, The (*Translation*) ..... ix 26

HUME, ALEXANDER.
Minister. Scotland, about 1560—1609.
Story of a Summer Day, The ..... v 104

HUNGARY, MARY, QUEEN OF. See MARY.

HUNT, LEIGH.
Critic; essayist. England, 1784—1850.
Abou Ben Adhem .... iv 188
Cupid Swallowed .... ii 91
Fairies' Song (*Latin of Randolph*) ..... vi 19
Glove and the Lions.. vii 330
Grasshopper and the Cricket, To the .... v 339
Jaffar ..... i 349
"Jenny kissed me"... i 358
Mahmoud ..... vii 305
Nile, The ..... vii 160
On Hearing a little Music-Box ..... vii 139
Sneezing ..... ix 421
To a Child During Sickness ..... i 59
To J. H. ..... i 33

INGALLS, JOHN JAMES.
Journalist; U. S. Senator. Middleton, Mass., 1833—Atchison, Kan., 1900.
Opportunity ..... vi 268

VOL. PAGE

INGELOW, JEAN.
Novelist; poet. England, 1830—1897.
Divided ..... iii 64
High-tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire ..... ix 145
"Like a laverock in the lift" ..... ii 399
Seven times One ..... i 48
Seven times Two .... i 204
Seven times Three ... ii 282
Seven times Four .... i 36
Seven times Six ..... i 290

INGOLDSBY, THOMAS, ESQ. See BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS.

IRWIN, WALLACE.
Journalist. Oneida, N. Y., 1875—Lives, San Francisco.
From "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum"..... ix 394

JACKSON, HELEN FISKE HUNT (*H. H.*).
Novelist; poet. Amherst, Mass., 1831—San Francisco, 1885.
Habeas Corpus ..... iii 382
Publishers: LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.

JACKSON, HENRY R.
Lawyer; soldier. Savannah, Ga., 1810—?
My Wife and Child... iii 226

JACOBY, RUSSELL POWER.
Journalist. Flourton, Pa., 1862—Cañon City, Colo., 1899.
My Love ..... ii 261
Publishers: THE ARUNDEL PRESS, Baltimore.

JACOPONE, FRA.
Franciscan friar. Italy, d. 1306.
Stabat Mater Dolorosa (*Cole's Translation*). iv 70

JALLAL-AD-DIN (sometimes written DSCHELLALEDDIN) RUMI.
Poet. Persia, 1207—1273.
"To heaven approached a Sufi saint" (*Alger's Translation*) ..... iv 405

VOL. PAGE

JANVIER, MARGARET THOMSON (*Margaret Vandegrift*).
Juvenile writer. New Orleans, La., 1845—Lives, Moorestown, N. J.
Dead Doll, The ..... i 128
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

JAPP, ALEXANDER HAY (*H. A. Page*).
Journalist; critic. Scotland, 1839—Lives, London.
Shelley ..... vii 58

JENKS, EDWARD A.
Newport, N. H., 1835—.
Going and Coming.... iii 458

JENKS, TUDOR.
Editor. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1857—.
Small and Early ..... i 46
Publishers: THE CENTURY Co., New York.

JENNER, DR. EDWARD.
England, 1749—1823.
Signs of Rains ..... v 118

JOHNSON, ROBERT UNDERWOOD.
Editor. Washington, D. C., 1853—Lives, New York.
Illusions (*Poems*) ... vi 277
September Violet, A.. v 254
Publishers: THE CENTURY Co., New York.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL.
Critic; lexicographer. England, 1709—1784.
Charles XII. (*Vanity of Human Wishes*).. vii 7
Shakespeare ..... vii 51
To-Morrow (*Irene*)... vi 189

JOHNSTON, ANNA. See MACMANUS, ANNA JOHNSTON.

JONES, EBENEZER.
Political agitator. England, 1820—1860.
Rain ..... v 124

JONES, ERNEST CHARLES.
Barrister. Berlin, Germany, 1819—Manchester, Eng., 1868.
Song of the Lower Classes, The ..... vi 391

	VOL.	PAGE
JONES, SIR WILLIAM. *Orientalist; Supreme Court Judge, Bengal.* England, 1746—1794.		
Baby, The (*Sanskrit of Kalidasa*)	i	3
"What constitutes a state?"	viii	3
JONSON, BEN. *Dramatist.* England, 1574—1637.		
Answer to Master Wither's Song	ii	239
"Drink to me only with thine eyes" (*Greek of Philostratus*)	ii	16
Fantasy (*The Vision of Delight*)	vi	3
Freedom in Dress (*Epicœne*)	vii	131
Good Life, Long Life	vi	230
Memory of Shakespeare, To the	vii	48
"O do not wanton with those eyes"	ii	39
Portrait of Shakespeare, On the	vii	48
Triumph of Charis	ii	12
Vision of Beauty, A	ii	23
JUDSON, EMILY CHUBBUCK (*Fanny Forrester*). *Missionary.* Eaton, N. Y., 1817—Hamilton, N. Y., 1854.		
Watching	vi	435
JUVENAL — DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS. *Satiric poet.* Rome, about 60—about 140.		
Conscience (*Satire xiii*)	iv	329
KALIDASA. *Dramatic and lyric poet.* India. Probably III. Century.		
Baby, The (*Jones' Translation*)	i	3
KEATS, JOHN. *Poet.* London, Eng., 1795—Rome, Italy, 1821.		
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever" (*Endymion*)	vi	329
Autumn	v	149
Benjamin Robert Haydon, To	vii	69
Blue Eyes	ii	40
Eve of St. Agnes, The	ii	312
Fancy	vi	9
Grasshopper and Cricket, The	v	338
Grecian Urn, Ode on a	vii	136
Last Sonnet	ii	360
Nightingale, Ode to a	iii	166
On first Looking into Chapman's Homer	vi	341
KEBLE, JOHN. *Clergyman; religious poet.* England, 1792—1866.		
Conversion of St. Paul, The	iv	82
Example	iv	309
Star-Mist	iv	415
KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE. *Actress.* England, 1809—1893.		
Absence	iii	133
Faith	iii	95
KENNEDY, CRAMMOND. *Lawyer.* Scotland, 1842—Lives, Washington, D. C.		
Greenwood Cemetery	iii	279
Nation's Prayer, The	viii	102
KEPPEL, LADY CAROLINE. Scotland.		
Robin Adair	iii	134
KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT. *Lawyer.* Frederick, Md., 1779 — Washington, D. C. 1843.		
Star-Spangled Banner	viii	154
KHÁYYÁM, OMAR. *Astronomer; poet.* Persia, 1050(?)—1123(?).		
Rubáiyát (*Fitzgerald's Paraphrase*)	vi	204
KING, HENRY. *Bishop of Chichester.* England, 1591—1669.		
Sic Vita	iii	253
KING, HENRY. Scotland. Published Edinburgh, 1871.		
Transformation, A (*Latin of Ovid*)	vi	87

	VOL.	PAGE
KINGSLEY, CHARLES. *Clergyman, novelist; philanthropist.* England, 1819—1875.		
Dolcino to Margaret..	ii	445
Farewell, A	i	206
Old, Old Song, The...	i	230
Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter, A ...	iii	191
Sands o' Dee, The....	ix	181
Song of the River ...	v	201
Three Fishers, The...	ix	183
KINNEY, COATES. *Lawyer; journalist.* Penn Yan, N. Y., 1826—1904.		
Rain on the Roof	i	88
KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Writer.* Bombay, India, 1865—Lives, England.		
Christmas in India...	vii	161
Danny Deever	viii	299
Recessional	viii	31
"There was a small boy of Quebec"	i	201
KIRKE, EDMUND. See GILMORE, JAMES ROBERTS.		
KLOPSTOCK, FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB. *Poet.* Germany, 1724—1803.		
Herman and Thusnelda (*Translation*)	viii	215
My Recovery	iv	293
KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN. *Actor; dramatist.* Ireland, 1784—Torquay, Eng., 1862.		
Switzerland (*William Tell*)	viii	140
KNOX, WILLIAM. *Poet.* Scotland, 1789—1825.		
Mortality	iii	256
KÖRNER, KARL THEODOR. *Lyric poet.* Germany, 1791—fell in battle, 1813.		
Men and Boys (*Brooks' Translation*)	viii	78
Sword Song (*Brooks' Translation*)	viii	217
KRUMMACHER, FRIEDRICH WILHELM *Preacher.* Germany, 1796—1868.		
Moss Rose, The (*Trans.*)	v	281
LABÉ, LOUISE. France, 1526—Published 1556.		
Sonnet (*Costello's Translation*)	iii	237
LA CONTE, MARIA America.		
Somebody's Darling...	viii	378
LA FONTAINE, JEAN DE. *Man of letters.* France, 1621—1695.		
Cobbler and the Financier, The (*Wright's Translation*)	vi	410
Wolf and the Dog, The (*Wright's Trans.*)....	viii	121
LAING, ALEXANDER. Scotland, 1787—1857.		
Happy Mother, The...	i	281
My Ain Wife	ii	419
LAMB, CHARLES. *Accountant; essayist.* England, 1775—1834.		
Farewell to Tobacco..	ix	389
Housekeeper, The	v	352
Old Familiar Faces..	iii	143
LAMB, MARY. *Sister of Charles.* England, 1765—1847.		
Choosing a Name	i	97
LAMPMAN, ARCHIBALD. *Civil service.* Western Ontario, Can., 1861—1899.		
Evening	v	52
Publishers: CASSELL & Co., New York.		
LANDON, LETITIA ELIZABETH (*later* MRS. MACLEAN). *Novelist.* England, 1802—Cape Coast Castle, Africa, 1838.		
Female Convict, The..	iii	215
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE. *Author; poet.* England, 1775—1864.		
Art Criticism	vii	110
Children	i	26

	VOL.	PAGE
Farewell	iii	394
Iphigeneia and Agamemnon	ix	3
Life of Flowers, The	v	244
Macaulay	vii	61
Man	iii	151
One White Hair, The	vi	285
Robert Browning	vii	89
Rose Aylmer	ii	375
Shell, The	v	427
Verses why Burnt	vi	350
Youth, To	i	259

LANG, ANDREW.
Critic; poet. Scotland, 1844—Lives, London.

Æsop	vi	330
Cloud Chorus, The (*Greek of Aristophanes*)	v	131
Golden Eyes (*Greek of Rufinus*)	ii	151
Lament for Heliodore (*Greek of Meleager*)	iii	337
Odyssey, The	vi	342
Of Blue China	ix	448
Scythe Song	vii	248
Spring (*Greek of Meleager*)	ii	26

LANIER, SIDNEY.
Lawyer. Macon, Ga., 1842—Lynn, N. C., 1881.

Ballad of Trees and the Master, A	iv	69
Song of the Chattahoochee	vii	242
Sunrise — A Hymn of the Marshes	v	257
Sunrise Song	vi	277

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.
Publishers. New York.

LANIGAN, GEORGE THOMAS.
Journalist. Canada, 1845—Phila., 1886.

Threnody, A	ix	451

LARCOM, LUCY.
Editor. Beverly, Mass., 1826—Boston, 1893.

By the Fireside	i	293
In the Air	iv	169

Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

LASCELLES, SIR FRANK CAVENDISH.
Diplomat. Eng., 1841.

Hakon's Defiance, (*Danish of Oehlenschläger*)	viii	208

LAZARUS, EMMA.
Poet. New York, 1849—1887.

Chopin	vii	114
Gifts	viii	8

Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

LEAR, EDWARD.
Illustrator; comic versifier. England, 1812—San Remo, Italy, 1888.

Jumblies, The	i	192
Limericks	i	196
Mr. and Mrs. Spikky Sparrow	i	177
Owl and the Pussy-Cat, The	i	175

LECKY, RT. HON. WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE.
Historian; M. P. Dublin. Ireland, 1838—. Lives, London.

Sower and his Seed	vi	339
Undeveloped Lives	vi	268

LEE-HAMILTON, EUGENE.
Diplomat. London, Eng., 1845—Lives, Florence, Italy.

On his "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours"	vi	338

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD.
Man of letters. England, 1866—Lives, New York.

Song[1]	iii	417
What of the Darkness?[2]	iii	360

[1]From "Robert Louis Stevenson, an Elegy, and other Poems." JOHN LANE, New York.
[2]From "English Poems." JOHN LANE, New York.

LEGGETT, WILLIAM.
Journalist. New York, 1802—1839.

Meeting Above	iv	395

LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY.
Scholar; author. Philadelphia, 1824—Florence, Italy, 1903.

Hans Breitmann's Party	ix	325
Ritter Hugo	ix	324

Publisher: DAVID McKAY, Philadelphia.

	VOL.	PAGE
LEONIDAS. *Poet.* Alexandria, 59—102.		
Home (*Bland's Trans.*).	i	266
On the Picture of an Infant (*Rogers' Trans.*)	i	24
LE ROUX, GUIRAUD. *Troubadour.* France, XII. Century.		
Fidelity in Doubt (*Preston's Translation*)..	iii	95
L'ESTRANGE, SIR ROGER. *Man of letters.* England, 1616—1704.		
In Prison	vi	419
LEVER, CHARLES JAMES. *Novelist.* Ireland, 1806—1872.		
Widow Malone	ii	183
LEWIS, MATTHEW GREGORY (*Monk Lewis*). *Poet.* England, 1775—1818.		
Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine....	vii	321
LEYDEN, JOHN. *Orientalist; author.* England, 1775—Java, 1811.		
Noontide	v	46
Sabbath Morning, The.	iv	192
LIGHTHALL, W. D. See SCHUYLER-LIGHTHALL, W. D.		
LINDSAY, BLANCHE ELIZABETH FITZROY, LADY. *Painter.* England, 1844—.		
My Heart is a Lute..	ii	424
Sonnet	iii	304
LINTON, WILLIAM JAMES. *Wood-engraver; reformer; man of letters.* England, 1812—New Haven, Conn., 1898.		
Patience	viii	114
LIPPINCOTT, SARA JANE CLARKE (*Grace Greenwood*). *Author.* Pompey, N. Y., 1823—New Rochelle, N. Y., 1904.		
Poet of To-day, The..	vi	338
Publishers: HURST & Co., New York.		
LITTLE, LIZZIE M. England. Published 1884.		
Life	ii	93
LITTLEDALE, RICHARD FREDERICK. *Clergyman.* Ireland, 1833—1890.		
"O Fire of God, the Comforter" (*Latin of St. Hildegarde*).....	iv	107
LOCKER-LAMPSON, FREDERICK. *Man of letters.* England, 1821—1895.		
Jester's Plea, The....	vi	348
My Grandmother, To.	i	210
On an Old Muff.....	ix	235
Widow's Mite, The....	iii	287
LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON. *Biographer; editor.* Scotland, 1792—1854.		
Lord of Butrago, The.	viii	206
Zara's Ear-Rings	ii	265
LODGE, THOMAS. *Dramatist.* England, about 1557—1625.		
Rosalynd	ii	18
Rosalynd's Complaint.	ii	89
LOGAN, JOHN. *Minister; poet.* Scotland, 1748—1788.		
Cuckoo, To the	v	289
"Thy braes were bonny"	iii	314
LOGAU, FREDERICK VON (*Solomon von Golau*). *Epigrammatist.* Germany, 1604—1655.		
Retribution (*Longfellow's Translation*)...	vi	226

	VOL.	PAGE
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.		
Prof. Lit.; poet. Portland, Me., 1807—Cambridge, Mass., 1882.		
Arsenal at Springfield.	viii	444
Beware	i	235
Carillon	vii	166
Daybreak	v	37
Death of Minnehaha, The (*Hiawatha*)	iii	319
Excelsior	vi	257
Flowers	v	238
Footsteps of Angels	iii	438
God's Acre	iii	276
Hawthorne	vii	104
Household Sovereign, The (*Hanging of the Crane*)	i	23
Hymn to the Night	v	68
King Robert of Sicily	iv	148
Ladder of St. Augustine, The	iv	294
Maidenhood	i	214
Moonlight on the Prairie (*Evangeline*)	v	59
My Lost Youth	i	260
Old Bridge at Florence, The	vii	174
Primæval Forest, The	v	218
Psalm of Life, A	iv	275
Rain in Summer	v	114
Rainy Day, The	iii	228
Reaper and the Flowers, The	iii	417
Republic, The (*Building of the Ship*)	viii	94
Resignation	iii	430
Retribution (*German of Von Logau*)	vi	226
Santa Filomena	iv	167
Sea-Weed	v	393
Serenade	ii	255
Sifting of Peter, The	iv	290
Skeleton in Armor	vii	295
Snow-flakes	v	174
Song of the Silent Land (*German Salis*)	iv	388
"The day is done"	i	266
"There was a little girl"	i	169
To-morrow (*Spanish of De Vega*)	iv	94
Village Blacksmith	i	328
Wreck of the Hesperus	ix	186
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL.		
Clergyman. Portland, Me., 1819—1892.		
Vesper Hymn	iv	195
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
LOVELACE, COLONEL RICHARD.		
Dramatist. England, 1618—1658.		
Althea from Prison, To	viii	133
Lucasta, To	iii	123
Lucasta, on going to the Wars, To	iii	97
LOVER, SAMUEL.		
Novelist. Ireland, 1797—1866.		
Angel's Whisper, The.	i	10
Father Land and Mother Tongue	viii	6
How to Ask and to Have	ii	179
I'm not Myself at All.	ii	185
Live in my Heart and pay No Rent	ii	180
Low-Backed Car, The.	ii	54
Rory O'More	ii	172
Widow Machree	ii	181
LOVERIDGE, RICHARD.		
England. XVIII. Century.		
Stanzas added to "The Roast Beef of Old England"	viii	13
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.		
Prof. Eng. Lit.; critic; poet; diplomat. Cambridge, Mass., 1819—1891.		
Abraham Lincoln	vii	32
America (*A Fable for Critics*)	ix	337
Auf Wiedersehen	iii	114
Autograph, An	vi	344
Courtin', The	ii	190
Dandelion, To the	v	248
First Snow-Fall, The.	iii	283
Grave-Yard, The (*A Fable for Critics*)	ix	267
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, To	vii	106
Heritage, The	i	256
In a Copy of Omar Khayyám	vii	39
Jonathan to John	viii	346
Lowell on Himself (*A Fable for Critics*)	vii	100
My Love	ii	383
Palinode	iii	115
Present Crisis, The	viii	162
Rhœcus	vi	103
"She came and went"	i	71
Sonnet: "I thought our love at full"	ii	383
Sonnet: "My Love, I have no fear"	ii	382

VOL. PAGE

Sonnet: "Our love is not a fading earthly flower" ..... ii 382
Summer Storm ..... v 119
Vision of Sir Launfal. iv 172
Washington ..... vii 15
What Mr. Robinson Thinks (*Biglow Papers*) ..... ix 339
William Lloyd Garrison ..... vii 22
Winter-Evening Hymn to my Fire ..... i 297
Yussouf ..... vi 279
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

LOWELL, MARIA WHITE.
Watertown, Mass., 1821—Cambridge, Mass., 1853.
Morning-Glory, The... iii 285

LOWELL, ROBERT TRAIL SPENCE.
Clergyman. Boston, 1816 — Schenectady, N. Y., 1891.
Relief of Lucknow, The. viii 296
Publishers: E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York.

LUNT, GEORGE.
Lawyer; editor; poet. Newburyport, Mass., 1803—Boston, 1885.
Requiem ..... viii 388

LUTHER, MARTIN.
Churchman; reformer. Germany, 1483—1546.
"A mighty Fortress is our God" (*Hedge's Translation*) ..... iv 33
Martyr's Hymn, The (*Fox's Translation*). iv 334

LYALL, SIR ALFRED COMYNS.
Indian civil service. England, 1835—.
Meditations of a Hindu Prince ..... iv 3

LYLY, JOHN.
Dramatist. England, 1554—1606.
Cupid and Campaspe.. ii 105

LYNN, ETHEL. See BEERS, ETHELINDA ELLIOTT.

VOL. PAGE

LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS.
Clergyman. Scotland, 1793—Nice, Italy, 1847.
"Abide with me"..... iv 76

LYTLE, WILLIAM HAINES.
Soldier. Cincinnati, O., 1826—Battle of Chickamauga, Tenn., 1863.
Antony and Cleopatra. iii 380
Publishers: THE ROBERT CLARKE CO., Cincinnati.

LYTTELTON, GEORGE, LORD.
England, 1709—1773.
"Tell me, my heart, if this be love"..... ii 95

LYTTON, EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER, LORD (*Bulwer*).
Novelist; dramatist; parliamentarian. England 1803—1873.
"When stars are in the quiet skies"..... ii 331
Sharing of the Earth, (*German of Schiller*). vi 356

LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT BULWER, EARL OF (*Owen Meredith*).
Diplomat; poet. England, 1831—Paris, France, 1891.
Aux Italiens ..... ii 214
Chess-Board, The .... ii 127
Dining (*Lucile*) ..... vi 246
Portrait, The ..... iii 82
Possession ..... ii 424

MACANDREW, BARBARA MILLER (MRS.).
Scotland.
Coming ..... iv 355

MACCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE.
Nominal lawyer; poet. Ireland, 1817—1882.
"Bless the dear old verdant land"..... viii 60
Ireland ..... viii 62
Labor Song (*The Bell-Founder*) ..... i 327
Summer Longings ... v 81

	VOL.	PAGE
McCREERY, J. L. Iowa. Published 1863.		
"There is no death".	iii	456
MACDONALD, ELIZABETH ROBERTS. Westcock, N. B., Canada, 1866.		
Song of Seasons, A...	v	191
Publishers: SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Cambridge, Mass.		
MACDONALD, GEORGE. *Novelist; poet.* England, 1824—.		
Baby, The	i	4
Earl o' Quarterdeck..	ii	209
Light	v	32
MACKAIL, JOHN WILLIAM. *Author.* England. Published 1881—1891.		
Etruscan Ring, An..	vii	149
MACKAY, CHARLES. *Journalist.* Scotland, 1814—London, 1889.		
Cleon and I.....	vi	420
Day Breaks	iv	214
Good Time Coming...	vi	399
Small Beginnings	iv	309
"Tell me, ye wingèd winds"	iv	411
Tubal Cain	viii	426
MACLEAN, MRS. See LANDON, LETITIA ELIZABETH.		
MACMANUS, ANNA JOHNSTON (MRS. SEUMAS) (*Ethna Carbery*). Ireland, 1866—1902.		
Thinkin' Long	iii	141
Turlough MacSweeney.	viii	54
McLELLAN, ISAAC. *Lawyer.* Portland, Me., 1806—Greenport, L. I., 1899.		
New England's Dead..	viii	156
McMASTER, GUY HUMPHREY. *Jurist.* Clyde, N. Y., 1829—Bath, N. Y., 1887.		
Carmen Bellicosum ...	viii	332
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD. *Historian; essayist; poet; parliamentarian.* England, 1800—1859.		
Horatius at the Bridge.	vii	265
Ivry	viii	226
Naseby	vii	272
Roman Father's Sacrifice, The (*Virginia*).	ix	16
MACE, FRANCES PARKER LAUGHTON. Orono, Me., 1836—1899.		
Only Waiting	iv	369
MACEDONIUS. *Poet.* Byzantine Greece.		
Memory and Oblivion (*Bland's Translation*).	vi	321
MAGINN, WILLIAM. *Journalist.* Ireland, 1793—England, 1842.		
Irishman and the Lady.	ix	320
Waiting for the Grapes.	ii	243
MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER (*Father Prout*). *Rom. Cath. clergyman.* Ireland, 1805—1866.		
Bells of Shandon, The.	vii	145
Flight into Egypt, The.	iv	62
MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE. *Poet.* Ireland, 1803—1849.		
Sunken City, The (*German of Mueller*)....	vi	166
MARGUERITE DE VALOIS. *Queen of Navarre.* France, 1492—1549.		
On the Death of Francis I. (*Costello's Translation*)	iii	338
MARKHAM, EDWIN. *Educator; reformer; poet.* Oregon City, Ore., 1852—Lives, Westerleigh, S. I., N. Y.		
The Man with the Hoe.	vi	393
Publishers: DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., New York.		

	VOL.	PAGE
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER. *Dramatist.* England, 1564—1593.		
Hero's Beauty (*Hero and Leander*)	ii	14
Love (*Hero and Leander*)	ii	64
Passionate Shepherd to his Love, The	ii	149
School of War, The (*Tamburlaine*)	viii	
MAROT, CLÉMENT. *Poet.* France, 1505—1544.		
To Diane de Poitiers (*Costello's Trans.*)	iii	69
MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE. *Poet.* England, 1850—1887.		
After Summer	iii	336
All in Haven, To	vi	428
Garden Fairies	vi	33
MARTIAL — MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS. *Roman epigrammatic poet.* Born in Spain, about 40 A. D.		
To One who had scoffed at the Poet's Poverty (*Translation*)	vi	327
MARTIN, EDWARD SANFORD. *Editor.* Owasco, N. Y., 1856—Lives, New York.		
Girl of Pompeii, A	i	208
Publishers: HARPER & BROS., New York.		
MARTIN, SIR THEODORE. *Translator; biographer.* Edinburgh, Scotland, 1816—Lives, London.		
Erl-King, The (*German of Goethe*)	vi	58
Homeward Bound (*Latin of Catullus*)	i	313
MARTLEY, JOHN. *Lawyer; writer.* Ireland, 1844—1882.		
A Budget of Paradoxes.	ii	30
MARVELL, ANDREW. *Poet.* England, 1621—1678.		
Drop of Dew, A	v	100
Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda	v	400
MARY. *Queen of Hungary,* d. 1558.		
Prayer	iv	124
MARY OF THE NATION. See DOWNING, ELLEN MARY PATRICK.		
MARZIALS, THÉOPHILE JULIUS HENRY. *Musical composer.* French descent. England, 1850—.		
Last Night (*From the Swedish*)	ii	339
MASON, CAROLINE ATHERTON BRIGGS. Marblehead, Mass., 1823—1890.		
Voyage, The	iv	38
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
MASSEY, GERALD. *Editor.* England, 1828—.		
"O, lay thy hand in mine, dear"	ii	445
Our Wee White Rose	i	64
MASSINGER, PHILIP. *Dramatist.* England, 1583—1640.		
Devotion	iv	252
MELEAGER. *Greek poet.* Born, Gadara, Palestine, about 50 B. C.		
"Eros is missing" (*Whibley's Trans.*)	ii	17
Lament for Heliodore (*Lang's Translation*)	iii	337
Spring (*Lang's Trans.*)	ii	26
Wreath, The (*Hardinge's Translation*)	v	255
MELLEN, GRENVILLE. *Lawyer.* Biddeford, Me., 1799—New York, 1841.		
"The lonely bugle grieves"	viii	327

VOL. PAGE

MERCER, MARGARET.
Educator. Annapolis, Md., 1791—1847.
Exhortation to Prayer. iv 116

MEREDITH, GEORGE.
Novelist. Hampshire, Eng., 1828—.
Family Skeleton, The (*Modern Love*) ..... vi 247
Lark Ascending, The. v 292
Love in the Valley... ii 121

MEREDITH, OWEN.
See LYTTON, EARL OF.

MESSINGER, ROBERT HINCKLEY.
Magazine writer. Boston, 1811—Stamford, Conn., 1874.
Winter Wish, A..... i 389

METASTASIO, PIETRO.
Court poet of Vienna. Rome, 1698—Vienna, 1782.
Without and Within (*Translation*) ..... vi 251

MEYNELL, ALICE THOMPSON.
Essayist; poet. England. Published 1875—1898.
Modern Poet, The.... vi 347
Renouncement ..... ii 338

MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS.
Poet. Scotland, 1735—1788.
Cumnor Hall ..... iii 41

MILLER, CINCINNATUS HEINE (*Joaquin Miller*).
Author. Wabash Dist., Ind., 1841—Lives, Oakland, Cal.
Above the Clouds..... vi 334
California Christmas, A ..... vi 279
Proem (*Isles of the Amazons*) ..... vi 278
Publishers: THE WHITTAKER & RAY CO., San Francisco.

MILLER, WILLIAM.
Wood-turner. Scotland, 1810—1872.
Willie Winkie ..... i 31

VOL. PAGE

MILMAN, HENRY HART.
Clergyman; historian. England, 1791—1869.
Choral Song (*Greek of Euripides*) ..... v 215
Hebrew Wedding (*The Fall of Jerusalem*).. ii 405
Jewish Hymn in Babylon ..... iv 307

MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON. See HOUGHTON, LORD

MILTON, JOHN.
England, 1608—1674.
Adam and Eve (*Paradise Lost*) ..... vii 124
Adam describing Eve (*Paradise Lost*)..... ii 385
Adam to Eve (*Paradise Lost*) ..... ii 388
Battle of the Angels (*Paradise Lost*)..... viii 179
Epitaph on Shakespeare, An ..... vii 51
Evening in Paradise (*Paradise Lost*)..... v 56
Faithful Angel, The (*Paradise Lost*)..... iv 337
Il Penseroso ..... vi 251
Invocation to Light (*Paradise Lost*)..... v 30
Lady lost in the Wood (*Comus*) ..... vi 64
L'Allegro ..... vi 241
Light (*Paradise Lost*). v 32
Lord-General Cromwell, To the ..... vii 5
Lycidas ..... iii 441
Nightingale, To the.. v 305
Nymph of the Severn, The (*Comus*) ..... vi 66
On his Blindness..... iv 333
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.... iv 51
Samson on his Blindness (*Samson Agonistes*) ..... iii 158
Selections from "Paradise Lost" ..... iv 262
Song: On May Morning ..... v 85
Sonnet: To Cyriack Skinner ..... iii 220

MISTRAL, FRÉDÉRIC.
Provençal poet. France, 1830—.
Ballad of Guibor, The (*Preston's Trans.*)... vii 327

MITCHELL, AGNES E. (MRS.).
America.
When the Cows Come Home ..... i 323

VOL. PAGE

MITCHELL, SILAS WEIR.
Physician and author. Philadelphia, 1830—.
Quaker Graveyard, The. iii 278
Publishers: THE CENTURY CO., New York.

MITCHELL, WALTER.
Episcopal clergyman. Nantucket, Mass., 1826—Lives, New York.
Tacking Ship off Shore (*Atlantic Monthly*).. v 411

MITFORD, MARY RUSSELL.
Writer. England, 1787—1855.
Rienzi to the Romans (*Rienzi*) ..... viii 123

MOIR, DAVID MACBETH.
Physician. Scotland, 1798—1851.
Rustic's Lad's Lament in the Town, The... iii 131

MONTGOMERY, JAMES.
Editor; poet. Scotland, 1771—1854.
Birds, (*The Pelican Island*) ..... v 288
Coral Reef, The (*The Pelican Island*)..... v 396
"Forever with the Lord" ..... iv 403
Humility ..... iv 148
"Make way for Liberty" ..... viii 140
My Country ..... viii 5
Parted Friends ..... i 347
What is Prayer?.... iv 111

MONTREUIL, MATHIEU DE.
France, 1611—1691.
Madame de Sevingé, To. vii 40

MONTROSE, JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF.
Scotland, 1612—Hanged for rebellion, in Edinburgh, 1650.
"My dear and only love" ..... ii 226

MOORE, CLEMENT CLARKE.
Educational writer. New York, 1779—Newport, R. I., 1863.
Visit from St. Nicholas, A ..... i 157

VOL. PAGE

MOORE, THOMAS.
Poet. Ireland, 1779—1852.
"Alas, how light a cause" (*Light of the Harem*) ..... iii 80
"And doth not a meeting like this"..... i 366
"As by the shore at break of day"..... viii 138
"As slow our ship"... iii 106
"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms" ..... ii 336
Black and Blue Eyes.. ii 39
"Come, rest in this bosom" ..... ii 332
"Farewell!—but whenever" ..... iii 116
"Farewell to thee, Araby's daughter" (*Fire Worshippers*) ..... iii 316
"Fly to the desert, fly with me"(*Light of the Harem*) ..... ii 343
"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully".. i 292
Linda to Hafed (*Fire Worshippers*) ..... iii 6
Love's Young Dream.. ii 327
Nonsense ..... ix 455
"O, breathe not his name" ..... vii 6
"Oft in the stilly night" ..... vi 314
Orator Puff ..... ix 273
Temple to Friendship, A ..... i 371
"The harp that once through Tara's Halls". viii 138
"Those evening bells". vii 141
"'Tis the last rose of summer" ..... v 283
Vale of Avoca, The... i 350
Vale of Cashmere, The (*Light of the Harem*). vii 165
Verses written in an Album ..... ii 34
"Wreathe the bowl". i 387

MÖRIKE, EDUARD.
Novelist. Germany, 1804—1875.
My River (*Trans.*).... v 205

MORLAIX, BERNARD DE
Benedictine Monk. France, XII. Century.
Praise of the Celestial Country (*Neale's Translation*) ..... iv 418

VOL. PAGE

MORRIS, GEORGE POPE.
Journalist. Philadelphia, 1802—New York, 1864.
My Mother's Bible.... i 228
Retort, The ..... ii 431
"Woodman, spare that tree" ..... i 94
Publishers: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

MORRIS, WILLIAM.
Designer; socialist. England, 1834—1896.
Atalanta's Race (*The Earthly Paradise*).... ii 142
Day is Coming, The.. viii 431
Gillyflower of Gold... ii 333
March ..... v 74

MOSS, THOMAS.
Clergyman; poet. England, about 1740—1808.
Beggar, The ..... iii 189

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM.
Journalist. Scotland, 1797—1835.
Cavalier's Song, The.. viii 270
Jeanie Morrison .... iii 127
"My heid is like to rend, Willie" ..... iii 49
"They come! the merry summer months".... v 97

MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER.
Journalist; poet. Pomfret, Conn., 1835—Lives, Boston.
At Midsummer ..... vi 276
Laus Veneris ..... vii 138
Painted Fan, A..... vi 385
Publishers: LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.

MOULTRIE, JOHN.
Clergyman. England, 1799—1874.
"Forget thee" ..... ii 337

MUELLER, WILHELM.
Teacher; librarian. Germany, 1794—1827.
Sunken City, The (*Mangan's Translation*).. vi 166

MUHLENBERG, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS.
Episcopal clergyman. Philadelphia, 1796—New York, 1877.
"I would not live alway" ..... iii 392

VOL. PAGE

MUNBY, ARTHUR JOSEPH.
Barrister. England, 1828—.
Après ..... iii 355
Doris: A pastoral.... ii 169
Sweet Nature's Voice (*Susan: A Poem of Degrees*) ..... vi 350

MYERS, FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY.
Investigator; author. England, 1843—.
On a Grave at Grindelwald ..... iii 280

NAIRNE, CAROLINA OLIPHANT, LADY.
Scotland, 1766—1845.
Auld House, The.... i 275
Laird o' Cockpen, The. ii 205
Land o' the Leal, The. iii 379

NASH, THOMAS.
Dramatist; novelist. England, 1567 (?)—1601.
"Spring, the sweet spring" ..... v 77

NAVARRE, QUEEN OF.
See MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

NEALE, JOHN MASON.
Church historian. England, 1818—1866.
"Art thou weary" (*Latin of St. Stephen the Sabaite*) ..... iv 87
Praise of the Celestial Country (*Latin of De Morlaix*) ..... iv 418
"Darkness is thinning" (*Latin of St. Gregory*) ..... iv 122

NEELE, HENRY.
Barrister. England, 1798—1828.
"Moan, moan, ye dying gales" ..... iii 152

NEWELL, ROBERT HENRY (*Orpheus C. Kerr*).
Journalist; humorist. New York, 1836—Brooklyn, N. Y., 1901.
"Picciola" ..... viii 285
Poems for a National Anthem ..... ix 415
Publishers: LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

	VOL.	PAGE
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY. *Rom. Cath. cardinal.* England, 1801—1890.		
Flowers with Fruit...	iv	166
"Lead, kindly Light".	iv	41
NICHOLS, REBECCA S. (MRS.). Greenwich, N. J. Published 1844.		
Philosopher Toad, The.	iv	234
NICOLL, ROBERT. *Poet.* Scotland, 1814—1837.		
"God is everywhere".	iv	28
Thoughts of Heaven..	iv	391
"We are brethren a'".	i	353
NOEL, THOMAS. *Poet.* England, 1799—1861.		
Pauper's Drive, The..	iii	202
NOKES, W. F. England.		
Paulina's Appeal (*French of Corneille*).	ii	396
NORTH, CHRISTOPHER. See WILSON, JOHN.		
NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SHERIDAN (LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL. *Novelist; poet.* England, 1808—1877.		
Arab to his Favorite Steed, The	v	366
Bingen on the Rhine.	viii	221
King of Denmark's Ride, The	iii	346
"Love not"	iii	8
"We have been friends together"	i	351
NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT. *Educator; scholar.* Cambridge, Mass., 1827—.		
My Lady (*Italian of Dante*)	ii	24
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
NOYES, ALFRED. England. Published 1903.		
Sherwood (*The Athenæum*)	vi	181
O'BRIEN, FITZ-JAMES. *Magazine writer; soldier.* Ireland, 1828—Fatally wounded, Virginia, 1862.		
Kane	vii	120
Second Mate, The....	ix	189
Publishers: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.		
O'BRIEN, WILLIAM SMITH. *Irish patriot; member of Parliament; insurrectionist.* Ireland, 1803—North Wales, 1864.		
Never Despair	iii	246
OCCIDENTE, MARIA DEL. See BROOKS, MARIA GOWEN.		
O'CONNOR, JOSEPH. *Journalist.* Tribes Hill, N. Y., 1841—Lives, Rochester, N. Y.		
General's Death, The..	viii	369
Publishers: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.		
O'DONNELL, JOHN FRANCIS. *Journalist.* Ireland, 1837—London, 1874.		
Spinning-Song, A ...	viii	56
OEHLENSCHÄGER, ADAM GOTTLOB. *Poet.* Denmark, 1779—1850.		
Hakon's Defiance (*Lascelles' Translation*)..	viii	208
OGDEN, EVA L.		
Sea, The	ix	227
O'HARA, THEODORE. *Lawyer; soldier.* Danville, Ky., 1820—near Guerryton, Ala., 1867.		
Bivouac of the Dead..	viii	441
O'KEEFFE, JOHN. *Dramatist.* Ireland, 1747—Southampton, Eng., 1833.		
"I am a friar of orders gray" (*Robin Hood*)	ix	247
OLDYS, WILLIAM. *Biographer.* England, 1696—1761.		
Fly, The	v	341

VOL. PAGE

OLIPHANT, THOMAS.
England.
"Where are the men" (*Welsh of Taliessin*).. viii 301

O'MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER. See MAHONY, F. S.

O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE.
Journalist. Ireland, 1844—Hull, Mass., 1890.
My Native Land..... viii 59

ORLEANS, CHARLES, DUKE OF.
France, 1391—1467.
"The fairest thing in mortal eyes" (*Cary's Translation*) ..... iii 356

ORMSBY, JOHN.
Battle Scene (*From the Spanish*) ..... viii 205

ORR, JAMES.
The Weaver-Poet. Ireland, 1770—1816.
Irishman, The ..... viii 52

OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT LOCKE.
Boston, 1811—Hingham, Mass., 1850.
Labor ..... vi 389

OSGOOD, KATE PUTNAM.
Fryeburg, Me., 1841—Lives, Boston.
Driving Home the Cows. viii 404
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR.
Poet. Ireland, 1846—England, 1881.
"Has summer come without the rose?".. iii 54

OVID—PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO.
Poet. Rome, 43 B. C.—17 A. D.
Transformation, A (*King's Translation*). vi 87

OXFORD, EDWARD VERE, EARL OF.
England.
A Renunciation (*From Byrd's "Songs and Sonnets,"* 1588)..... ii 246

VOL. PAGE

PAGAN, ISABEL.
Scotland, 1740—1821.
"Ca' the yowes"..... ii 176

PAGE, H. A. See JAPP, ALEXANDER HAY.

PAINE, THOMAS.
Publicist. England, 1737—New Rochelle, N. Y., 1809.
Liberty Tree ..... viii 324

PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER.
Critic. England, 1824—1897.
Ancient and Modern Muses, The ..... vi 337
Danish Barrow, A.... viii 213
Little Child's Hymn, A. i 120

PALLADAS.
Poet. Byzantine Greek. First half of V. Century.
Generous Air, The (*Hardinge's Trans.*). vi 229

PALMER, JOHN WILLIAMSON.
Physician; editor. Baltimore, 1825—Lives, New York.
For Charlie's Sake.... iii 411
Stonewall Jackson's Way ..... viii 360
Thread and Song.... i 113
Publishers: THE FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York.

PALMER, RAY.
Clergyman. Little Compton, R. I., 1808—Newark, N. J., 1887.
"I saw Thee" ..... iv 340

PALMER, WILLIAM PITT.
Stockbridge, Mass., 1805—Brooklyn, N. Y., 1884.
Smack in School, The. i 167

PARK, ANDREW.
Poet. Scotland, 1807—1863.
Auld Folks, The..... i 333

PARKER, SIR GILBERT.
Journalist; novelist. Canada, 1862—Lives, London.
Art ..... vi 345

	VOL.	PAGE
PARKER, THEODORE. *Unitarian clergyman.* Lexington, Mass., 1810—Florence, Italy, 1860.		
Higher Good, The....	iv	133
Way, the Truth, and the Life, The.....	iv	91
PARNELL, FRANCES ISABEL. Ireland, 1854—America, 1882.		
After Death	viii	68
PARNELL, THOMAS. *Clergyman,* Ireland, 1679—1718.		
"When your beauty appears"	ii	278
PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAM. *Man of letters.* Boston, 1819—Scituate, Mass., 1892.		
Bust of Dante, On a..	vii	41
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
PATMORE, COVENTRY [KEARSEY DEIGHTON]. *Librarian; poet.* England, 1823—1896.		
Girl of all Periods, The.	i	242
Parting	iii	96
Sly Thoughts	ii	112
Sweet Meeting of Desires	ii	166
Publishers in America: CASSELL & Co., New York.		
PAUL, JOHN. See WEBB, CHARLES HENRY.		
PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD. *Actor; dramatist.* New York, 1791—Tunis, Africa, 1852.		
Home, Sweet Home (*Clari, the Maid of Milan*)	i	335
Lucius Junius Brutus over the Body of Lucretia (*Brutus*).....	ix	14
PEALE, REMBRANDT. *Artist.* Bucks Co., Pa., 1778—Philadelphia, 1860.		
Faith and Hope.....	ii	446
PECK, SAMUEL MINTURN. *Agriculturist; poet.* Tuscaloosa, Ala., 1854—.		
Dollie	i	234
Knot of Blue, A.....	i	233
"My little girl".....	i	41
Sassafras	v	274
Publishers: THE FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York.		
PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES. *Scientist.* Berlin, Conn., 1795—Hazel Green, Wis., 1856.		
Seneca Lake, To.....	v	209
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
PERCY, THOMAS. *Bishop of Dromore.* England, 1728 or 1729—Dromore, Ireland, 1811.		
Friar of Orders Gray.	ii	195
PERRY, NORA. *Journalist; poet.* Dudley, Mass., 1832—1896.		
Love-Knot, The	ii	126
Riding Down	i	206
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
PETTEE, G. W. Canada.		
Sleigh Song	v	189
PFEFFEL, GOTTLIEB CONRAD. *Poet; fabulist.* Germany, 1736—1809.		
Nobleman and the Pensioner, The (*Brooks' Translation*)	vii	303
PHELPS, CHARLES HENRY. *Lawyer.* Stockton, Cal., 1843—Lives, New York.		
Henry Ward Beecher.	vii	24
PHILLIPS, AMBROSE. *Poet.* England, 1675 (?)—1749.		
"Blest as the immortal gods" (*Greek of Sappho*)	ii	97

VOL. PAGE

PHILOSTRATUS.
Rhetorician. Greece, about 175—about 250.
"Drink to me only with thine eyes" (*Jonson's Translation*) ..... ii 16

PIATT, JOHN JAMES.
Editor; poet. James' Mill (now Milton), Ind., 1835—Lives, North Bend, O.
Ireland ..... viii 66
Lady, To a ..... ii 66
Publishers: THE ROBERT CLARKE CO., Cincinnati; LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York.

PIATT, SARAH MORGAN BRYAN.
Lexington, Ky., 1836—Lives, North Bend, O.
Term of Death, The.. iii 261
Witch in the Glass, The. i 46
Publishers: LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York.

PIERPONT, JOHN.
Unitarian clergyman. Litchfield, Conn., 1785—Medford, Mass., 1866.
My Child ..... iii 415
Not on the Battle-Field ..... viii 429
Passing Away ..... iv 350
Warren's Address .... viii 326
Whittling ..... i 89

PIKE, ALBERT.
Lawyer; journalist. Boston, 1809—Washington, D. C., 1891.
Dixie ..... viii 106

PINDAR, PETER. See WOLCOTT, JOHN.

PINKNEY, EDWARD COATE.
American, b. London, Eng., 1802—Baltimore, Md., 1828.
Health, A ..... ii 41

PIOZZI, HESTER LYNCH SALISBURY THRALE.
England, 1741—1821.
Three Warnings, The. vi 289

VOL. PAGE

PITT, WILLIAM.
Shipbuilder. England—Malta, 1840.
Sailor's Consolation.. v 435

POE, EDGAR ALLAN.
Poet; story-writer. Boston, 1809—Baltimore, 1849.
Annabel Lee..... iii 312
Bells, The ..... vii 141
For Annie ..... iii 385
Haunted Palace, The.. vi 164
Helen, To ..... ii 35
One in Paradise, To.. ii 371
Raven, The ..... vi 155
Ulalume ..... vi 152

POLLEN, JOHN.

Last Leaf, The (*Russian of Poushkin*)... iii 187

POLLOK, ROBERT.
Poet. Scotland, 1798—near Southampton, Eng., 1827.
Byron (*The Course of Time*) ..... vii 59
Ocean (*The Course of Time*) ..... v 379

POPE, ALEXANDER.
Poet. England, 1688—1744.
Belinda (*Rape of the Lock*) ..... ii 14
Dying Christian to his Soul, The ..... iv 376
Fame (*Essay on Man*). vi 264
God and Man (*Essay on Man*) ..... iv 21
Greatness (*Essay on Man*) ..... vi 283
Messiah ..... iv 97
Ode to Solitude..... i 205
Parting of Hector and Andromache (*Greek of Homer*) ..... iii 118
Poet's Friend, The.... vii 112
Ruling Passion, The (*Moral Essays*)..... vi 294
Toilet, The (*Rape of the Lock*) ..... vii 135
Universal Prayer, The. iv 11

POUSHKIN, ALEKSANDER SERGYEVICH.
Poet. Russia, 1799—1837.
Last Leaf, The (*Pollen's Translation*)... iii 187

VOL. PAGE

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH.
Member of Parliament. England, 1802—1839.
Belle of the Ball, The. ix 207
Camp-Bell ..... vii 56
Newly-Wedded, The... ii 413

PRATT, ANNA MARIA.
Teacher. Chelsea, Mass. Lives, Cleveland, O.
Mortifying Mistake, A i 166

PRENTICE, GEORGE DENISON.
Journalist. Preston, Conn., 1802—Louisville, Ky., 1870.
Closing Year, The.... vi 307
Publishers: THE ROBERT CLARKE CO., Cincinnati.

PRESTON, ANNIE A.
"The green grass under the snow"... iii 442

PRESTON, HARRIET WATERS.
Author; translator. Danvers, Mass., 1843—Lives, Keene, N. H.
Ballad of Guibour, The (*Provençal of Mistral*) ..... vii 327
Fidelity in Doubt (*French of Le Roux*). iii 95
King's Highway, The. vi 102
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

PRESTON, MARGARET JUNKIN.
Philadelphia, Pa., 1820—Baltimore, Md., 1897.
Myrrh-Bearers ..... iv 72
"Under the shade of the trees" ..... viii 392
Publishers: THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.

PRIEST, NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY.
America, 1837—1870.
Heaven ..... iv 410
Over the River ..... iii 406

PRINGLE, THOMAS.
Poet. Scotland, 1789—1834.
Afar in the Desert.... iii 222

VOL. PAGE

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE.
Poet. England, 1825—1864.
Doubting Heart, A... iii 171
"Give me thy heart". iv 238
Judge Not ..... iv 319
Lost Chord, A ..... vi 306
Per Pacem ad Lucem. iv 332
Woman's Answer, A.. ii 221
Woman's Question, A. ii 248

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER (*Barry Cornwall*).
Barrister; man of letters. England, 1787—1874.
Address to the Ocean.. v 381
Blood Horse, The.... v 369
History of a Life.... vi 235
Hunter's Song, The.. v 156
Life ..... iii 251
Owl, The ..... v 321
Petition to Time, A.. i 334
Poet's Song to his Wife ..... ii 421
Sea, The ..... v 380
"Sit down, sad soul". iv 372
"Softly woo away her breath" ..... iii 318
White Squall, The ... v 408

PROCTOR, EDNA DEAN.
Author. Henniker, N. H., 1834—Lives, S. Farmington, Mass.
Brooklyn Bridge, The. vii 247
Heroes ..... viii 174
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

PROPERTIUS, SEXTUS AURELIUS.
Roman poet. About 50 B. C.—15 A. D.
Beauty Unadorned (*Smith's Translation*). vi 282
Immortality of Genius (*Cranstoun's Trans.*). vi 357

PROUT, FATHER. See MAHONY, F. S.

PUNCH.
Published in London, Eng., 1841.
Abraham Lincoln (See *Tom Taylor*) ..... vii 25
Collegian to his Bride. ix 434

PUNCH'S "POETICAL COOKERY BOOK."
Roasted Sucking-Pig.. ix 385

	VOL.	PAGE
QUARLES, FRANCIS. *Government service.* England, 1592—1644.		
Delight in God	iv	34
Mystical Essay. A....	iv	142
Vanity of the World..	iii	153
QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS, FRANCISCO DE. *Soldier; adventurer.* Spain, 1580—1645.		
Rome, To (*Wiffen's Translation*)	viii	177
QUILLER-COUCH, ARTHUR THOMAS. *Writer.* Wales, 1863— Lives, London.		
Sage Counsel	i	195
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER. *Courtier; admiral; author.* England, 1552—1618.		
Lines found in his Bible	iv	352
Lye, The	vi	227
Nymph's Reply, The..	ii	150
Pilgrimage, The	iv	335
RAMSAY, ALLAN. *Pastoral poet.* Scotland, 1686—1758.		
Lochaber No More...	iii	105
RANDALL, JAMES RYDER. *Journalist.* Baltimore, 1839—Lives, Augusta, Ga.		
My Maryland	viii	103
RANDOLPH, ANSON DAVIES FITZ. *New York publisher.* Woodbridge, N. J., 1820—Westhampton, L. I., 1896.		
Hopefully Waiting....	iv	374
Publishers: THE A. D. F. RANDOLPH CO., New York.		
RANDOLPH, THOMAS. *Poet.* England, 1605—1634.		
Fairies' Song (*Hunt's Trans. from Latin*)..	vi	19
Lady admiring Herself in a Looking-Glass..	ii	21
RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTLY. *Journalist.* England, 1823—1880.		
Polly	i	27
RANKIN, JEREMIAH EAMES. *Clergyman.* Thornton, N. H., 1828—Lives, Cleveland, O.		
Babie, The	i	9
RAYMOND, GRACE. See STILLMAN, ANNIE RAYMOND.		
RAYMOND, ROSSITER WORTHINGTON. *Mining engineer; lawyer.* Cincinnati, 1840—Lives, Brooklyn, N. Y.		
Ascent of Man, The..	vi	202
"Blessed are they".	iii	425
Cavalry Song	viii	366
Christus Consolator..	iii	432
Trooper's Death, The (*German of Herwegh*)	viii	210
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN. *Artist.* Chester Co., Pa., 1822—New York, 1872.		
Brave at Home, The..	viii	109
Closing Scene, The...	viii	416
Drifting	vii	195
Sheridan's Ride	viii	383
Publishers: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.		
REALF, RICHARD. *Soldier.* England, 1834—Oakland, Cal., 1878.		
Holy Nation, A	viii	178
Indirection	vi	332
Publishers: FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York		
REQUIER, AUGUSTUS JULIAN. Charleston, S. C., 1825—1887.		
Baby Zulma's Christmas Carol	i	67
RICE, EDWARD H. America.		
"Rock of Ages"	iv	85
RICHARDSON, CHARLES FRANCIS. *Editor: Prof. Eng. Lit.* Hallowell, Me., 1851—Lives, Hanover, N. H.		
Love	iv	189

	VOL.	PAGE
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB.		
Poet. Greenfield, Ind., 1853.		
Days Gone By, The...	i	203
First Blue-Bird, The..	v	287
Griggsby's Station ...	ix	349
Honey Dripping from the Comb	i	224
"Knee-deep in June".	v	108
Life-Lesson, A	i	127
Little Orphant Annie..	i	159
Man in the Moon, The.	i	146
Old Man and Jim, The.	viii	357
Old Sweetheart of Mine, An	ii	372
"When the frost is on the punkin"	v	168
Publishers: THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., Indianapolis.		
RITTER, MARY LOUISE.		
New York, 1837—.		
Perished	iii	169
Why?	ii	75
Wings (*Century Magazine*)	i	137
ROBERT II.		
King of France, b. 996—d. 1031.		
Veni Sancte Spiritus (*Winkworth's Trans.*)	iv	105
ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS.		
Author; poet. Canada, 1860—Lives, New York.		
Aim, The	iv	129
Ascription	iv	134
Canada	viii	71
Flight of the Geese...	v	332
"In the wide awe and wisdom of the night".	v	69
Shore, The	v	421
Solitary Woodsman...	v	145
Publishers: L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston.		
ROBERTS, SARAH.		
Portsmouth, N. H.		
Voice of the Grass...	v	239
ROBERTSON, T. H.		
Story of the Gate ...	ii	167
ROBINSON, ANNIE DOUGLAS GREEN (*Marian Douglas*).		
Plymouth, N. H., 1842—Lives, Bristol, N. H.		
Two Pictures	i	318
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.		
ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY.		
Editor. Ireland, 1847—Lives, Boston.		
Fight of the "Armstrong" Privateer, The	vii	433
Kearsarge, The	v	422
V-A-S-E, The	ix	446
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.		
RODGER, ALEXANDER.		
Weaver. Scotland, 1784—1846.		
"Behave yoursel' before folk"	ii	114
ROGERS, ROBERT CAMERON.		
Author. Buffalo, N. Y., 1862—.		
Shadow Rose, The ...	iii	53
Publishers: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.		
ROGERS, SAMUEL.		
Banker; poet. England, 1763—1855.		
Alpine Descent, An...	v	216
Blest Memory (*Pleasures of Memory*) ...	vi	301
Ginevra	ix	81
Naples (*Italy*)	vii	194
On the Picture of an Infant (*Greek of Leonidas*)	i	24
Tear, A	vi	271
Venice (*Italy*)	vii	189
RONSARD, PIERRE DE.		
Poet. France, 1524—1585.		
Mary Stuart, To (*Costello's Translation*)..	vii	4
Return of Spring (*Translation*)	v	78
ROONEY, JOHN JEROME.		
Broker. Binghamton, N. Y., 1866—Lives, New York.		
"The men behind the guns"	viii	419
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA.		
Poet. England, 1830—1894.		
"It is finished"	i	118
Milking-Maid, The ...	ii	48
Three Enemies, The...	iv	280
Up Hill	iv	332

	VOL.	PAGE
ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL.		
Painter; poet. England, 1828—1882.		
Ballad of Dead Ladies, The (*French of Villon*)	vi	192
Blessed Damozel, The.	vi	97
Nevermore, The	iii	82
Sea Limits, The	v	441
Sudden Light	vi	302
"When do I see thee most" (*House of Life*)	ii	251
Woodspurge, The	v	251
ROSSLYN, FRANCIS ROBERT ST. CLAIR ERSKINE, EARL OF.		
England, 1833—1890.		
Bedtime	i	39
ROUGET DE LISLE, CLAUDE JOSEPH.		
Soldier. France, 1760—1836.		
Marseillaise, The (*Abbreviated Trans.*)	viii	145
ROUMANIA, ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF. See ELIZABETH.		
ROYDEN, MATTHEW.		
England, about 1586.		
Sir Philip Sidney	vii	45
RUFINUS.		
Poet. Adriatic Greece, VI. Century.		
Golden Eyes (*Lang's Translation*)	ii	151
RUSSELL, IRWIN.		
Writer. Port Gibson, Miss., 1853—New Orleans, 1879.		
De Fust Banjo	ix	377
Nebuchadnezzar	ix	380
Publishers: THE CENTURY CO., New York.		
RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH. (*Father Ryan*).		
Rom. Cath. clergyman. Norfolk, Va., 1839—Louisville, Ky., 1886.		
Cause of the South	viii	451
Conquered Banner, The.	viii	413
Sentinel Songs	viii	452
Publisher: P. J. KENEDY, New York.		
RYAN, RICHARD.		
England, 1796—1849.		
"O, saw ye the lass".	ii	41
SÆMUND, SIGFUSSON.		
Scholar; priest. Iceland, latter half of XI. Century.		
Thor recovers his Hammer (*Herbert's Trans.*)	vii	284
SALIS, JOHANN GAUDENZ VON.		
Soldier; scholar. Germany, 1762—1834.		
Song of the Silent Land (*Longfellow's Trans.*).	iv	338
SANGSTER, CHARLES.		
Kingston, Ont., 1822—.		
Comet, The	vi	88
Snows, The	v	203
SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH MUNSON.		
Editor; author. New Rochelle, N. Y., 1838—Lives, Glen Ridge, N. J.		
"Are the children at home"	iii	288
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
SANTAYANA, GEORGE.		
Prof. Philosophy. Madrid, Spain, 1863—Lives, Cambridge, Mass.		
Faith	iv	136
SAPPHO.		
Greek. Island of Lesbos, 600 B. C.		
"Blest as the immortal gods" (*Phillips' Translation*)	ii	97
SARGENT, EPES.		
Editor; dramatist. Gloucester, Mass., 1813—Boston, 1880.		
"A life on the ocean wave"	v	409
SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, GEORGE FRANCIS.		
Prof. Hist. and Eng. Lit. Ireland, 1845—.		
Wicklow Winds (*Wicklow*)	v	127

	VOL.	PAGE
SAXE, JOHN GODFREY.		
Editor; humorous poet. Highgate, Vt., 1816—Albany, N. Y., 1887.		
Echo	ix	211
"My eyes! how I love you"	ii	155
Proud Miss MacBride.	ix	228
Railroad Rhyme	ix	431
Woman's Will	ii	438
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON.		
Dramatist. Germany, 1759—1805.		
Diver, The (*Trans.*)	ix	44
Labor Done (*Song of the Bell*)	vi	412
Sharing of the Earth, The (*Lytton's Trans.*).	vi	356
SCHNECKENBURGER, MAX.		
Manufacturer. Germany, 1819—1849.		
Watch on the Rhine, The (*Translation*)	viii	80
SCHUYLER, MONTGOMERY.		
Journalist. Ithaca, N. Y., 1843—Lives, New York.		
Carlyle and Emerson.	vii	97
SCHUYLER-LIGHTHALL, WILLIAM DOUW.		
Lawyer. Ontario, Can., 1857—.		
Canada Not Last	viii	70
Publishers: CASSELL & Co., New York.		
SCOLLARD, CLINTON.		
Author. Clinton, N. Y., 1860—.		
Book-Stall, The[1]	vi	360
Khamsin[2]	ix	42
Publishers: [1]THE LOTHROP PUBLISHING CO., Boston; [2]HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
SCOTT, CLEMENT WILLIAM.		
Dramatist; critic. England, 1841—.		
Rus in Urbe	v	25
SCOTT, DUNCAN CAMPBELL.		
Civil service. Ottawa, Canada, 1862—.		
At the Cedars	ix	178
End of the Day, The	v	51
Home Song	i	325
SCOTT, FREDERICK GEORGE.		
Clergyman; poet. Canada, 1861—.		
Van Elsen	iii	361
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.		
Poet; novelist. Scotland, 1771—1832.		
Beal' an Dhuine (*Lady of the Lake*)	viii	307
Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, The	viii	322
Border Ballad	viii	50
"Breathes there the man" (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*)	viii	4
Coronach (*Lady of the Lake*)	iii	309
Fitz-James and Ellen (*Lady of the Lake*)	vii	413
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu (*Lady of the Lake*)	vii	404
Flodden Field (*Marmion*)	viii	312
Helvellyn	v	364
Hunting Song	v	154
Knight, The (*Marmion*)	vii	201
Lochinvar (*Marmion*)	ii	276
Love (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*)	ii	70
Marmion and Douglas (*Marmion*)	vii	401
Melrose Abbey (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*)	vii	208
Old-Time Christmas, An (*Marmion*)	vii	210
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.	viii	311
Poet's Death, The (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*).	vi	354
Rebecca's Hymn (*Ivanhoe*)	iv	205
Scotland	viii	33
Song: "A weary lot is thine, fair maid"	iii	31
Song of Clan-Alpine (*Lady of the Lake*)	viii	305
Song of the young Highlander	iii	101
Stag Hunt, The (*Lady of the Lake*)	v	159
SCUDDER, ELIZA.		
Barnstable, Mass., 1821—Weston, Mass., 1896.		
Love of God, The	iv	39
Vesper Hymn	iv	196
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		

	VOL.	PAGE
SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON.		
Unitarian clergyman. Sandisfield, Mass., 1810—Weston, Mass., 1876.		
Angel's Song, The	iv	48
Publishers: E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.		
SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES.		
Dramatist. England, about 1635—1701.		
"Phillis is my only joy"	ii	22
Song: **"Love still has something"**	ii	71
SEWALL, FRANK.		
New Church clergyman. Bath, Me., 1837—Lives, Washington, D. C.		
Ox, The (*Italian of Carducci*)	v	359
Roma (*Italian of Carducci*)	vi	310
Publishers: Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.		
SEWALL, HARRIET WINSLOW.		
Portland, Me., 1819—Wellesley, Mass., 1889.		
"Why thus longing"	iv	127
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.		
England, 1564—1616.		
Airy Nothings (*The Tempest*)	vi	58
Antony's Oration (*Julius Cæsar*)	ix	20
Approach of Age, The (*Sonnet*)	vi	194
"Blow, blow, thou winter wind" (*As You Like It*)	iii	155
Brutus and Portia (*Julius Cæsar*)	ii	389
Cleopatra (*Antony and Cleopatra*)	vii	127
Compliment to Queen Elizabeth (*Midsummer Night's Dream*)	vi	17
Course of True Love, The (*Midsummer Night's Dream*)	iii	3
Dagger of the Mind, A (*Macbeth*)	ix	120
Death of Death	iii	460
Dover Cliff (*King Lear*)	v	214
End of the Civil War (*King Richard*)	viii	424
England (*King John*)	vii	390
Fairies' Lullaby, The (*Midsummer Night's Dream*)	vi	18
Fairy's Song (*Midsummer Night's Dream*)	vi	16
Fall of Cardinal Wolsey, The (*Henry VIII.*)	iii	161
"Farewell! thou art too dear" (*Sonnet*)	iii	112
"Fear no more the heat o' the sun" (*Cymbeline*)	iii	328
Friendship (*Hamlet*)	i	345
"Full many a glorious morning" (*Sonnet*)	ii	224
Greenwood Tree, The (*As You Like It*)	v	219
Grief (*Hamlet*)	iii	348
"Hark, hark! the lark" (*Cymbeline*)	v	292
Healthful Old Age (*As You Like It*)	vi	287
Imagination (*Midsummer Night's Dream*)	vi	12
Influence of Music (*Henry VIII.*)	vi	362
King to his Soldiers before Harfleur, The (*Henry V.*)	viii	268
"Let me not to the marriage of true minds" (*Sonnet*)	ii	376
Love (*Merchant of Venice*)	ii	62
Love and Woman (*Love's Labor's Lost*)	ii	65
Love Dissembled (*As You Like It*)	ii	31
Love's Blindness (*Sonnet*)	ii	223
Love's Memory (*All's Well That Ends Well*)	iii	140
Murder, The (*Macbeth*)	ix	122
Music (*Merchant of Venice*)	vi	362
"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments" (*Sonnet*)	i	359
Olivia (*Twelfth Night*)	ii	10
"O mistress mine" (*Twelfth Night*)	ii	79
Othello's Defence (*Othello*)	ii	207
Othello's Remorse (*Othello*)	ix	67
Portia's Picture (*Merchant of Venice*)	ii	11
Prayer and Repentance (*Hamlet*)	iv	118
Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius (*Julius Cæsar*)	i	381
Queen Mab (*Romeo and Juliet*)	vi	13
Seven Ages of Man (*As You Like It*)	vii	126

	VOL.	PAGE
"Shall I compare thee" (*Sonnet*)	ii	5
Shepherd's Life, A (*Henry VI.*)	i	319
Sleep (*Henry IV.*)	vi	433
Soliloquy on Death (*Hamlet*)	iii	252
Songs of Ariel (*The Tempest*)	vi	57
"Take, O, take those lips away" (*Measure for Measure*)	iii	71
"The forward violet thus did I chide" (*Sonnet*)	ii	9
Unrequited Love (*Twelfth Night*)	iii	9
"When icicles hang by the wall" (*Love's Labor's Lost*)	v	171
"When in disgrace" (*Sonnet*)	i	358
"When in the chronicle of wasted time" (*Sonnet*)	ii	3
"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought" (*Sonnet*)	i	348
Young Friends (*Midsummer Night's Dream*)	i	344

SHANLY, CHARLES DAWSON.
Journalist. Ireland, 1811—Florida, 1875.

Brier-Wood Pipe, The	vi	317
Civil War	viii	353
Kitty of Coleraine	ii	132
Walker of the Snow	vi	167

SHARP, ELIZABETH AMELIA (MRS. WILLIAM).
Editor. London, Eng., 1856—.

Vision of a Fair Woman (*From the Erse, in Lyra Celtica, edited by Mrs. Sharp*)	ii	26

SHARP, WILLIAM.
Author; critic. Scotland, 1856—Lives, London, Eng.

White Peacock, The (*Sospiri di Roma*)	vii	175

SHARPE, R. S.
England, 1759—1835.

Minute-Gun, The	v	403

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.
Poet. England, 1792—Italy, 1822.

Autumn: a Dirge	v	170
Cloud, The	v	133
Earth, Ocean, Air (*Alastor*)	v	4
Ianthe, Sleeping, To (*Queen Mab*)	vii	129
"I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden"	ii	30
Lament, A	iii	175
Lines to an Indian Air	ii	254
Love's Philosophy	ii	106
Mont Blanc, From	v	217
Night (*Queen Mab*)	v	66
Night, To	v	63
Ozymandias of Egypt	vii	161
Question, The	v	272
Skylark, To the	v	297
Sunset (*Queen Mab*)	v	48
"The sun is warm, the sky is clear"	iii	164
To ——	vi	363
Trial of Beatrice (*The Cenci*)	ix	68
Venice (*View from the Euganean Hills*)	vii	192
West Wind, Ode to the	v	128

SHENSTONE, WILLIAM.
Poet. England, 1714—1765.

Village Schoolmistress, The (*The Schoolmistress*)	vii	231

SHERIDAN, CAROLINE ELIZABETH. See NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH.

SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER.
Prof. Architecture. Peekskill, N. Y., 1860—Lives, New York.

Her Guitar	ii	44
On Some Buttercups	ii	45
Shadows, The	i	132

Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston; THE FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York.

SHIRLEY, JAMES.
Dramatist. England, 1594—1666.

Common Doom, The	ii	237
Death the Leveller	iii	253

SIBLEY, CHARLES.
Scotland.

Pleidie, The	ii	131

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP.
Courtier; soldier; man of letters. England, 1554—1586.

Love's Silence	ii	73

	VOL.	PAGE
"Loving in truth" (*Astrophel and Stella*)	vi	342
"My true-love hath my heart"	ii	330
Sleep (*Astrophel and Stella*)	vi	433
"With how sad steps, O moon" (*Astrophel and Stella*)	iii	13

SIGERSON, GEORGE.
Medical, scientific, political writer. Ireland, 1839—.

Far-Away	vi	183

SIGOURNEY, LYDIA HUNTLEY.
Norwich, Conn., 1791—1865.

Coral Insects, The	v	395

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND.
Prof. Eng. Lit. Windsor, Conn., 1841—Cleveland, O., 1887.

Among the Redwoods	v	234
Fool's Prayer, The	vi	275
Morning Thought, A	iii	267

Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

SILLERY, CHARLES DOYNE.
Ireland, 1897—Edinburgh, Scotland, 1836.

"She died in beauty"	iii	319

SIMMIAS.
Poet. Greece. B. C.

Grave of Sophocles, The (*Hardinge's Translation*)	iii	269

SIMMONS, BARTHOLOMEW.
Poet. Ireland, 1804—1850.

Memory of Thomas Hood, To the	vii	62

SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE.
Novelist; poet. Charleston, S. C., 1806—1870.

Grape-Vine Swing, The	v	231
Lost Pleiad, The	iv	347
Mother and Child	i	25
Shaded Water, The	v	196

SMITH, BELLE E.
Librarian. Lives, Newton, Iowa.

"If I should die tonight" (*The Outlook*)	iii	374

SMITH, MRS. F. BURGE.
Rhode Island, 1826—.

Little Goldenhair	i	42

SMITH, GOLDWIN.
Author; historian. England, 1823—Lives, Toronto, Canada.

Beauty Unadorned (*Latin of Propertius*)	vi	282

SMITH, HORACE.
Novelist; poet. England, 1779—1849.

Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition	vi	235
Gouty Merchant and the Stranger, The	ix	275
Hymn to the Flowers	v	242

SMITH, MARY LOUISE RILEY.
Brighton, N. Y., 1842—Lives, New York.

"If we knew"	i	278
In Prison	iv	323
Sometime	iv	344
Tired Mothers	i	282

Publishers: E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York.

SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS.
Baptist clergyman. Boston, 1808—Bridgeport, Conn., 1895.

America	viii	95

SMITH, SEBA.
Journalist. Turner, Me., 1792—Patchogue, L. I., 1868.

Mother's Sacrifice, The	i	24

SMITH, SIDNEY.
Clergyman; essayist; wit. England, 1771—1845.

Recipe for Salad, A	ix	387

SMITH, WALTER CHALMERS.
Story-writer. Scotland, 1824—1876.

Self-Exiled, The	iv	158

VOL. PAGE

SMITS, DIRK.
Poet. Holland, 1702—1752.
On the Death of an Infant (*VanDyk's Trans.*) i 70

SOPHOCLES.
Tragic poet. Greece, 495 B. C.—405 B. C., Fortune (*Garnett's Translation*) ..... vi 283

SOUTHESK, SIR JAMES CARNEGIE, EARL OF.
Poet. Scotland, 1827—.
Kate Temple's Song.. ii 94

SOUTHEY, CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES (MRS. ROBERT).
Poet. England, 1787—1854.
Cuckoo Clock, The (*The Birthday*) ..... vii 148
Greenwood Shrift, The. vii 379
Young Gray Head, The. ix 132

SOUTHEY, ROBERT.
Author. England, 1774—1843.
Battle of Blenheim... viii 437
Cataract of Lodore... vii 170
God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop ..... ix 52
Greenwood Shrift, The. vii 379
Holly-Tree, The ..... v 221
Inchcape Rock, The... v 431
"My days among the dead" ..... iv 396
Well of St. Keyne, The. ix 204

SOUTHWELL, ROBERT.
Roman Catholic priest; poet; martyr. England, 1562—1595.
Losse in Delays ..... iv 341
Scorn not the Least.. iv 298
"Times go by turns". iii 228

SPENCER, CAROLINE.
Catskill, N. Y., 1850—.
Living Waters ..... iv 251

SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT.
Poet. England, 1770—1834.
Beth Gêlert ..... v 360
"Too late I stayed". i 352
Wife, Children, and Friends ..... i 354

VOL. PAGE

SPENSER, EDMUND.
Poet. England, 1553—1599.
Beauty (*Hymne in Honour of Beautie*).. vi 281
Bower of Bliss, The (*Faërie Queene*) .... vi 112
Cave of Sleep, The (*Faërie Queene*) .... vi 114
Love to Christ (*An Hymne of Heavenly Love*) ..... iv 90
Ministry of Angels, The (*Faërie Queene*). iv 415
"One day I wrote her name (*Amoretti*) .... vi 353
Una and the Lion (*Faërie Queene*) .... vi 110
Una and the Red Crosse Knight (*Faërie Queene*) ..... vi 108
Wedding Day, The (*Epithalamion*) .... ii 406

SPOFFORD, HARRIET ELIZABETH PRESCOTT.
Author. Calais, Me., 1835—Lives, Newburyport, Mass.
Nun and Harp, The... iii 93
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

SPRAGUE, CHARLES.
Poet. Boston, 1791—1875.
Winged Worshippers.. v 330
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN.
Dean of Westminster. England, 1815—1881.
Disciples after the Ascension, The ..... iv 77
"Till death us part". ii 458

STANTON, FRANK LEBBY.
Journalist. Charleston, S. C., 1837—Lives, Atlanta, Ga.
Mocking-Bird, The ... v 319
Old Battle-Field, An. viii 446
Plantation Ditty, A (*Comes One with a Song*) ..... ix 376
Publishers: D. APPLETON & Co., New York; THE BOBBS-MERRILL Co., Indianapolis.

	VOL.	PAGE
STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE.		
Banker; poet; critic. Hartford, Conn., 1833—Lives, New York.		
Betrothed Anew	v	92
Cavalry Song (*Alice of Monmouth*)	viii	365
Cousin Lucrece	vii	131
Hand of Lincoln, The.	vii	30
Hawthorne	vii	103
Hymn of the West....	viii	458
Kearny at Seven Pines.	viii	367
Pan in Wall Street...	vi	379
Si Jeunesse Savait....	ii	242
Undiscovered Country.	iv	387
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
STEIN, EVALEEN.		
Magazine and juvenile writer. La Fayette, Ind., 1800 (?)—.		
In Mexico (*One Way to the Woods*)	vii	257
Publishers: SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston.		
STEPHEN, JAMES KENNETH.		
Barrister. England, 1859—1892.		
Lapsus Calami	ix	422
STEPHEN THE SABAITE, ST.		
A monk of St. Sabas. Palestine, 725—794.		
"Art thou weary?" (*Neale's Trans.*)	iv	87
STERLING, JOHN.		
Editor; essayist. Scotland, 1806—1844.		
Alfred the Harper....	viii	238
Beautiful Day, On a.	v	6
Louis XV.	vii	339
Rose and the Gauntlet, The	ix	131
Two Oceans, The	vi	439
STEVENS, GEORGE ALEXANDER.		
England, 1720—1784.		
Storm, The	v	414
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR.		
Novelist; poet; essayist. Edinburgh, 1850—Samoa, 1894.		
Foreign Children	i	130
Foreign Lands	i	138
Good Play, A	i	127
Heather Ale	viii	40
House Beautiful, The.	i	277
In the Season	i	209
In Memoriam: F. A. S.	iii	428
Land of Counterpane.	i	107
Land of Story Books..	i	140
My Shadow	i	133
Unseen Playmate, The.	i	131
Wind, The	i	141
Publishers in America: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.		
STILL, JOHN.		
Clergyman; writer of comedy. England, 1543—d. Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1608.		
Good Ale	ix	248
STILLMAN, ANNIE RAYMOND (*Grace Raymond*).		
Novelist. Charleston, S. C., 1855—Lives, Birmingham, Ala.		
Birth	i	3
Publishers: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.		
STIRLING-MAXWELL, LADY. See NORTON, CAROLINE E. S.		
STODDARD RICHARD HENRY.		
Journalist; lyric poet. Hingham, Mass., 1825—New York, 1903.		
Country Life, The ...	i	320
Flight of Youth, The..	i	264
Men of the North and West	viii	97
Sea, The	ix	192
Publishers: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.		
STORY, ROBERT.		
Scotland, 1790—1859.		
Whistle, The	ii	112
STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE.		
Sculptor; essayist. Salem, Mass., 1819—Florence, Italy, 1895.		
Cleopatra	ii	354
Perseverance (*Italian of Da Vinci*)	vi	284
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		

	VOL.	PAGE
STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER.		
Novelist. Litchfield, Conn., 1812—Hartford, Conn., 1896.		
Day in the Pamfili Doria, A	vii	182
"Knocking, ever knocking"	iv	92
Lines to the Memory of "Annie"	iii	426
"Only a year"	iii	418
Other World, The	iv	389
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
STRANGFORD, LORD.		
England, 1789—1855.		
Blighted Love (*Portuguese of Camoëns*)	iii	81
STREET, ALFRED BILLINGS.		
Librarian. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1811—Albany, N. Y., 1881.		
Settler, The	vii	240
STRODE, WILLIAM.		
England, 1600—1644.		
Kisses	ii	106
STRONG, WILLIAM.		
Clergyman. Published London, Eng., 1833.		
Frithiof at the Court of Angantyr (*Swedish of Tegnér*)	vii	289
STURM, JULIUS.		
Poet. Germany, 1816—1896.		
I Hold Still (*Trans.*)	iii	243
SUCKLING, SIR JOHN.		
Poet. England, about 1608—Paris, 1642.		
Bride, The (*A Ballad upon a Wedding*)	ii	410
Constancy	ii	23
"I prithee send me back my heart"	ii	187
"Why so pale and wan?"	ii	247
SURFACEMAN. See ANDERSON, ALEXANDER.		
SURREY, HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF.		
England, 1516—1547.		
"Give place, ye lovers"	ii	7
Means to attain Happy Life, The	i	312
SWAIN, CHARLES.		
Engraver; song-writer. England, 1803—1874.		
"Smile and never heed me"	ii	115
Violet in her Hair, A	ii	17
"Take the world as it is"	i	403
SWIFT, JONATHAN.		
Satirist. Ireland, 1667—1745.		
Time: An Enigma	vi	224
Tonis ad Resto Mare	ix	319
Vowels, The: An Enigma	ix	311
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES.		
Poet. England, 1837—.		
Death of Carlyle and George Eliot, On the	vii	96
Dickens	vii	82
Disappointed Lover	v	378
Étude Réaliste	i	8
Forsaken Garden, A	v	388
Hesperia	ii	267
Hope and Fear	i	256
"Kissing her hair"	ii	252
Match, A	ii	86
Monument erected to Mazzini, On the	vii	13
Nephelidia	ix	411
Walter Savage Landor	vii	75
"When the hounds of spring"	v	75
SYLVA, CARMEN. See ELIZABETH.		
SYLVESTER, JOSHUA.		
England, 1563—1618.		
Contentment	vi	417
"Were I as base as is the lowly plain"	ii	330
SYMONS, ARTHUR.		
Literary critic. Wales, 1865—.		
Portrait, To a	iii	34
SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON.		
Critic; historian of literature. England, 1840—Rome, 1893.		
Gaudeamus Igitur (*Mediæval Latin*)	i	231
Lauriger Horatius (*Mediæval Latin*)	i	230
Sacrifice of Polyxena, The (*Greek of Euripides*)	ix	5
Venice	vii	188

VOL. PAGE

TABB, JOHN BANISTER.
Rom. Cath. clergyman. Amelia Co., Va., 1845—Lives, Ellicott City, Md.
Indian Summer ..... v 167
Water-Lily, The ..... v 280
Publishers: SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

TALFOURD, SIR THOMAS NOON.
Statesman. England, 1795—1854.
Sympathy (*Ion*) ..... iv 163

TALIESSIN.
Poet and bard. Wales, probably VI. Century.
"Where are the men" (*Oliphant's Trans.*) . viii 301

TANNAHILL, ROBERT.
Weaver; poet. Scotland, 1774—1810.
"The midges dance aboon the burn" .... v 47

TASSO, TORQUATO.
Poet. Italy, 1544—1595.
Erminia and the Wounded Tancred (*Fairfax's Translation*) ... vii 321
Princess Lucretia, To. ii 24

TAYLOR, BAYARD.
Traveler; novelist; journalist; diplomat. Kennett Sq., Pa., 1825—Berlin, Germany, 1878.
Arab to the Palm, The. v 227
Bedouin Love-Song .. ii 264
Possession ..... ii 418
Song of the Camp, The. ii 362
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

TAYLOR, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
War correspondent; author. Lowville, N. Y., 1819—Cleveland, O., 1887.
Northern Lights, The. v 34
Old Village Choir ... iv 202
Publishers: SCOTT, FORESMAN & Co., Chicago.

TAYLOR, EDGAR.
England. Published 1825.
Song (*German of Walther von der Vogelweide*) ..... ii 26

VOL. PAGE

TAYLOR, SIR HENRY.
Government service; author. England, 1800—1886.
Athulf and Ethilda .. ii 96
Heart-Rest (*Philip van Artevelde*) ..... i 312
Scholar, The (*Edwin the Fair*) ..... vi 359
Wind and the Pine-Tree, The (*Edwin the Fair*) ..... v 219

TAYLOR, JANE.
Writer. England, 1783—1824.
Pretty Cow ..... i 105

TAYLOR, JEFFREYS.
England, 1793—1853.
Milkmaid, The ..... ix 259

TAYLOR, JEREMY.
Theological writer. England, 1613—1667.
Heaven ..... iv 408

TAYLOR, JOHN EDWARD.
England. Published 1852.
"If it be true that any beauteous thing" (*Italian of Michael Angelo*) ..... ii 72
"The might of one fair face" (*Italian of Michael Angelo*) ..... ii 329

TAYLOR, TOM.
Dramatist; critic; editor of Punch. England, 1817—1880.
Abraham Lincoln (*From Punch*) ..... vii 25

TAYLOR, W.
England.
My Recovery (*German of Klopstock*) ..... iv 293

TEGNÉR, ESAIAS.
Bishop of Wexiö, Sweden, 1782—1846.
Frithiof at the Court of Angantyr (*Strong's Translation*) ..... vii 289

TENNANT, WILLIAM.
Oriental scholar. Scotland, 1784—1848.
Peace, Ode to ..... viii 423

	VOL.	PAGE
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD.		
Poet. England, 1809—1892.		
Albert, Prince Consort of England	vii	34
"Break, break, break".	iii	34
Blackbird, The	v	320
Bugle, The (*The Princess*)	v	210
Charge of the Light Brigade	viii	294
"Come into the garden, Maud"	ii	273
Crossing the Bar	iv	375
Dead Friend, The (*In Memoriam*)	i	360
Death of the old Year.	vi	196
Doubt and Faith (*In Memoriam*)	iv	139
Dying Swan, The	v	323
Eagle, The	v	321
Enid's Song (*Idyls of the King*)	vi	266
Farewell, A	v	199
Foolish Virgins, The..	iv	331
Godiva	vii	361
Hands all Round	viii	29
"Home they brought her warrior dead" (*The Princess*)	iii	345
In Memoriam, Selections from	iii	349
"It is the miller's daughter" (*Miller's Daughter*)	ii	102
Lady Clare	ii	300
Lady Clara Vere de Vere	iii	4
Lady of Shalott, The.	vi	124
Locksley Hall	iii	17
Lotus-Eaters, The	vi	402
Lullaby (*The Princess*)	i	11
May Queen, The	iii	292
Mort D'Arthur	vii	352
New Year, The (*In Memoriam*)	iv	260
"Not at all or all in all" (*Merlin and Vivien*)	ii	250
"Oh that 'twere possible" (*Maud*)	iii	331
"O, swallow, swallow, flying south" (*The Princess*)	ii	100
"O yet we trust that somehow good" (*In Memoriam*)	iv	243
Revenge, The	vii	383
Rizpah	ix	151
Saint Agnes	iv	416
Sir Galahad	iv	164
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere	ii	257
Sleeping Beauty, The (*The Day Dream*)	ii	307
Song of the Brook (*The Brook: an Idyl*)	v	194
Song of the Milkmaid (*Queen Mary*)	ii	107
Spring (*In Memoriam*).	v	91
"Strong Son of God, immortal Love" (*In Memoriam*)	iv	45
"Tears, idle tears" (*The Princess*)	iii	142
Ulysses	vi	426
Victor Hugo, To	vii	41
Virgil, To	vii	37
"What does little birdie say"	i	98
TENNYSON, CHARLES. See TURNER, CHARLES TENNYSON.		
TERRET, WILLIAM B. America.		
Platonic	i	372
TERSTEEGEN, GERHARD. *Lyric poet.* Germany, 1697—1769.		
Love of God Supreme, The (*J. Wesley's Translation*)	iv	130
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE. *Novelist; general writer.* Calcutta, India, 1811—England, 1863.		
Age of Wisdom, The..	ii	236
At the Church-Gate..	ii	60
Ballad of Bouillabaisse.	i	393
Cane-Bottomed Chair..	i	377
End of the Play, The.	iv	256
Fairy Days	i	141
Garret, The	i	369
Little Billee	ix	296
Mahogany-Tree, The..	i	391
Peg of Limavaddy	i	236
Sorrows of Werther..	ix	204
THAXTER, CELIA LAIGHTON. *Poet.* Portsmouth, N. H., 1836—Appledore Island, N. H., 1894.		
May Morning	v	84
Sandpiper, The	v	303
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		
THAYER, WILLIAM ROSCOE. (*Paul Hermes*). *Historian.* Boston, 1859—Lives, Cambridge, Mass.		
Last Hunt, The	viii	262
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.		

VOL. PAGE

THOM, WILLIAM.
Scotland, 1798—1848.
Mitherless Bairn, The. i 78

THOMAS, EDITH MATILDA.
Poet. Chatham, O., 1854—1901.
Augury ..... vi 269
Frost ..... v 173
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

THOMPSON, ED. PORTER.
Magazine-writer. Kentucky, 1834—?
C. S. Army's Commissary, The ..... viii 396

THOMPSON, FRANCIS.
Poet. England, 1859—.
Daisy ..... iii 136

THOMPSON [JAMES] MAURICE.
Essayist; novelist. Fairfield, Ind., 1844—Crawfordsville, Ind., 1901.
Wild Honey ..... v 344
Written on a Fly-leaf of Theocritus ..... vi 358
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

THOMPSON, JOHN RANDOLPH.
Journalist. Richmond, Va., 1823—New York, 1873.
Lee to the Rear ..... viii 401
Music in Camp..... viii 389

THOMPSON, WILL HENRY.
Lawyer. Calhoun, Ga., 1848—Lives, Seattle, Wash.
High Tide at Gettysburg, The ..... viii 398
Publishers: THE CENTURY CO., New York.

THOMSON, JAMES.
Government service; poet. Scotland, 1700—1748.
Castle of Indolence... vi 115
Connubial Life (*The Seasons*) ..... ii 430
Hymn, A (*The Seasons*) ..... v 70
Rule Britannia (*Alfred*). viii 11
Stag Hunt, The (*The Seasons*) ..... v 163
Winter Scenes (*The Seasons*) ..... v 184

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID.
Naturalist; author. Concord, Mass., 1817—1862.
Mist ..... vii 153
Smoke ..... vii 156
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

THORNBURY, GEORGE WALTER.
Man of letters. England, 1828—1876.
Jacobite on Tower Hill. viii 17
Jester's Sermon, The.. vi 272
Three Scars, The..... viii 276

THORPE, ROSE HARTWICK.
Author. Litchfield, Mich., 1840—Lives, La Jolla, Cal.
"Curfew must not ring to-night" ..... ii 303
Drifted out to Sea.... vii 438
Publishers: LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

THRALE, HESTER LYNCH. See PIOZZI, HESTER LYNCH THRALE.

THURLOW, EDWARD HOVEL, LORD.
England, 1781—1829.
Beauty ..... ii 251

TICHEBORNE, CHIDIOCK.
England, d. 1586.
Lines written in the Tower ..... iii 159

TIMROD, HENRY.
Journalist; poet. Charleston, S. C., 1829—Columbia, S. C., 1867.
Cry to Arms, A..... viii 100
Ode ..... viii 454
Spring in Carolina.... v 86
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

TOWNSEND, GEORGE ALFRED.
Journalist. Georgetown, Del., 1841—Lives, Washington, D. C.
Army Correspondent's Last Ride ..... viii 408

	VOL.	PAGE
TOWNSEND, MARY ASHLEY VANVOORHIS (*Xariffa*). *Author.* Lyons, N. Y., 1832—Galveston, Texas, 1901.		
Woman's Wish, A....	vi	429
Publishers: THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.		
TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX. *Archbishop of Dublin; philologist; essayist.* Ireland, 1807—London, 1886.		
Christ, The	iv	75
Different Minds	iv	293
Harmosan	viii	203
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND. *Novelist; poet.* Ogden, N. Y., 1827—Lives, Arlington, Mass.		
Dorothy in the Garret.	iii	89
Vagabonds, The	vi	260
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.		
TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE. *Essayist.* Boston, Mass., 1813—New York, 1871.		
Newport Beach	vii	239
TURNER, CHARLES TENNYSON. *Poet; brother of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.* England, 1808—1879.		
Buoy-Bell	v	423
Letty's Globe	i	31
Sunrise	iv	20
TYNAN, KATHARINE. See HINKSON, KATHARINE TYNAN.		
UHLAND, LUDWIG. *Dramatist; lyric poet.* Germany, 1787—1862.		
Landlady's Daughter, The (*Dwight's Trans.*).	ii	335
Passage, The (*Austin's Translation*)...	iii	342
ULRICH, ANTON, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK. Germany, 1633—1714.		
God's Sure Help in Sorrow (*Winkworth's Translation*)	iii	236
VANDEGRIFT, MARGARET. See JANVIER, MARGARET THOMSON.		
VAN DYK, H. S. England.		
On the Death of an Infant (*Dutch of Smits*)	i	70
VAN DYKE, HENRY. *Pres. clergyman; prof. Eng. Lit.; poet.* Germantown, Pa., 1852—Lives, Princeton, N. J.		
Child in the Garden, The (*Atlantic*)	i	55
Wayfaring Song, A (*Outlook*)	i	347
Work (*Outlook*)	vi	415
Publishers: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.		
VAUGHAN, HENRY. *Poet.* England, 1621—1695.		
"Happy are the dead".	iii	439
Peace	iv	414
Seed Growing Secretly.	iv	343
"They are all gone".	iii	403
VAUX, THOMAS, LORD. England, about 1510—1556.		
Of a Contented Spirit.	vi	328
VEGA, LOPE DE. *Dramatist.* Spain, 1562—1635.		
To-morrow. (*Longfellow's Translation*)..	iv	94
VENABLE, WILLIAM HENRY. *Author; educator.* Warren Co., O., 1836—Lives, Cincinnati, O.		
School-Girl, The	i	213
Welcome to "Boz," A.	vii	77
From "Saga of the Oaks and Other Poems;" by permission of the Publishers: DODD, MEAD & CO., New York.		
VERLAINE, PAUL. *Story-writer; poet.* France, 1844—1896.		
Spell, The (*Hall's Translation*)	vi	367

VOL. PAGE

VERY, JONES.
Prof. Greek; essayist; poet. Salem, Mass., 1813—1880.
Latter Rain, The.... v 148
Life ..... iv 261
Nature ..... v 20
Spirit-Land, The..... iv 410
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

VILLON (true name probably MONTCORBIER), FRANÇOIS.
Poet; rambler. France, 1431—about 1500.
Ballad of Dead Ladies, The (*Rossetti's Trans.*) vi 192

VINCI, LEONARDO DA.
Artist. Italy, 1452—France, 1519.
Perseverance (*Translation of Story*)..... vi 284

VIRGIL—PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO.
Epic poet. Rome, 70—19 B. C.
Fall of Troy, The (*Bowen's Trans.*)... vii 261

VOGELWEIDE, WALTHER VON DER. See WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

WADDINGTON, SAMUEL.
Civil service; poet. England, 1844—.
Mors et Vita..... i 397

WALLER, EDMUND.
Member of Parliament; poet. England, 1605—1687.
"Go, lovely rose".... ii 37
Old Age and Death (*Verses upon his Divine Poesy*) ..... vi 293
On a Girdle ..... ii 35

WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS.
Man of letters. Ireland, 1810—1894.
Kitty Neil ..... ii 133
Spinning-Wheel Song. ii 294

WALSH, WILLIAM.
England, 1663—1707.
Rivalry in Love..... ii 225

VOL. PAGE

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDGE.
Lyric poet; minnesinger. Germany, early part of XIII. Century.
Song (*Taylor's Trans.*). ii 26

WALTON, IZAAK. See also CHALKHILL, JOHN.
Linendraper; angler; author. England, 1593—1683.
Angler's Wish, The... v 138

WARE, HENRY, JR.
Unitarian clergyman; religious writer. Hingham, Mass., 1794—Framingham, Mass., 1843.
Seasons of Prayer.... iv 113

WASTELL, SIMON.
England, about 1560—about 1627.
Man's Mortality .... iii 255

WATSON, JOHN WHITTAKER.
Journalist. New York, 1824—1890.
Beautiful Snow ..... iii 205
Wounded to Death.... viii 375

WATSON, ROSAMUND MARRIOTT.
Poet. London, Eng. 1860—.
Ave atque Vale..... vi 191

WATSON, WILLIAM.
Poet. England, 1858—.
England and her Colonies ..... viii 32
Lachrymæ Musarum.. vii 84
Turk in Armenia, The (*The Purple East*)... viii 22
"Wordsworth's Grave", From ..... vii 74
From "Selected Poems": JOHN LANE, New York.

WATTS, ISAAC.
Clergyman; hymn-writer. England, 1674—1749.
Cradle Hymn, A..... i 98
Heaven ..... iv 413
"How doth the little busy bee" ..... i 108
"Jesus shall reign".. iv 96
"Let dogs delight to bark and bite"..... i 114
"Our God, our help in ages past"..... iv 32
Self-Inquiry ..... iv 280

VOL. PAGE

WATTS-DUNTON, THEODORE.
Novelist; critic. England, 1836—.
Ode to Mother Carey's Chicken ..... v 333

WAUGH, EDWIN.
"*The Laureate of Lancashire.*" England, 1818—1890.
"The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine"..... ii 116

WEATHERLY, FREDERIC EDWARD.
Barrister; song-writer. England, 1848—.
Darby and Joan .... ii 447
London Bridge ..... vi 238

WEBB, CHARLES HENRY (*John Paul*).
Journalist; author. Rouse Point, N. Y., 1834—Lives, Nantucket, Mass.
With a Nantucket Shell ..... v 425
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

WEBSTER, DANIEL.
Statesman; orator. Salisbury (now Franklin), N. H., 1782—Marshfield, Mass., 1852.
Memory of the Heart. i 346

WEIR, HARRISON WILLIAM.
Artist; author; journalist. England, 1824—.
English Robin, The... v 327

WELBY, AMELIA B. COPPUCK.
St. Michael's, Md., 1819—Louisville, Ky., 1852.
Twilight at Sea..... v 411
Publishers: D. APPLETON & Co., New York.

WESLEY, CHARLES.
Clergyman; hymn-writer. England, 1708—1788.
Wrestling Jacob ..... iv 79

WESLEY, JOHN.
Clergyman; founder of Methodism. England, 1703—1791.
Love of God Supreme, The (*German of Tersteegen*) ..... iv 130

VOL. PAGE

WESTWOOD, THOMAS.
Railway official. England, 1814—1888.
Little Bell ..... i 135
Under my Window.... i 139

WETHERALD, ETHELWYN.
Journalist. Ontario, Can.—.
Snow Storm, The.... v 177

WHEWELL, WILLIAM.
Scientist; philosopher. England, 1794—1866.
Physics ..... ix 434

WHIBLEY, CHARLES.
England.
"Eros is missing" (*Greek of Meleager*). ii 17

WHITE, HENRY KIRKE.
Clergyman. England, 1785—1806.
Early Primrose, The.. v 245
Star of Bethlehem.... iv 89
"Go, lovely rose," Stanza added to..... ii 37

WHITE, JOSEPH BLANCO.
Clergyman. Spain, 1775—Liverpool, Eng., 1841.
Night ..... v 64

WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN POWER.
Providence, R. I., 1803—1878.
Still Day in Autumn, A. vii 157
Publishers: THE PRESTON & ROUNDS Co., Providence.

WHITMAN, WALT.
Printer; poet. West Hills, L. I., 1819—Camden, N. J., 1892.
Manahatta ..... vii 245
Myself (*Song of Myself*) ..... vii 102
"O Captain! my Captain" ..... vii 28
"Out from behind this mask" (*Wound-Dresser*) ..... vii 100
"What is the grass" (*Song of Myself*).... vi 198
"When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed" iii 362
Publishers: DAVID MCKAY, Philadelphia; SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

VOL. PAGE

WHITNEY, HATTIE.
See DURBIN, HARRIET WHITNEY.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.
Poet. Haverhill, Mass., 1807—Hampton Falls, N. H., 1892.
Absent Sailor, To her (*The Tent on the Beach*) ..... iii 124
Angel of Patience, The. iii 402
Barbara Frietchie.... viii 362
Barclay of Ury..... vii 429
Barefoot Boy, The... i 84
Benedicite ..... i 356
Brown of Ossawatomie. viii 169
Burns ..... vii 64
Centennial Hymn .... viii 457
Disarmament ..... viii 425
Eternal Goodness, The. iv 42
Fitz-Greene Halleck.. vii 92
Hampton Beach ..... v 427
In School-Days ..... i 162
John Charles Frémont ..... viii 173
Laus Deo ..... viii 176
Maud Muller ..... iii 35
Meeting, The ..... iv 208
New England Home in Winter, A (*Snow-bound*) ..... i 308
Our State ..... viii 93
Palm-Tree, The ..... v 229
Prayer of Agassiz, The. vii 116
Pumpkin, The ..... v 270
Reformer, The ..... viii 157
Two Angels, The.... iv 156
Two Rabbis, The.... iv 316
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

WIFFEN, BENJAMIN B.
England.
Rome, To (*Spanish of De Quevedo*) ..... vii 177

WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.
Poet. Johnstown Centre, Wis., 1855—Lives, Short Beach, Conn.
Life ..... vi 233
Publishers: THE W. B. CONKEY CO., New York and Chicago.

WILDE, OSCAR FINGALL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS.
Dramatist. Ireland, 1856—France, 1900.
Ave Imperatrix ..... viii 22

VOL. PAGE

WILDE, RICHARD HENRY.
Lawyer. Ireland, 1789—New Orleans, La., 1847.
Life ..... vi 230

WILKINS, WILLIAM.
Educator. Zante, Greece, 1852, of Irish parentage—Lives, Dublin, Ire.
In the Engine-Shed... ix 165

WILKINSON, WILLIAM CLEAVER.
Baptist clergyman; prof. poetry and criticism. Westford, Vt., 1833—Lives, Chicago.
Old Year and the New. vi 194
Publishers: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.

WILLARD, EMMA HART.
Educator; author. New Berlin, Conn., 1787—Troy, N. Y., 1870.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep ..... iv 80

WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER.
Journalist; poet. Portland, Me., 1806—"Idlewild," near Newburgh, N. Y., 1867.
Annoyer, The ..... ii 75
Belfry Pigeon, The.. v 325
Leper, The ..... vii 315
Parrhasius ..... ix 8
Unseen Spirits..... iii 204
Publishers; MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO., New York.

WILLSON, ARABELLA M.
Canandaigua, N. Y.
To the "Sextant"... ix 355

WILLSON, [BYRON] FORCEYTHE.
Journalist. Little Genesee, N. Y., 1837—Alfred, N. Y., 1867.
In State ..... viii 338
Publishers: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

	VOL.	PAGE
WILSON, JOHN (*Christopher North*). *Essayist; novelist; editor.* Scotland, 1785—1854.		
Evening Cloud, The..	vii	156
WINKWORTH, CATHARINE. Scotland, 1825—1878.		
God's Sure Help in Sorrow (*German of Ulrich*)	iii	236
Myself, To (*German of Flemming*)	iii	218
Veni Sancte Spiritus (*Latin of Robert II.*).	iv	105
WITHER, GEORGE. *Soldier; poet.* England, 1588—1667.		
Author's Resolution...	ii	238
Christmas	i	230
"Lord! when those glorious lights I see".	iv	14
Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss	ii	110
WOLCOTT OR WOLCOT, JOHN (*Peter Pindar*). *Clergyman; physician.* England, 1738—1819.		
Chloe, To	ii	220
Pilgrims and the Peas.	ix	249
Razor-Seller, The	ix	287
Sleep	vi	433
WOLFE, CHARLES. *Clergyman.* Ireland, 1791—1823.		
Burial of Sir John Moore	viii	283
WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD. *Critic; educator.* Beverly, Mass., 1855—Lives, New York.		
At Gibraltar	viii	439
Publishers: THE MACMILLAN CO., New York.		
WOODS, MARGARET L. *Novelist.* England, 1859—.		
Rest	vi	431
WOODWORTH, SAMUEL. *Journalist.* Scituate, Mass., 1785—New York, 1842.		
Old Oaken Bucket, The.	i	91
WOOLNER, THOMAS. *Sculptor.* England, 1825—1892.		
My Beautiful Lady...	ii	260
WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCEY (*Susan Coolidge*). *Author.* Cleveland, O., 1845—Lives, Newport, R. I.		
Emerson	vii	97
When	iv	363
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM. *Poet.* England, 1770—1850.		
Cuckoo, To the.....	v	290
Daffodils	v	247
Departure of Sir Walter Scott, On the...	vii	61
Duty, Ode to.....	iv	278
Hartley Coleridge, To.	i	40
Highland Girl, To a...	i	216
Influence of Natural Objects (*The Prelude*).	v	20
Inner Vision, The....	vi	322
Laodamia	ii	451
March	v	77
Milton, To	vii	54
"My heart leaps up".	v	8
Ode: "There was a time"	iv	377
Sea Shell, The (*The Excursion*)	v	426
"She was a phantom of delight"	ii	422
Skylark, To the.....	v	296
Sleeplessness	vi	434
Sonnet: "Earth has not anything"	vii	229
Sonnet, The	vii	55
Tables Turned, The..	v	23
"The world is too much with us".....	v	3
"Three years she grew"	i	72
Tintern Abbey	v	11
Unknown Poets (*The Excursion*)	vi	339
Walton's Book of Lives (*Ecclesiastical Sonnets*)	vii	55
"We are seven".....	i	73
WOTTON, SIR HENRY. *Diplomat.* England, 1568—1639.		
Character of a Happy Life, The	vi	225
His Mistress, To.....	ii	8
In Praise of Angling..	v	136

VOL. PAGE

WRIGHT, ELIZUR.
Reformer; journalist; author. South Canaan, Conn., 1804—Medford, Mass., 1885.
Cobbler and the Financier, The (*French of La Fontaine*) ..... vi 410
Wolf and the Dog, The (*French of La Fontaine*) ..... viii 121

WYETH, JOHN ALLAN.
Surgeon. Missionary Station, Ala., 1845—Lives, New York.
My Sweetheart's Face. ii 43
Publishers: HARPER & BROS., New York.

XARIFFA. See TOWNSEND, MARY ASHLEY.

XAVIER, ST. FRANCIS.
Rom. Cath. missionary; "The Apostle of the Indies." France, 1506—1552.
"My God, I love Thee" (*Caswall's Translation*) ..... iv 103

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER.
Writer. Ireland, 1866—Lives, London.
Indian Song, An..... v 22
Lake Isle of Innisfree. v 211
Song of the Old Mother. i 284

YENDYS, SIDNEY. See DOBELL, SIDNEY THOMPSON.

YOUNG, EDWARD.
Clergyman. England, 1684—1765.
Friendship (*Night Thoughts*) ..... i 340
Matter and Man Immortal (*Night Thoughts*). iv 406
Procrastination (*Night Thoughts*) ..... vi 190
Time (*Night Thoughts*). vi 187

ZANGWILL, ISRAEL.
Novelist; poet. England, 1864—Lives, London.
Blind ..... iii 461

ANONYMOUS.

VOL. PAGE

Absence ..... iii 141
Anne Hathaway ..... vii 110
Answer, The ..... iv 402
Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, The ..... ii 153
Bellagcholly Days..... ix 420
Books (*The Kalĕder of Sheperdes*) ..... vi 359
Chevy-Chace ..... viii 244
Constancy ..... ii 235
Cooking and Courting. ii 174
Cosmic Egg, The .... ix 436
Countersign, The .... viii 352
Cradle Song ..... i 13
Cuckoo Song ..... v 90
Dance, The ..... viii 334
Douglas Tragedy, The. viii 258
Drummer-Boy's Burial. ix 172
Echo and the Lover.. ix 210
Edwin and Paulinus.. iv 385
Eggs and the Horses. ii 432
Fair Helen ..... iii 330
Faithful Lovers, The.. ii 231
Fetching Water from the Well ..... ii 298
Fiction, A ..... ii 81
Fine old English Gentleman, The ..... ix 255
Flotsam and Jetsam.. v 387
George Washington... vii 15
Good Bye ..... iii 97
Good King Arthur.... i 184
Grief for the Dead.... iii 408
Guilty or Not Guilty.. iii 212
Heaven ..... iv 398
History Lesson, The.. i 194
Hope Deferred ..... ii 368
Indian Weed, The.... vi 249
Inscription on Melrose Abbey ..... iii 269
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury... ix 241
Kissing's No Sin .... ii 107
Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament ..... iii 47
Lavender ..... iii 358
Life's Love, A..... ix 382
Lines to Miss Florence Huntingdon ..... ix 453
Lord Lovel ..... vii 373
Love Lightens Labor. ii 428
"Love me little, love me long" ..... ii 188
"Love not me for comely grace"..... ii 78
Love's Logic ..... ii 164
Modern Hiawatha, The. ix 414
Modern House that Jack Built, The..... ix 396
More Limericks ..... i 202
My Love ..... ix 427
Mystified Quaker in New York, The..... ix 352
"My sweet sweeting". ii 253
New Jerusalem, The .. iv 426

	VOL.	PAGE
Not One to Spare.....	i	288
Old School Punishment	i	162
Our Skater Belle	v	190
Passage in the Life of St. Augustine, A....	iv	1
Peace	iii	437
Perils of Thinking....	ix	380
Popping Corn	ii	193
Query, A	iv	146
Remonstrance with the Snails	v	352
Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale	vii	375
Saddened Tramp, The.	ix	395
Saddest Fate, The....	iii	247
Saint Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes..	ix	239
Seaside Well, The....	iv	253
Siege of Belgrade....	ix	426
Sir Patrick Spens....	viii	254
Skeleton, To a.....	vi	298
Somebody	ii	162
"Stone the woman, let the man go free".	iv	322
Stormy Petrel, Lines to	v	332
Swell's Soliloquy, The.	ix	341
Te Deum Laudamus..	iv	9
"There is a garden in her face"	ii	9
"They are dear fish to me"	iii	195
Three Children, The..	i	175
Too Great a Sacrifice.	ix	394
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.	viii	380
Try Again	i	109
Twa Corbies, The.....	ix	126
Twinkle, Twinkle	i	104
Unfinished Prayer, The.	i	43
Vanity	iv	292
Vicar of Bray, The..	ix	251
"Waly, waly"	iii	45
Watching for Papa...	iii	414
"We love but few"..	i	368
What was his Creed?.	iv	232
"When this cruel war is over"	viii	382
"Where are you going my pretty maid?"	ii	155
White Rose, The	ii	36
Wife to her Husband.	iii	146
Woman	ix	197
Woman's Complaint, A.	ii	426
Year of Jubilee, The..	viii	411

GENERAL INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

GENERAL INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

N. B.— Titles are in bold-faced type; where title and first line are identical they are in bold-face inclosed in quotation marks.

A.	VOL.	PAGE
A baby was sleeping	i.	10
A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink	i.	8
A bale-fire kindled in the night	vii.	97
A ball of fire shoots through the tamarack	v.	329
A being cleaves the moonlit air	vii.	43
A brace of sinners, for no good	ix.	249
A centipede was happy quite	ix.	380
A cheer and salute for the Admiral	viii.	419
A chieftain to the Highlands bound	vii.	399
A child said *What is the grass?*	vi.	198
A child sleeps under a rose-bush fair	vi.	233
A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun	vii.	156
A cloud possessed the hollow field	viii.	398
A cobbler sang from morn till night	vi.	410
A dainty plant is the ivy green	v.	263
A diagnosis of our history proves	ix.	417
A district school, not far away	i.	167
A dream of interlinking hands, of feet	vii.	114
A fair little girl sat under a tree	i.	109
A famous hen's my story's theme	ix.	436
A fellow in a market-town	ix.	287
A flock of merry singing-birds were sporting	v.	312
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by	vi.	434
A fole he is and voyde of reason	iv.	217
A footstep struck her ear	vii.	413
A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine	vi.	108
A girl, who has so many wilful ways	ii.	32
A golden gillyflower to-day	ii.	333
A good sword and a trusty hand	viii.	136
A good wife rose from her bed one morn	ii.	428
A granite cliff on either shore	vii.	247
A great, still Shape, alone	viii.	66
A happy bit hame this auld world would be	i.	353
A happy day at Whitsuntide	vii.	213
A health to you, Piper	viii.	54
A horse-shoe nailed, for luck, upon a mast	vi.	269

	VOL.	PAGE
A host of angels flying	i.	70
A jolly fat friar loved liquor good store	ix.	245
"A life on the ocean wave".....*E. Sargent.*	v.	409
A lighter scarf of richer fold	i.	67
A little elbow leans upon your knee	i.	282
A little more toward the light	vi.	286
A little way below her chin	ii.	45
"A mighty fortress is our God" *M. Luther. Trans. Hedge.*	iv.	33
A milk maid, who poised a full pail on her head.	ix.	259
A moment then Lord Marmion stayed	viii.	312
A naked house, a naked moor	i.	277
A noisette on my garden path	iii.	53
A pensive photograph	iii.	34
A poet loved a Star	ii.	424
A poppy grows upon the shore	v.	285
A prowling wolf, whose shaggy skin	viii.	121
A public haunt they found her in	i.	208
A rose of fire shut in a veil of snow	ii.	105
A ruddy drop of manly blood	i.	339
A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory	iii.	52
A shoal of idlers, from a merchant craft	vi.	264
A simple child	i.	73
A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers	viii.	221
A song for the plant of my own native West	v.	267
A song to the oak, the brave old oak	v.	220
A spectral form Soracte stands, snow-crowned.	i.	232
A steed! a steed of matchlesse speed	viii.	270
A strange fellow here	iv.	185
A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent	vi.	279
A street there is in Paris famous	i.	393
A sweet disorder in the dress	vii.	135
"A temple to Friendship," cried Laura	i.	371
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"..*J. Keats.*	vi.	329
A traveller through a dusty road strewed acorns.	iv.	309
A trodden daisy, from the sward	iv.	28
A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain	vii.	61
"A violet in her lovely hair".....*C. Swain.*	ii.	17
A voice resounds like thunder-peal	viii.	80
A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright	vii.	321
A weary lot is thine, fair maid	iii.	31
A weary weed, tossed to and fro	v.	392
A well there is in the West country	ix.	204
"A wet sheet and a flowing sea" *A. Cunningham.*	v.	399
A widow—she had only one!	iii.	287
A wind came up out of the sea	v.	37
"Abide with me" .....*H. F. Lyte.*	iv.	76
"Abou Ben Adhem" .....*L. Hunt.*	iv.	188
Above the Clouds.....*J. Miller.*	vi.	334

		VOL.	PAGE
Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting..		vii.	80
Above yon sombre swell of land		v.	96
Abraham Lincoln	*J. R. Lowell.*	vii.	32
Abraham Lincoln	*T. Taylor.*	vii.	25
Absence	*F. A. Kemble.*	iii.	133
Absence	*Anonymous.*	iii.	141
Absent sailor, To her	*J. G. Whittier.*	iii.	124
Accused, do you persist in your denial		ix.	68
Across the narrow beach we flit		v.	303
Across the pathway, myrtle-fringed		ii.	167
Adam and Eve	*Milton.*	vii.	124
Adam describing Eve	*Milton.*	ii.	385
Adam to Eve	*Milton.*	ii.	388
Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's..	*H. Smith.*	vi.	235
Address to the Ocean	*B. W. Procter.*	v.	381
Address to the Toothache	*R. Burns.*	ix.	307
"Adieu, adieu! my native shore".....	*Byron.*	iii.	108
Advice	*W. Dunbar.*	i.	401
Advice to a Girl	*T. Campion.*	ii.	242
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever		iii.	98
Ae fond Kiss before we Part	*R. Burns.*	iii.	98
Æsop	*A. Lang.*	vi.	330
"Afar in the desert"	*T. Pringle.*	iii.	222
Affaire D'Amour	*M. Deland.*	ii.	245
Afloat; we move — delicious! Ah		vii.	191
After Death	*Sir E. Arnold.*	iii.	452
After Death	*F. I. Parnell.*	viii.	68
After Summer	*P. B. Marston.*	iii.	336
After the Rain	*T. B. Aldrich.*	v.	123
Afton Water	*R. Burns.*	v.	202
Again the violet of our early days		v.	88
Again to the battle, Achaians		viii.	197
Agatha	*A. Austin.*	iii.	13
Age of Wisdom, The	*W. M. Thackeray.*	ii.	236
Ah Ben!		vii.	47
Ah, did you once see Shelley plain		vii.	58
Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet		ii.	151
"Alas! how light a cause may move"..	*T. Moore.*	iii.	80
Ah, how oft we read or hear of		i.	184
"Ah, how sweet"	*J. Dryden.*	ii.	68
Ah! I shall kill myself with dreams!		iv.	142
Ah! little they know of true happiness		i.	327
Ah, little ranting Johnny		i.	33
Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn		vii.	231
Ah! my heart is weary waiting		v.	81
Ah, my sweet sweeting		ii.	253
"Ah! sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel.		ii.	133
Ah, then how sweetly closed those crowded days.		i.	76
Ah what avails the sceptred race		ii.	375
Ah! what is love? It is a pretty thing.....		ii.	63

		VOL.	PAGE
A-Hunting we will Go	*H. Fielding.*	v.	158
Aim, The	*C. G. D. Roberts.*	iv.	129
Airy Nothings	*Shakespeare.*	vi.	58
Alas, Fra Giacomo		ix.	76
Alas! that men must see		iii.	394
Alas, that my heart is a lute		ii.	424
Alas! the weary hours pass slowly		viii.	352
Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity		ix.	257
Albert, Prince Consort of England	*A. Tennyson.*	vii.	34
Alexander's Feast	*J. Dryden.*	vi.	372
"Alexis, here she stayed"	*W. Drummond.*	ii.	224
Alfred the Harper	*J. Sterling.*	viii.	238
All	*F. A. Durivage.*	viii.	415
All beauty, granted as a boon to earth		vii.	4
All day long roved Hiawatha		iii.	319
All day long the storm of battle		ix.	172
All grim and soiled and brown and tan		viii.	157
All hail, Remembrance and Forgetfulness		vi.	321
All hail; thou noble land		viii.	27
All in our marriage garden		i.	64
All in the Downs the fleet was moored		iii.	102
All is bright and clear and still		vii.	192
"All quiet along the Potomac"	*E. E. Beers.*	viii.	350
All service ranks the same with God		iv.	156
All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod		iv.	3
All the world's a stage		vii.	126
All thoughts, all passions, all delights		ii.	159
All up and down in shadow-town		i.	132
All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom		iv.	360
All ye who have gained the haven of safe days		vi.	428
Allen, On Anne	*E. Fitzgerald.*	iii.	303
All's Well	*T. Dibdin.*	v.	404
Alnwick Castle	*F.-G. Halleck.*	ix.	312
Aloft upon an old basaltic crag		vii.	120
Alone I sit at eventide		ix.	447
Along the frozen lake she comes		v.	190
Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine	*Lewis.*	vii.	321
Alpine Descent, An	*S. Rogers.*	v.	216
Although I enter not		ii.	60
Am I the slave they say		iv.	170
"Amazing, beauteous change"	*P. Doddridge.*	iv.	197
America	*W. C. Bryant.*	viii.	88
America	*J. R. Lowell.*	ix.	337
America	*S. F. Smith.*	viii.	95
America to Great Britain	*W. Allston.*	viii.	27
American Flag, The	*J. R. Drake.*	viii.	152
Among the beautiful pictures		i.	76
Among the Heather	*W. Allingham.*	ii.	171
Among the Redwoods	*E. R. Sill.*	v.	234

		VOL.	PAGE
Among the Rocks	*R. Browning.*	v.	430
Among their graven shapes to whom		vii.	92
Among thy fancies tell me this		ii.	104
An ancient story I'll tell you anon		ix.	241
An Austrian army, awfully arrayed		ix.	426
An empty sky, a world of heather		iii.	64
An old farm-house with meadows wide		i.	318
An' O! may I never live single again		i.	281
Ancient and Modern Muses, The	*F. T. Palgrave.*	vi.	337
And are ye sure the news is true?		ii.	442
"And doth not a meeting like this"	*T. Moore.*	i.	366
"And even our women," lastly grumbles Ben		i.	242
And is the swallow gone?		v.	331
And is there care in heaven? And is there love		iv.	415
And lo! forthwith there rose up round about		iv.	443
And now behold your tender nurse, the air		v.	125
And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed		vii.	135
And said I that my limbs were old		ii.	70
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee		ii.	100
And the startling little waves, that leap		ii.	364
And then I turned unto their side my eyes		ii.	99
And there they sat, a-popping corn		ii.	193
And there two runners did the sign abide		ii.	142
And thou hast walked about (how strange)		vi.	235
"And where have you been, my Mary"		i.	148
"And ye shall walk in silk attire"		ii.	177
And yet — and yet — in these our ghostly lives		vi.	324
Andersen, Hans Christian	*E. Gosse.*	vii.	43
Angel of Patience, The	*J. G. Whittier.*	iii.	402
Angel or demon! thou — whether of light		vii.	8
Angel's Whisper, The	*S. Lover.*	i.	10
Angel's Song, The	*E. H. Sears.*	iv.	48
Angler, The	*J. Chalkill.*	v.	139
Angler's Wish, The	*I. Walton.*	v.	138
Annabel Lee	*E. A. Poe.*	iii.	312
Anne Hathaway	*Anonymous.*	vii.	110
Announced by all the trumpets of the sky		v.	176
Annoyer, The	*N. P. Willis.*	ii.	75
Answer, The	*Anonymous.*	iv.	402
Answer to Master Wither's Song	*B. Jonson.*	ii.	239
Antiquity of Freedom, The	*W. C. Bryant.*	viii.	115
Antony and Cleopatra	*W. H. Lytle.*	iii.	380
Antony over the body of Cæsar	*Shakespeare.*	ix.	20
Appeared the princess with that merry child		ii.	96
Approach of Age, The	*G. Crabbe.*	iii.	163
Approach of Age, The	*Shakespeare.*	vi.	194
Après	*A. J. Munby.*	iii.	355
Arab, The	*C. S. Calverley.*	ix.	413
Arab to his Favorite Steed, The	*C. E. S. Norton.*	v.	366
Arab to the Palm, The	*B. Taylor.*	v.	227

	VOL.	PAGE
Arches on arches! as it were that Rome.....	vii.	178
Are the Children at Home?..*M. E. M. Sangster.*	iii.	288
Army Correspondent's Last Ride.....*Townsend.*	viii.	408
Arrayed in snow-white pants and vest.....	ix.	342
Arsenal at Springfield, The..*H. W. Longfellow.*	viii.	444
Art .....*Sir G. Parker.*	vi.	345
Art Criticism .....*W. S. Landor.*	vii.	110
Art of Book-Keeping, The.....*T. Hood.*	ix.	305
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers..	vi.	409
"Art thou weary"..*St. Stephen. Trans. Neale.*	iv.	87
Artist, The.....*A. Grissom.*	vi.	384
Art's use; what is it but to touch the springs..	vi.	345
As a twig trembles, which a bird.....	i.	71
As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping..	ii.	132
"As by the shore, at break of day"...*T. Moore.*	viii.	138
As chimes that flow o'er shining seas	vi.	183
As he trudged along to school.....	i.	173
As I came wandering down Glen Spean.....	iii.	280
As I was walking all alane	ix.	126
As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend.....	iv.	406
As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed.....	iv.	20
As one that for a weary space has lain.....	vi.	342
As one who cons at evening o'er an album....	ii.	372
As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay.....	iii.	107
"As slow our ship".....*T. Moore.*	iii.	106
As some lone miser visiting his store.....	viii.	7
As the insect from the rock.....	vi.	202
As when, on Carmel's sterile steep.....	viii.	168
Ascent of Man, The.....*R. W. Raymond.*	vi.	202
Ascription ..... *C. G. D. Roberts.*	iv.	134
Ashes of Roses.....*E. G. Eastman.*	iii.	51
Asian Birds .....*R. S. Bridges.*	v.	328
Ask me no more where Jove bestows.....	ii.	36
"Asleep, asleep" .....*L. A. Bennett.*	iii.	393
At Arles in the Carlovingian days.....	vii.	327
At dinner she is hostess, I am host.....	vi.	247
At evening when the lamp is lit.....	i.	140
At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville..	vii.	383
At Gibraltar .....*G. E. Woodberry.*	viii.	439
At midnight, in his guarded tent.....	viii.	200
At Midsummer .....*L. C. Moulton.*	vi.	276
At noon, within the dusty town.....	v.	199
At Paris it was, at the opera there.....	ii.	214
At the Cedars .....*D. C. Scott.*	ix.	178
At the Church Gate.....*W. M. Thackeray.*	ii.	60
At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time.	iv.	374
Atalanta's Race .....*W. Morris.*	ii.	142
Athulf and Ethilda.....*Sir H. Taylor.*	ii.	96
Athwart the sky a lowly sigh.....	vii.	230
Auf Wiedersehen .....*J. R. Lowell.*	iii.	114

		VOL.	PAGE
Augury	*E. M. Thomas.*	vi.	269
Auld Folks, The	*A. Park.*	i.	333
Auld House, The	*Lady Nairne.*	i.	275
Auld Lang Syne	*R. Burns.*	i.	405
Auld Robin Gray	*Lady Barnard.*	iii.	32
Auld Wife, The	*C. S. Calverley.*	ix.	407
Aunt Phillis's Guest	*W. C. Gannett.*	iii.	239
Author's Resolution, The	*G. Wither.*	ii.	238
Autograph, An	*J. R. Lowell.*	vi.	344
Autumn: A Dirge	*P. B. Shelley.*	v.	170
Aux Italiens	*Lord Lytton.*	ii.	214
Ave Atque Vale	*R. M. Watson.*	vi.	191
Ave Imperatrix	*O. Wilde.*	viii.	22
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea		v.	57
Awake, awake, my Lyre		vi.	371
Awakening	*W. Gladden.*	iii.	375
Away, haunt thou not me		iv.	132
Axe, The	*I. V. Crawford.*	vi.	388
Ay, but I know		iii.	9
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!		viii.	96

B.

Babie, The	*J. E. Rankin.*	i.	9
Baby, The	*Kalidasa. Trans. Jones.*	i.	3
Baby, The	*G. Macdonald.*	i.	4
Baby Bell	*T. B. Aldrich.*	i.	60
Baby Louise	*M. Eytinge.*	i.	21
Baby May	*W. C. Bennett.*	i.	17
Baby Zulma's Christmas Carol	*A. J. Requier.*	i.	67
Baby's Shoes	*W. C. Bennett.*	i.	66
Back in the years when Phlagstaff, the Dane		ix.	415
Back to the flower-town, side by side		vii.	75
Backward, turn backward, O Time		i.	284
Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, The	*Anonymous.*	ii.	153
Baker's Tale, The	*C. L. Dodgson.*	ix.	456
Ballad of Agincourt, The	*M. Drayton.*	viii.	264
Ballad of Bouillabaisse, The	*W. M. Thackeray.*	i.	393
Ballad of Dead Ladies	*Villon. Trans. Rossetti.*	vi.	192
Ballad of Guibour, The	*Mistral. Trans. Preston.*	vii.	327
Ballad of Judas Iscariot, The	*R. Buchanan.*	vi.	90
Ballad of Prose and Rhyme	*A. Dobson.*	vi.	340
Ballad of Trees and the Master, A	*S. Lanier.*	iv.	69
Ballade of Midsummer Days and Nights	*Henley.*	v.	112
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe		iii.	47
Banks o' Doon, The	*R. Burns.*	iii.	12
Bannockburn	*R. Burns.*	viii.	304
Banty Tim	*J. Hay.*	ix.	366
Barbara Frietchie	*J. G. Whittier.*	viii.	362
Barclay of Ury	*J. G. Whittier.*	vii.	429

		VOL.	PAGE
Bard, The	*T. Gray.*	viii.	34
Bard's Epitaph, A	*R. Burns.*	vii.	113
Barefoot Boy, The	*J. G. Whittier.*	i.	84
Baron's Last Banquet, The	*A. G. Greene.*	vii.	300
Battle of Blenheim, The	*R. Southey.*	viii.	437
Battle of Manila, The	*R. Hovey.*	viii.	421
Battle of the Baltic	*T. Campbell.*	viii.	281
Battle of the Angels	*Milton.*	viii.	179
Battle Scene	*J. Ormsby.*	viii.	205
Battle-Field, The	*W. C. Bryant.*	viii.	447
Battle-Hymn of the Republic	*J. W. Howe.*	viii.	172
Battle-Song of Gustavus Adolphus	*Altenburg.*	viii.	216
Bay Billy	*F. H. Gassaway.*	viii.	371
Bay of Biscay, The	*A. Cherry.*	v.	405
Be patient, O be patient! Put your ear against		viii.	114
"Be, rather than be called, a child of God"		iv.	232
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer		vi.	190
Beal' an Dhuine	*Sir W. Scott.*	viii.	307
Beat on, proud billows; Boreas, blow		vi.	419
Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!		iii.	310
Beautiful! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't		v.	371
Beautiful Snow	*J. W. Watson.*	iii.	205
Beautiful, sublime, and glorious		v.	377
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall.		v.	59
Beauty	*E. Spenser.*	vi.	281
Beauty	*Lord Thurlow.*	ii.	251
Beauty Unadorned	*Propertius. Trans. Smith.*	vi.	282
Because I breathe not love to everie one		ii.	73
Because thou hast the power and own'st the		ii.	380
Bedouin Love-Song	*B. Taylor.*	ii.	264
Bedtime	*Earl of Rosslyn.*	i.	39
Beecher, Henry Ward	*C. H. Phelps.*	vii.	24
Beethoven's Third Symphony	*R. Hovey.*	vi.	379
Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe		vi.	295
Before I trust my fate to thee		ii.	248
Before proud Rome's imperial throne		viii.	190
Before Sedan	*A. Dobson.*	ix.	101
Before the Rain	*T. B. Aldrich.*	v.	117
Before Thy Throne we bow		viii.	102
Beggar, The	*T. Moss.*	iii.	189
"Behave yoursel' before folk"	*A. Rodger.*	ii.	114
Behold, I have a weapon		ix.	67
Behold the mansion reared by Jack		ix.	396
Behold the Sea		v.	374
Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull		vi.	298
Behold where Beauty walks with Peace		vi.	279
Belagcholly Days	*Anonymous.*	ix.	420
Belated Violet, A	*O. Herford.*	i.	154
Belfry Pigeon, The	*N. P. Willis.*	v.	325
"Believe me, if all those endearing"	*T. Moore.*	ii.	336

		VOL.	PAGE
Belinda	*A. Pope.*	ii.	14
Belle of the Ball, The	*W. M. Praed.*	ix.	207
Bells, The	*E. A. Poe.*	vii.	141
Bells of Shandon, The	*F. S. Mahony.*	vii.	145
Belshazzar had a letter		iv.	326
Ben Battle was a soldier bold		ix.	268
Ben Bolt	*T. D. English.*	i.	222
Beneath a shivering canopy reclined		v.	46
Beneath an Indian palm a girl		iii.	40
Beneath our consecrated elm		vii.	15
Beneath the shadow of dawn's aerial cope		i.	256
Beneath the warrior's helm, behold		vi.	382
Benedicite	*J. G. Whittier.*	i.	356
Bernardo del Carpio	*F. Hemans.*	ix.	85
Beside the dead I knelt for prayer		iii.	432
Beside the old hall-fire — upon my nurse's knee.		i.	141
Beth Gêlert	*W. R. Spencer.*	v.	360
Betrothed Anew	*E. C. Stedman.*	v.	92
Better trust all and be deceived		iii.	95
Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose.		ix.	310
Between the falling leaf and rose-bud's breath		iii.	261
Between the sandhills and the sea		i.	95
Between two golden tufts of summer grass		i.	225
Beware	*H. W. Longfellow.*	i.	235
"Beyond the smiling and the weeping"	*Bonar.*	iii.	378
Beyond the sunset and the amber sea		vi.	439
Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies		iv.	410
Bill and Joe	*O. W. Holmes.*	i.	341
Bingen on the Rhine	*C. E. S. Norton.*	viii.	221
Birch Stream, The	*A. B. Averill.*	v.	199
Bird of the wilderness		v.	301
Birds	*J. Montgomery.*	v.	288
Birds, the free tenants of land, air, and ocean		v.	288
Birth	*A. R. Stillman.*	i.	3
Bivouac of the Dead, The	*T. O'Hara.*	viii.	441
Black and Blue Eyes	*T. Moore.*	ii.	39
Black Regiment, The	*G. H. Boker.*	viii.	393
Blackbird, The	*A. Tennyson.*	v.	320
Black-Eyed Susan	*J. Gay.*	iii.	102
"Bless the dear old verdant land"	*MacCarthy.*	viii.	60
Blessed are They	*R. W. Raymond.*	iii.	425
Blessed are They that Mourn	*W. C. Bryant.*	iii.	420
Blessed Damozel, The	*D. G. Rossetti.*	vi.	97
Blessings of To-Day	*M. A. Smith.*	i.	278
Blessings on thee, little man		i.	84
"Blest as the immortal gods is he"	*Sappho. Trans. Phillips.*	ii.	97
Blest Memory	*S. Rogers.*	vi.	301
Blighted Love	*Camoëns. Trans. Strangford.*	iii.	81
Blind	*I. Zangwill.*	iii.	460

		VOL.	PAGE
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides		ix.	428
Blood Horse, The	*B. W. Procter.*	v.	369
"Blow, blow, thou winter wind"	*Shakespeare.*	iii.	155
Blue and the Gray, The	*F. M. Finch.*	viii.	455
Blue Eyes	*J. Keats.*	ii.	40
Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain		ii.	40
Bobolinks, The	*C. P. Cranch.*	v.	316
Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, The	*Sir W. Scott.*	viii.	322
Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen		vi.	21
Book of God, The	*H. Bonar.*	iv.	206
Books	*Anonymous.*	vi.	359
Book-Stall, The	*C. Scollard.*	vi.	360
Border Ballad	*Sir W. Scott.*	viii.	50
Bottom Drawer, The	*A. E. Barr.*	iii.	405
Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans		vi.	393
Bower of Bliss, The	*E. Spenser.*	vi.	112
Bowman's Song, The	*Sir A. C. Doyle.*	viii.	12
Boyhood	*W. Allston.*	i.	76
Boys, The	*O. W. Holmes.*	i.	375
"Boz," A Welcome to	*W. H. Venable.*	vii.	77
Brahma	*R. W. Emerson.*	iv.	6
Brave at Home, The	*T. B. Read.*	viii.	109
Brave old Oak, The	*H. F. Chorley.*	v.	220
"Break, break, break"	*A. Tennyson.*	iii.	358
Break, Fantasy, from thy cave of cloud		vi.	3
Breathe, trumpets, breathe		viii.	388
"Breathes there the man"	*Sir W. Scott.*	viii.	4
Breathing the thin breath through our nostrils		vi.	229
Bride, The	*Sir J. Suckling.*	ii.	410
Bridge of Sighs, The	*T. Hood.*	iii.	208
Brier-Wood Pipe, The	*C. D. Shanly.*	vi.	317
Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art.		ii.	360
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning		iv.	50
Briefs	*R. Crashaw.*	iv.	306
British Soldier in China, The	*Sir F. H. Doyle.*	viii.	20
Broken Music	*T. B. Aldrich.*	vi.	346
Broken Pitcher, The	*W. E. Aytoun.*	vii.	325
Bronze Statue of Napoleon, The	*Barbier.*	viii.	232
Brooklyn Bridge	*E. D. Procter.*	vii.	247
Brookside, The	*Lord Houghton.*	ii.	156
Brother Jonathan's Lament	*O. W. Holmes.*	viii.	344
Brown eyes		i.	27
Brown of Ossawatomie	*J. G. Whittier.*	viii.	169
Browning, Robert	*W. S. Landor.*	vii.	89
Browning, The Burial of Robert	*M. Field.*	vii.	89
Bruce and the Spider	*B. Barton.*	viii.	302
Brutus and Portia	*Shakespeare.*	ii.	389
Brutus, my lord!		ii.	389
Brutus over the body of Lucretia	*J. H. Payne.*	ix.	14
Budget of Paradoxes, A	*J. Martley.*	ii.	30

		VOL.	PAGE
Bugle, The	*A. Tennyson.*	v.	210
Buoy-Bell, The	*C. T. Turner.*	v.	423
Burial of Moses	*C. F. Alexander.*	iv.	365
Burial of Robert Browning, The	*M. Field.*	vii.	89
Burial of Sir John Moore	*C. Wolfe.*	viii.	283
Burly, dozing humblebee!		v.	342
Burns	*E. Elliott.*	vii.	63
Burns	*J. G. Whittier.*	vii.	64
Busy, curious, thirsty fly		v.	341
But chief — surpassing all — a cuckoo clock		vii.	148
But Fortune, like some others of her sex		vi.	266
But happy they! the happiest of their kind		ii.	430
But Heaven, that brings out good from evil		ix.	286
But now, my boys, leave off, and list to me		viii.	185
But now our Quacks are gamesters		vi.	287
But the majestic river floated on		v.	207
But what of this? are we not all in love		ii.	65
But who the melodies of morn can tell		v.	42
"But why do you go?" said the lady, while both.		ii.	392
By broad Potomac's silent shore		vii.	15
By Cavité on the bay		viii.	421
"By cool Siloam's shady rill"	*R. Heber.*	i.	122
By Nebo's lonely mountain		iv.	365
By the Alma River	*D. M. Mulock Craik.*	viii.	292
By the fire that loves to tint her		ii.	44
By the Fireside	*L. Larcom.*	i.	293
By the flow of the inland river		viii.	455
By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom		ii.	279
By the rude bridge that arched the flood		viii.	326
By the wayside, on a mossy stone		iii.	180
Byron	*R. Pollok.*	vii.	59

C.

C. S. Army's Commissary, The	*E. P. Thompson.*	viii.	396
"Ca' the Yowes"	*I. Pagan.*	ii.	176
Caine's, For a Novel of Hall	*R. Bridges.*	ix.	460
California Christmas, A	*J. Miller.*	vi.	279
Caliph and Satan, The	*J. F. Clarke.*	iv.	119
Call, The	*G. Herbert.*	iv.	144
Call it not in vain:—they do not err		vi.	354
Calm is the morn without a sound		iii.	350
Calm on Lake Leman	*Byron.*	v.	211
Camp at Night, The	*Homer. Trans. Chapman.*	v.	62
Camp-Bell	*W. M. Praed.*	vii.	56
Cana	*J. F. Clarke.*	iv.	65
Canada	*C. G. D. Roberts.*	viii.	71
Canada Not Last	*W. D. S.-Lighthall.*	viii.	70
Cane-Bottomed Chair, The	*W. M. Thackeray.*	i.	377
Canterbury Pilgrims, The	*Chaucer.*	vii.	363

		VOL.	PAGE
Caprice	*W. D. Howells.*	ii.	110
Captain Reece	*W. S. Gilbert.*	ix.	297
Caractacus	*B. Barton.*	viii.	190
Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night		v.	61
Carillon	*H. W. Longfellow.*	vii.	166
Carlyle and Emerson	*M. Schuyler.*	vii.	97
Carlyle and George Eliot	*A. C. Swinburne.*	vii.	96
Carmen Bellicosum	*G. H. McMaster.*	viii.	332
"Carry me across"		iv.	296
Casabianca	*F. Hemans.*	ix.	184
Castle of Indolence, The	*J. Thomson.*	vi.	115
Castle Ruins, The	*W. Barnes.*	vii.	213
Catiline to the Roman Army	*G. Croly.*	viii.	188
Cataract of Lodore, The	*R. Southey.*	vii.	170
Cause of the South, The	*A. J. Ryan.*	viii.	451
Cavalier's Song, The	*W. Motherwell.*	viii.	270
Cavalry Song	*R. W. Raymond.*	viii.	366
Cavalry Song	*E. C. Stedman.*	viii.	365
Cave of Sleep, The	*E. Spenser.*	vi.	114
Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!		v.	414
Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops		i.	340
Cello, The	*R. W. Gilder.*	vi.	364
Centennial Hymn	*J. G. Whittier.*	viii.	457
Chambered Nautilus, The	*O. W. Holmes.*	v.	398
Changed Cross, The	*Mrs. Hobart.*	iii.	231
Character of a Happy Life, The	*Sir H. Wotton.*	vi.	225
Charge of the Light Brigade	*A. Tennyson.*	viii.	294
Chariot of Cuchullin	*Irish. Trans. Drummond.*	v.	371
Charles XII.	*Dr. S. Johnson.*	vii.	7
Charles,—for it seems you wish to know		ii.	56
Charlie Machree	*W. J. Hoppin.*	ii.	365
Charmer, on a given straight line		ix.	434
Château Papineau	*S. F. Harrison.*	vii.	253
Cheeks as soft as July peaches		i.	17
Chess-Board, The	*Lord Lytton.*	ii.	127
Chevy-Chace	*Anonymous.*	viii.	244
Chicken-skinned, delicate, white		vi.	385
Chief in thy generation born of men		vii.	82
Child in the Garden, The	*H. van Dyke.*	i.	55
Child in thy beauty; empress in thy pride		ii.	30
Children	*W. S. Landor.*	i.	26
Children, The	*C. M. Dickinson.*	i.	286
Children are what the mothers are		i.	26
Children's Church, The	*Gerock. Trans. Clarke.*	i.	115
Child's Evening Hymn	*S. Baring-Gould.*	i.	117
Chilly Dovebber with its boadigg blast		ix.	420
Chimes of England, The	*A. C. Coxe.*	iv.	200
Chiquita	*B. Harte.*	v.	371
Chloe, To	*J. Wolcott.*	ii.	220

	VOL.	PAGE
Chloe, we must not always be in heaven	ii.	220
Choosing a Name .....*M. Lamb.*	i.	97
Chopin .....*E. Lazarus.*	vii.	114
Choral Song .....*Euripides. Trans. Milman.*	v.	215
Christ, The .....*R. C. Trench.*	iv.	75
Christmas .....*G. Wither.*	i.	330
Christmas Hymn, A .....*A. Domett.*	iv.	59
Christmas in India .....*R. Kipling.*	vii.	161
Christmas is here	i.	391
Christmas Scene, A .....*T. O. Davis.*	ii.	262
Christus Consolator .....*R. W. Raymond.*	iii.	432
Chronicle, The .....*A. Cowley.*	ii.	232
Church Porch, The, From.....*G. Herbert.*	iv.	304
City Bells .....*R. H. Barham.*	vii.	147
Civil War .....*C. D. Shanly.*	viii.	353
Clear and cool, clear and cool	v.	201
Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake.....	v.	211
Clear the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!	v.	94
Cleon and I .....*C. Mackay.*	vi.	420
Cleon hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I..	vi.	420
Cleopatra .....*Shakespeare.*	vii.	127
Cleopatra .....*W. W. Story.*	ii.	354
Clime of the unforgotten brave!	viii.	125
Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed...	i.	266
Close his eyes; his work is done!	viii.	370
Closing Scene, The .....*T. B. Read.*	viii.	416
Closing Year, The .....*G. D. Prentice.*	vi.	307
Cloud, The .....*P. B. Shelley.*	v.	133
Cloud Chorus, The..*Aristophanes. Trans. Lang.*	v.	131
Coasters, The .....*T. F. Day.*	vii.	153
Cobbler and the Financier, The *La Fontaine. Trans. Wright.*	vi.	410
Cock and the Bull, The .....*C. S. Calverley.*	ix.	402
Coleridge, To Hartley .....*W. Wordsworth.*	i.	40
Coliseum, The .....*Byron.*	vii.	178
Collegian to his Bride, The .....*Punch.*	ix.	434
Columbia .....*T. Dwight.*	viii.	89
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise	viii.	89
Come, all ye jolly shepherds	ii.	283
Come as artist, come as guest	vii.	77
Come, dear children, let us away	vi.	80
Come, dear old comrade, you and I	i.	341
Come from my first, ay, come!	vii.	56
Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer..	vi.	433
Come! fill a fresh bumper,—for why should....	ix.	383
Come hither, Evan Cameron	viii.	43
Come hither, lads, and hearken	viii.	431
Come, hoist the sail, the fast let go	v.	142
Come, Holy Ghost! thou fire divine!	iv.	105
Come in the evening, or come in the morning...	ii.	296

		VOL.	PAGE
"Come into the garden, Maud"	*A. Tennyson.*	ii.	273
Come, lady, to my song incline		iii.	95
Come, let us Kisse and Parte	*M. Drayton.*	iii.	111
Come, let us plant the apple-tree		v.	232
Come, listen to me, you gallants so free		vii.	373
Come live with me and be my love		ii.	149
Come, lovers, come, forget your pains		vi.	278
Come, my way, my truth, my life		iv.	144
Come, now, a roundel, and a fairy song		vi.	18
Come, O thou Traveller unknown		iv.	79
Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still!		v.	214
Come over, come over		ii.	365
"Come, rest in this bosom"	*T. Moore.*	ii.	332
Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged		vii.	234
Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving		vi.	432
Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace		vi.	433
Come, stack arms, men: pile on the rails		viii.	360
Come then, my friend; my genius! come along		vii.	112
"Come to these scenes of peace"	*W. L. Bowles.*	v.	17
"Come to me, dearest"	*J. Brenan.*	iii.	144
Come unto these yellow sands		vi.	57
Comet, The	*C. Sangster.*	vi.	88
Comfort	*E. B. Browning.*	iii.	433
Comin' through the Rye	*R. Burns.*	ii.	108
Coming	*H. H. Brownell.*	viii.	338
Coming	*B. M. MacAndrew.*	iv.	355
Common Doom, The	*J. Shirley.*	ii.	237
Compensation	*C. P. Cranch.*	iii.	229
Compliment, The	*E. Field.*	ix.	342
Compliment to Queen Elizabeth	*Shakespeare.*	vi.	17
Connubial Life	*J. Thomson.*	ii.	430
Conquered Banners, The	*A. A. Ryan.*	viii.	413
Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet		iii.	17
Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is		iii.	241
Conqueror's Grave, The	*W. C. Bryant.*	iii.	442
Conscience	*Juvenal.*	iv.	329
Conscience and Remorse	*P. L. Dunbar.*	iv.	326
Conservative, A	*C. P. Gilman.*	ix.	422
Consider the sea's listless chime		v.	441
Constancy	*Sir J. Suckling.*	ii.	23
Constancy	*Anonymous.*	ii.	235
Content	*R. Greene.*	vi.	418
Contentment	*O. W. Holmes.*	vi.	423
Contentment	*J. Sylvester.*	vi.	417
Conversion of St. Paul, The	*J. Keble.*	iv.	82
Cooking and Courting	*Anonymous.*	ii.	174
Cooks who'd roast a sucking-pig		ix.	385
Copa De Oro	*I. D. Coolbrith.*	v.	281
Coral Insect, The	*L. H. Sigourney.*	v.	395
Coral Reef, The	*J. Montgomery.*	v.	396

		VOL.	PAGE
Corn-Law Hymn	*E. Elliott.*	vi.	397
Cornwallis led a country dance		viii.	334
Coronach	*Sir W. Scott.*	iii.	309
Cosmic Egg, The	*Anonymous.*	ix.	436
Cost of Worth, The	*J. G. Holland.*	iv.	300
Cotter's Saturday Night, The	*R. Burns.*	i.	300
Could we but know		iv.	387
Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas...		iii.	335
Countersign, The	*Anonymous.*	viii.	352
Countess Laura	*G. H. Boker.*	ix.	55
Country Faith, The	*N. Gale.*	v.	10
Country Life, The	*R. H. Stoddard.*	i.	320
"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land		vi.	402
Course of true Love, The	*Shakespeare.*	iii.	3
Court Lady, A	*E. B. Browning.*	viii.	146
Courtin', The	*J. R. Lowell.*	ii.	190
Cousin Lucrece	*E. C. Stedman.*	vii.	131
Cradle Hymn, A	*I. Watts.*	i.	98
Cradle Song	*J. G. Holland.*	i.	13
Cradle Song	*Anonymous.*	i.	13
Creator Spirit, by whose aid		iv.	104
Cromwell, To the Lord-General	*Milton.*	vii.	5
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear		iii.	161
Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud.		vii.	5
Crossing the Bar	*A. Tennyson.*	iv.	375
Crowded Street, The	*W. C. Bryant.*	vi.	239
Cry of the Human, The	*E. B. Browning.*	iv.	286
Cry to Arms, A	*H. Timrod.*	viii.	100
Cuckoo Clock, The	*C. B. Southey.*	vii.	148
Cuckoo Song	*Old English.*	v.	74
Cuddle Doon	*A. Anderson.*	i.	44
Culprit Fay, The	*J. R. Drake.*	vi.	35
Cumnor Hall	*W. J. Mickle.*	iii.	41
Cupid and Campaspe	*J. Lyly.*	ii.	105
Cupid and my Campaspe played		ii.	105
Cupid Swallowed	*L. Hunt.*	ii.	91
Curfew must not Ring To-Night	*R. H. Thorpe.*	ii.	303
Cursed by the gods and crowned with shame...		ii.	398
Cyriack, this three years' day, these eyes.....		iii.	220

D.

Daddy Neptune, one day, to Freedom did say...		viii.	15
Daffodils	*W. Wordsworth.*	v.	247
Dagger of the Mind, A	*Shakespeare.*	ix.	120
Daisy	*F. Thompson.*	iii.	136
Daisy, The	*Chaucer.*	v.	275
Dallying with Temptation	*S. T. Coleridge.*	iv.	327
Dance, The	*Anonymous.*	viii.	334

		VOL.	PAGE
Dancers, The	*M. Field.*	i.	133
Dancing of the Air, The	*Sir J. Davies.*	v.	125
Daniel Webster	*O. W. Holmes.*	vii.	20
Danish Barrow, A	*F. T. Palgrave.*	viii.	213
Danny Deever	*R. Kipling.*	viii.	299
Dante, On a Bust of	*T. W. Parsons.*	vii.	41
Darby and Joan	*F. E. Weatherly.*	ii.	447
Darby, dear, we are old and gray		ii.	447
Dark as the clouds of even		viii.	393
Dark fell the night, the watch was set		viii.	238
"Darkness is thinning"	*St. Gregory. Tr. Neale.*	iv.	122
Darlings of the forest!		v.	250
Darwin	*M. Collins.*	ix.	383
Daughter of God! that sitt'st on high		viii.	423
Dawn	*R. W. Gilder.*	v.	38
Dawn of a pleasant morning in May		viii.	401
Day Breaks	*C. Mackay.*	iv.	244
Day dawned;—within a curtained room		vi.	234
Day, in melting purple dying		iii.	138
Day in the Pamfili Doria, A	*H. B. Stowe.*	vii.	182
Day is Coming, The	*W. Morris.*	viii.	431
"Day is Dying"	*M. E. L. Cross.*	v.	50
Day of vengeance, without morrow		iv.	100
Day set on Norham's castled steep		vii.	201
Daybreak	*Sir W. Davenant.*	ii.	4
Daybreak	*Longfellow.*	v.	37
Days Gone By, The	*J. W. Riley.*	i.	203
Day-stars! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle		v.	242
De Fust Banjo	*I. Russell.*	ix.	377
De gray owl sing fum de chimbly top		ix.	376
De massa ob de sheepfol'		iv.	67
De Profundis	*E. B. Browning.*	iii.	421
De Sheepfol'	*S. P. McL. Greene.*	iv.	67
Dead, The	*M. Blind.*	iii.	279
Dead Doll, The	*M. Vandegrift.*	i.	128
Dead Friend, The	*A. Tennyson.*	i.	360
Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east		iii.	323
Dead Poet-Friend	*Callimachus. Trans. Cory.*	i.	396
Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way		v.	248
Dear Friend! whose presence in the house		iv.	65
Dear girl, what boots it thus to dress thy hair		vi.	282
Dear hearts, you were waiting a year ago		iii.	409
Dear Lord, let me recount to thee		i.	118
Dear Ned, no doubt you'll be surprised		ii.	174
Dear, secret greenness! nurst below		iv.	343
Dear Sirmio, that art the very eye		i.	313
Dearest love, do you remember		viii.	382
Death in Youth	*P. J. Bailey.*	iii.	428
Death of Death, The	*Shakespeare.*	iii.	460

		VOL.	PAGE
Death of Leonidas, The	*G. Croly.*	viii.	194
Death of Minnehaha, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iii.	319
Death of the Flowers, The	*W. C. Bryant.*	v.	255
Death of the Old Year, The	*A. Tennyson.*	vi.	196
Death the Leveller	*I. Shirley.*	iii.	253
Death-Bed, A	*J. Aldrich.*	iii.	306
Death-Bed, The	*T. Hood.*	iii.	306
Deborah Lee	*W. H. Burleigh.*	ix.	400
December	*J. Benton.*	v.	175
Deed and a Word, A	*C. Mackay.*	iv.	169
Deep on the convent-roof the snows		iv.	416
Delay	*C. F. Bates.*	vi.	409
Delight in Disorder	*R. Herrick.*	vii.	135
Delight in God	*F. Quarles.*	iv.	34
Departure of the Swallow, The	*W. Howitt.*	v.	331
Der boet may sing off "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit"		ix.	328
Der noble Ritter Hugo		ix.	324
Deserted by the waning moon		v.	404
Deserted Village, The	*O. Goldsmith.*	vii.	214
Desire	*M. Arnold.*	iv.	125
Despondency Rebuked	*A. H. Clough.*	iii.	235
Destruction of Sennacherib, The	*Byron.*	viii.	183
Devotion	*P. Massinger.*	iv.	252
Diane de Poitiers, To	*Marot. Trans. Costello.*	iii.	69
Dianeme, To	*R. Herrick.*	ii.	18
Dickens	*A. C. Swinburne.*	vii.	82
Dickens in Camp	*B. Harte.*	vii.	80
Did you ever hear of the Widow Malone		ii.	183
"Die down, O dismal day"	*D. Gray.*	v.	88
Dies Iræ	*Thomas A Celano. Trans. Dix.*	iv.	100
Different Minds	*R. C. Trench.*	iv.	293
Dim dawn behind the tamarisks — the sky is		vii.	161
Dining	*Lord Lytton.*	vi.	246
Dinna Ask Me	*J. Dunlop.*	ii.	100
Dip down upon the northern shore		v.	91
Dirge for a Soldier	*G. H. Boker.*	viii.	370
Dirty Old Man, The	*W. Allingham.*	iii.	55
Disappointed Lover, The	*A. C. Swinburne.*	v.	378
Disarmament	*J. G. Whittier.*	viii.	425
Disaster	*C. S. Calverley.*	ix.	441
Disciples after the Ascension, The	*A. P. Stanley.*	iv.	77
Disdain Returned	*T. Carew.*	ii.	20
Diver, The	*Schiller.*	ix.	44
Diverting History of John Gilpin, The	*Cowper.*	ix.	276
Divided	*J. Ingelow.*	iii.	64
Divine Comedy, The, From	*Dante.*	iv.	436
Dixie	*A. Pike.*	viii.	106
Djinns, The	*V. M. Hugo.*	vi.	60
Do we indeed desire the dead		iii.	353
Does the road wind up hill all the way?		iv.	332

		VOL.	PAGE
Dolcino to Margaret	*C. Kingsley.*	ii.	445
Dollie	*S. M. Peck.*	i.	234
Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt		i.	222
Doris: A pastoral	*A. J. Munby.*	ii.	169
Dorothy in the Garret	*J. T. Trowbridge.*	iii.	89
Dot Long-Handled Dipper	*C. F. Adams.*	ix.	328
Doubt and Faith	*A. Tennyson.*	iv.	139
Doubting Heart, A	*A. A. Procter.*	iii.	171
Douglas Tragedy, The	*Anonymous.*	viii.	258
Dover Beach	*M. Arnold.*	v.	423
Dover Cliff	*Shakespeare.*	v.	214
Down deep in the hollow, so damp and so cold		iv.	234
Down, down, Ellen, my little one		iii.	355
Down the dimpled greensward dancing		i.	55
Down to the borders of the silent land		iii.	375
"Dow's Flat"	*B. Harte.*	ix.	368
Drake, Joseph Rodman	*F. G. Halleck.*	vii.	91
Dreadful Story about Harriet and the Matches, The	*H. Hoffmann.*	i.	171
Dream, The	*Byron.*	iii.	73
Dream of Eugene Aram, The	*T. Hood.*	ix.	157
Dream-Life	*Calderon. Trans. Fitzgerald.*	vi.	324
Drifted out to Sea	*R. H. Thorpe.*	vii.	438
Drifting	*T. B. Read.*	vii.	195
"Drink to me only with thine eyes"	*Philostratus. Trans. Jonson.*	ii.	16
Driving Home the Cows	*K. P. Osgood.*	viii.	404
Drop of Dew, A	*A. Marvell.*	v.	100
Drummer-Boy's Burial, The	*Anonymous.*	ix.	172
Drunk and senseless in his place		ix.	176
"Duncan Gray cam' here to woo"	*R. Burns.*	ii.	178
Dutch Lullaby, A	*E. Field.*	i.	102
Duty	*L. H. Hooper.*	iv.	277
Dying Christian to his Soul, The	*A. Pope.*	iv.	376
Dying Swan, The	*A. Tennyson.*	v.	323

E.

Each and All	*R. W. Emerson.*	v.	9
Each day, when the glow of sunset		iii.	288
Each golden note of music greets		vi.	179
Eagle, The	*A. Tennyson.*	v.	321
Earl o' Quarterdeck, The	*G. Macdonald.*	ii.	209
Early Friendship	*A. T. De Vere.*	i.	344
Early June	*M. Arnold.*	v.	252
Early on a sunny morning, while the lark was		ii.	298
Early one winter morn, in such a village as this.		ix.	102
Early Primrose, The	*H. K. White.*	v.	245
Earth has not anything to show more fair		vii.	229
Earth is now green, and heaven is blue		vii.	3

	VOL.	PAGE
"Earth, ocean, air"....*P. B. Shelley.*	v.	4
East, West, Home's Best....*O. Goldsmith.*	viii.	7
"Easy to drift" ....*O. Huckel.*	iv.	328
Echo ....*J. G. Saxe.*	ix.	211
Echo and Silence ....*Sir S. E. Brydges.*	vi.	180
Echo and the Lover....*Anonymous.*	ix.	210
Echoes ....*T. Moore.*	ii.	327
Edwin and Paulinus ....*Anonymous.*	iv.	385
E'en such is time; that takes in trust....	iv.	352
E'en like two little bank-dividing brooks....	iv.	142
Eggs and the Horses, The....*Anonymous.*	ii.	432
Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson...*Burns.*	i.	363
Elegy on Madam Blaize ....*O. Goldsmith.*	ix.	266
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*O. Goldsmith.*	ix.	263
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard *T. Gray.*	iii.	270
Elf and the Dormouse, The....*O. Herford.*	i.	152
Eliot, On the Death of Thomas Carlyle and George ....*A. C. Swinburne.*	vii.	96
Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia....*Sir H. Wotton.*	ii.	8
Emerson ....*S. C. Woolsey.*	vii.	97
Emerson, Carlyle and ....*M. Schuyler.*	vii.	97
Emigrant Lassie, The ....*J. S. Blackie.*	iii.	280
End of the Civil War....*Shakespeare.*	viii.	424
End of the Day, The....*D. C. Scott.*	v.	51
End of the Play, The....*W. M. Thackeray.*	iv.	256
England ....*W. Cowper.*	viii.	10
England ....*O. Goldsmith.*	vii.	199
England ....*Shakespeare.*	vii.	390
England and her Colonies....*W. Watson.*	viii.	32
England, I stand on thy imperial ground....	viii.	439
England to America ....*S. Dobell.*	viii.	92
England, with all thy faults, I love thee still..	viii.	10
English Robin, The ....*H. Weir.*	v.	327
English Struwwelpeter, The, From...*Hoffmann.*	i.	170
Enid's Song ....*A. Tennyson.*	vi.	266
Epicure, The....*Anacreon. Trans. Cowley.*	vi.	248
Epigrams ....*S. T. Coleridge.*	ix.	286
Epilogue ....*R. Browning.*	iv.	374
Epiphany ....*R. Heber.*	iv.	50
Epitaph for the Marquis of Anglesea's leg *G. Canning.*	ix.	292
Epitaph on Shakespeare, An....*Milton.*	vii.	51
Erl-King, The *Goethe. Trans. Martin and Aytoun.*	vi.	58
Erminia and the Wounded Tancred *Tasso. Trans. Fairfax.*	vii.	319
"Eros is missing"..*Meleager. Trans. Whibley.*	ii.	17
Erratic Soul of some great Purpose, doomed....	vi.	88
Eternal Goodness, The ....*J. W. Whittier.*	iv.	42

		VOL.	PAGE
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!		v.	296
Ethereal power! who at the noon of night		vi.	301
Eternal spirit of the chainless mind		ix.	88
Etruscan Ring, An	*J. W. Mackail.*	vii.	149
Étude Réaliste	*A. C. Swinburne.*	i.	8
Euthanasia	*W. G. Clark.*	iv.	359
Eve of Saint Agnes, The	*J. Keats.*	ii.	312
Evelyn Hope	*R. Browning.*	iii.	310
Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark		ix.	430
Evening	*Byron.*	v.	57
Evening	*A. Lampman.*	v.	52
Evening Cloud, The	*J. Wilson.*	vii.	156
Evening in Paradise	*Milton.*	v.	56
Evening Wind, The	*W. C. Bryant.*	v.	54
Ever eating, never cloying		vi.	224
Ever let the Fancy roam		vi.	9
Every one		v.	396
Example	*J. Keble.*	iv.	309
Excelsior	*H. W. Longfellow.*	vi.	257
Exchange, The	*S. T. Coleridge.*	ii.	164
Execution of Montrose, The	*W. E. Aytoun.*	viii.	43
Exhortation to Prayer	*M. Mercer.*	iv.	116
Exile of Erin	*T. Campbell.*	viii.	67
Exile's Song, The	*R. Gilfillan.*	viii.	51
Experience and a Moral, An	*F. S. Cozzens.*	ii.	58

F.

		VOL.	PAGE
Fair are the flowers and the children		vi.	332
Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!		viii.	127
Fair Helen	*Anonymous.*	iii.	330
Fair Ines	*T. Hood.*	iii.	10
Fair lady, when you see the grace		ii.	21
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree		v.	279
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god		ii.	11
Fair ship, that from the Italian shore		iii.	349
Fair stood the wind for France		viii.	264
Faire daffadills, we weep to see		v.	246
Fairest Thing in Mortal Eyes, The	*Duke of Orleans. Trans. Cary.*	iii.	356
Fairies, The	*W. Allingham.*	vi.	19
Fairies, Garden	*P. B. Marston.*	vi.	33
Fairies' Lullaby, The	*Shakespeare.*	vi.	18
Fairies of the Caldon Low, The	*M. Howitt.*	i.	148
Fairies' Song	*Randolph. Trans. Hunt.*	vi.	19
Fairy Child, The	*J. Anster.*	vi.	32
Fairy Days	*W. M. Thackeray.*	i.	141
Fairy's Song	*Shakespeare.*	vi.	16
Faith	*F. A. Kemble.*	iii.	95
Faith	*G. Santayana.*	iv.	136

		VOL.	PAGE
Faith and Hope	*R. Peale.*	ii.	446
Faithful Angel, The	*J. Milton.*	iv.	337
Faithful Lovers, The	*Anonymous.*	ii.	231
Faithless Nelly Gray	*T. Hood.*	ix.	268
Faithless Sally Brown	*T. Hood.*	ix.	271
Fall of Cardinal Wolsey, The	*Shakespeare.*	iii.	161
Fall of Niagara, The	*J. G. C. Brainard.*	v.	208
Fall of Troy, The	*Virgil. Trans. Bowen.*	vii.	261
Fallen, The	*J. V. Cheney.*	vi.	442
Fallen Greece	*Byron.*	viii.	125
False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend		iii.	153
Fame	*A. Pope.*	vi.	264
Family Skeleton, The	*G. Meredith.*	vi.	247
Fan, On a	*A. Dobson.*	vi.	385
Fancy	*J. Keats.*	vi.	9
Fancy from Fontenelle, A	*A. Dobson.*	vi.	198
Fancy in Nubibus	*S. T. Coleridge.*	v.	50
Fantasy	*B. Jonson.*	vi.	3
Far out at sea — the sun was high		vi.	352
Far poured past Broadway's lamps alight		iii.	248
Far-Away	*G. Sigerson.*	vi.	183
Fare thee well! and if forever		iii.	109
Farewell	*W. S. Landor.*	iii.	394
Farewell, A	*C. Kingsley.*	i.	206
Farewell, A	*A. Tennyson.*	v.	199
"Farewell! — but whenever"	*T. Moore.*	iii.	116
"Farewell! farewell!" is often heard		iii.	97
Farewell,— farewell to thee, Araby's daughter		iii.	316
"Farewell, life"	*T. Hood.*	iii.	384
Farewell, my Youth! for now we needs must		vi.	191
Farewell! since vain is all my care		iii.	69
"Farewell! thou art too dear"	*Shakespeare.*	iii.	112
Farewell to his Wife	*Byron.*	iii.	109
Farewell to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean		iii.	105
Farewell to such a world. Too long I press		v.	234
Farewell to thee, Araby's Daughter	*T. Moore.*	iii.	316
Farewell to Tobacco, A	*C. Lamb.*	ix.	389
"Farther horizons every year"		vii.	97
Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame		iv.	133
Father Land and Mother Tongue	*S. Lover.*	viii.	6
Father of all! in every age		iv.	11
Father, Thy Will be Done	*S. F. Adams.*	iv.	346
Father! thy wonders do not singly stand		iv.	410
Faun, The	*R. Hovey.*	v.	26
Fear Death? — to feel the fog in my throat		iii.	391
"Fear no more the heat o' the"	*Shakespeare.*	iii.	328
Fear not, O little flock! the foe		viii.	216
February in Rome	*E. Gosse.*	vii.	185
Female Convict, The	*L. E. Landon.*	iii.	215
Fetching Water from the Well	*Anonymous.*	ii.	298

		VOL.	PAGE
Fever and fret and aimless stir		iv.	338
Fiction, A	*Anonymous.*	ii.	81
Fidelity in Doubt	*Le Roux. Trans. Preston.*	iii.	95
Fidessa, To	*B. Griffin.*	ii.	364
Fight of Faith, The	*A. Askewe.*	iv.	136
Fight of the "Armstrong" Privateer	*Roche.*	vii.	433
Fill the bowl with rosy wine		vi.	248
Fine old English Gentleman, The	*Anonymous.*	ix.	255
Fire of Love, The	*Earl of Dorset.*	ii.	449
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wings.		vii.	199
First Blue-Bird, The	*J. W. Riley.*	v.	287
First bring me Raffael, who alone hath seen		vii.	110
First drink a health, this solemn night		viii.	29
First Kiss, The	*T. Campbell.*	ii.	94
First Love	*Byron.*	ii.	256
First Rose of Summer, The	*O. Herford.*	i.	154
First Snow-Fall, The	*J. R. Lowell.*	iii.	283
First time he kissed me, he but only kissed		ii.	380
Fisher, The	*Goethe. Trans. Brooks.*	vi.	78
Fitz-Greene Halleck	*J. G. Whittier.*	vii.	92
Fitz-James and Ellen	*Sir W. Scott.*	vii.	413
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu	*Sir W. Scott.*	vii.	404
Five years have passed; five summers, with the		v.	11
Flag goes by, The	*H. H. Bennett.*	viii.	108
Flight into Egypt, The	*F. S. Mahony.*	iv.	62
Flight of the Geese, The	*C. G. D. Roberts.*	v.	332
Flight of Youth, The	*R. H. Stoddard.*	i.	264
Flitting of the Fairies, The	*J. Barlow.*	vi.	85
Flodden Field	*Sir W. Scott.*	viii.	312
Flotsam and Jetsam	*Anonymous.*	v.	387
Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea		v.	199
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green		v.	202
Flower, The	*G. Herbert.*	iii.	219
Flowers	*T. Hood.*	v.	282
Flowers	*H. W. Longfellow.*	v.	238
Flowers are fresh, and bushes green		iii.	81
Flowers without Fruit	*J. H. Newman.*	iv.	166
Flung to the heedless winds		iv.	334
Fly, The	*W. Oldys.*	v.	341
"Fly to the desert, fly with me"	*T. Moore.*	ii.	343
Fodder-Time	*Elizabeth. Trans. Bowen.*	v.	358
Folding the Flocks	*Beaumont and Fletcher.*	v.	359
Fontenoy	*T. O. Davis.*	viii.	277
Foolish Virgins, The	*A. Tennyson.*	iv.	331
Fool's Prayer, The	*E. R. Sill.*	vi.	275
Footsteps of Angels	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iii.	438
For a Novel of Hall Caine's	*R. Bridges.*	ix.	460
For a' That and a' That	*R. Burns.*	vi.	398
For Annie	*E. A. Poe.*	iii.	385
For aught that ever I could read		iii.	3

		VOL.	PAGE
For Charlie's Sake	*J. W. Palmer.*	iii.	411
For days the peaks wore hoods of cloud		v.	254
For England when with favoring gale		v.	402
For Scotland's and for freedom's right		viii.	302
For this holds true — too true, alas		vi.	85
For to die young is youth's divinest gift		iii.	428
For why, who writes such histories as these		vi.	361
Foreign Children	*R. L. Stevenson.*	i.	130
Foreign Lands	*R. L. Stevenson.*	i.	138
Forest Hymn, A	*W. C. Bryant.*	v.	223
Forever	*C. S. Calverley.*	ix.	424
Forever! 'Tis a single word		ix.	424
Forever Unconfessed	*Lord Houghton.*	ii.	241
"Forever with the Lord"	*J. Montgomery.*	iv.	403
"Forget thee?"	*J. Moultrie.*	ii.	337
Forging of the Anchor, The	*Sir S. Ferguson.*	vii.	234
Forsaken Garden, A	*A. C. Swinburne.*	v.	388
Forsaken Merman, The	*M. Arnold.*	vi.	80
Fortune	*F.-G. Halleck.*	vi.	266
Fortune	*Sophocles. Trans. Garnett.*	vi.	283
Forward we fare		vii.	261
Found Wanting	*E. Dickinson.*	iv.	326
Four straight brick walls, severely plain		iii.	278
Fra Giacomo	*R. Buchanan.*	ix.	76
Francesca da Rimini	*Dante. Trans. Byron.*	ii.	99
Frankford's Soliloquy	*T. Heywood.*	iv.	328
Freedom in Dress	*B. Jonson.*	vii.	131
Freedom of the Mind	*W. L. Garrison.*	viii.	161
Frémont, John Charles	*J. G. Whittier.*	viii.	173
Fresh from the fountains of the wood		v.	193
Friar of Orders Gray, The	*T. Percy.*	ii.	195
Friend, The	*N. Grimoald.*	i.	402
Friend after friend departs		i.	347
Friend and Lover	*M. A. De Vere.*	i.	374
Friend of Humanity, The	*G. Canning.*	ix.	398
Friends, I come not here to talk		viii.	123
Friendship	*R. W. Emerson.*	i.	339
Friendship	*Shakespeare.*	i.	345
Friendship	*Dr. E. Young.*	i.	340
Fringing cypress forests dim		v.	274
Frithiof at the Court of Angantyr	*Tegnér. Trans. Strong.*	vii.	289
From harmony, from heavenly harmony		vi.	364
From "Mont Blanc"	*P. B. Shelley.*	v.	217
From some sweet home, the morning train		i.	213
From the bonny bells of heather		viii.	40
From the depth of the dreamy decline of the		ix.	411
From the Desert I come to thee		ii.	264
From the maddening crowd they stand apart		ix.	446
From the near city comes the clang of bells		iv.	190

		VOL.	PAGE
"From the recesses of a lowly spirit"	*Bowring.*	iv.	132
From upland slopes I see the cows file by		v.	52
Frost, The	*H. F. Gould.*	i.	156
Full fathom five thy father lies		vi.	57
Full knee-deep lies the winter snow		vi.	196
"Full many a glorious morning"	*Shakespeare.*	ii.	224
Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary		viii.	413
Future Life, The	*W. C. Bryant.*	iv.	397

G.

Gage D'Amour, A	*A. Dobson.*	ii.	56
Gamarra is a dainty steed		v.	369
Gambols of Children, The	*G. Darley.*	i.	55
Ganging *To* and Ganging *Frae*	*E. Cook.*	ii.	293
Garden Fairies	*P. B. Marston.*	vi.	33
Garret, The	*W. M. Thackeray.*	i.	369
Garrison, William Lloyd	*J. R. Lowell.*	vii.	22
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may		i.	229
Gaudeamus Igitur	*J. A. Symonds.*	i.	231
Gay, guiltless pair		v.	330
Gaze not at me, my poor, unhappy bird		v.	333
General's Death, The	*J. O'Connor.*	viii.	369
Generous Air, The	*Palladas. Trans. Hardinge.*	vi.	229
Genius	*R. H. H. Horne.*	vi.	352
Genteel in personage		ii.	89
George Sand	*E. B. Browning.*	vii.	40
George Washington	*Anonymous.*	vii.	15
Gifts	*E. Lazarus.*	viii.	8
Gifts of God, The	*G. Herbert.*	iv.	276
Gillyflower of Gold, The	*W. Morris.*	ii.	333
Gin a body meet a body		ii.	108
Ginevra	*S. Rogers.*	ix.	81
Girl of Cadiz, The	*Byron.*	ii.	28
Girl of all Periods, The	*C. Patmore.*	i.	242
Girl of Pompeii, A	*E. S. Martin.*	i.	208
Give a Rouse	*R. Browning.*	viii.	271
"Give me more love or more disdain"	*T. Carew.*	ii.	245
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet		iv.	335
"Give me three grains of corn, mother"	*A. B. Edwards.*	iii.	197
Give Me thy Heart	*A. A. Procter.*	iv.	238
Give place, ye ladies, and begone		ii.	5
"Give place, ye lovers"	*Earl of Surrey.*	ii.	7
Give to the wind thy locks; all glittering		vi.	310
"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried		ii.	362
Glove, The	*R. Browning.*	vii.	332
Glove and the Lion, The	*L. Hunt.*	vii.	330
Gluggity Glug	*G. Colman.*	ix.	245
Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand		ii.	377

	VOL.	PAGE
"Go, lovely rose".....*Waller and White.*	ii.	37
Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see.....	v.	436
Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you...	ix.	377
Go Sleep, Ma Honey.....*E. D. Barker.*	i.	100
Go stand at night upon an ocean craft.....	vi.	277
God .....*Dershávin. Trans. Bowring.*	iv.	24
God and Man. .....*A. Pope.*	iv.	21
God called the nearest Angels who dwell.....	iv.	156
God in Nature.....*R. Browning.*	v.	6
God is Everywhere .....*R. Nicoll.*	iv.	28
God is good	iv.	110
God makes sech nights, all white an' still.....	ii.	190
God might have bade the earth bring forth....	v.	241
God moves in a mysterious way.....	iv.	23
God of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat...	iv.	307
God pity the wretched prisoners.....	iv.	323
God ploughed one day with an earthquake.....	iv.	18
God prosper long our noble king.....	viii.	244
"God save our gracious king!".....*H. Carey.*	viii.	18
God sends his teachers unto every age.....	vi.	103
God shield ye, heralds of the spring.....	v.	78
God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's..	iii.	361
God, who gave iron, purposed ne'er.....	viii.	76
Godiva .....*A. Tennyson.*	vii.	361
God's Acre .....*H. W. Longfellow.*	iii.	276
God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop *R. Southey.*	ix.	52
God's love and peace be with thee, where.....	i.	356
God's Sure Help in Sorrow *Ulrich. Trans. Winkworth.*	iii.	236
Goe, soule, the bodie's guest.....	vi.	227
Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece.....	vii.	72
Going and Coming.....*E. A. Jenks.*	iii.	458
Going — the great round Sun	iii.	458
Golden Eyes .....Rufinus. *Trans.* Lang.	ii.	151
Golden Wedding, The.....*D. Gray.*	ii.	448
Goldenhair climbed up on grandpapa's knee....	i.	42
Goldenrod .....*E. G. Eastman.*	v.	285
Gondola, The .....*A. H. Clough.*	vii.	191
Good Ale .....*J. Still.*	ix.	248
Good Great Man, The.....*S. T. Coleridge.*	iii.	244
Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off.....	iii.	348
Good King Arthur .....*Anonymous.*	i.	184
Good Life, Long Life.....*B. Jonson.*	vi.	230
Good morrow to thy sable beak.....	v.	324
Good Night and Good Morning..*Lord Houghton.*	i.	109
Good people all, of every sort.....	ix.	263
Good people all, with one accord.....	ix.	266
Good Play, A.....*R. L. Stevenson.*	i.	127
Good reader, if you e'er have seen.....	ix.	455
Good Shepherd with the Kid, The...*M. Arnold.*	iv.	68

		VOL.	PAGE
Good Time Coming, The	*C. Mackay.*	vi.	399
Good-Bye	*R. W. Emerson.*	iv.	31
Good-Bye	*Anonymous.*	iii.	97
"Good-bye," I said to my Conscience		iv.	326
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home		iv.	31
Good-night! I have to say good-night		ii.	281
Gouty Merchant and the Stranger	*H. Smith.*	ix.	275
Grape-Vine Swing, The	*W. G. Simms.*	v.	231
Grasshopper and Cricket, The	*J. Keats.*	v.	338
Grave of Bonaparte, The	*L. Heath.*	viii.	435
Grave of Sophocles, The	*Simmias. Trans. Hardinge.*	iii.	269
Gravedigger, The	*B. Carman.*	v.	383
Grave-yard, The	*J. R. Lowell.*	ix.	267
"Great Nature is an army gay"	*R. W. Gilder.*	v.	16
Great Ocean! strongest of creation's sons		v.	379
Great spirits now on earth are sojourning		vii.	69
Greatness	*A. Pope.*	vi.	283
Greece Enslaved	*Byron.*	viii.	127
Green be the turf above thee		vii.	91
Green Grass under the Snow, The	*A. A. Preston.*	iii.	442
"Green grow the rashes, O"	*R. Burns.*	ii.	91
Green little vaulter in the sunny grass		v.	339
Greenwood Cemetery	*C. Kennedy.*	iii.	279
Greenwood Shrift, The	*R. and C. Southey.*	vii.	379
Greenwood Tree, The	*Shakespeare.*	v.	219
Grief	*Shakespeare.*	iii.	348
Griggsby's Station	*J. W. Riley.*	ix.	349
Grow old along with me!		iv.	220
Growing Gray	*A. Dobson.*	vi.	286
Grief for the Dead	*Anonymous.*	iii.	408
Guilielmus Rex	*T. B. Aldrich.*	vii.	53
Guilty, or Not Guilty	*Anonymous.*	iii.	212
Gulf-Weed	*C. G. Fenner.*	v.	392
Guvener B. is a sensible man		ix.	339

H.

Ha! bully for me again, when my turn for		vi.	317
Ha! there comes he, with sweat, with blood of.		viii.	215
Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crawlin' ferlie		v.	348
Habeas Corpus	*H. H. Jackson.*	iii.	382
"Hack and Hew"	*B. Carman.*	vi.	187
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!		v.	289
Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born.		v.	30
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!		v.	297
Hakon's Defiance	*Oehlenschläger. Tr. Lascelles.*	viii.	208
Half a league, half a league		viii.	294
Half-Waking	*W. Allingham.*	i.	103
Halleck, Fitz-Greene	*J. G. Whittier.*	vii.	92

		VOL.	PAGE
Hallo, My Fancy	*W. Cleland.*	vi.	3
Hallo! — what? — where, what can it be		vii.	139
Hallowed Ground	*T. Campbell.*	viii.	118
Hamelin Town's in Brunswick		vi.	169
Hampton Beach	*J. G. Whittier.*	v.	427
Hand of Lincoln, The	*E. C. Stedman.*	vii.	30
Hands all Round	*A. Tennyson.*	viii.	29
Hans Breitmann's Party	*C. G. Leland.*	ix.	325
Hans Christian Andersen	*E. Gosse.*	vii.	43
Happiest Heart, The	*J. V. Cheney.*	i.	268
Happy are the Dead	*H. Vaughan.*	iii.	439
Happy Heart, The	*T. Dekker.*	vi.	409
Happy Hour, The	*M. F. Butts.*	i.	12
Happy insect! ever blest		v.	339
Happy Mother, The	*A. Laing.*	i.	281
Happy the man, whose wish and care		i.	265
Hark! ah, the nightingale		v.	308
"Hark, hark! the lark"	*Shakespeare.*	v.	292
Hark! the faint bells of the sunken city		vi.	166
Harmosan	*R. C. Trench.*	viii.	203
Harp of New England Song		vii.	103
Harriet Beecher Stowe	*P. L. Dunbar.*	vii.	105
Harvest Song	*Hölty. Trans. Brooks.*	v.	150
Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys		i.	375
"Has summer come without the rose?"	*A. O'Shaughnessy.*	iii.	54
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star		iv.	15
Haste Not! Rest Not!	*Goethe.*	vi.	414
Hats Off!		viii.	108
Haunted Palace, The	*E. A. Poe.*	vi.	164
Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay.		ix.	345
Have you not heard the poets tell		i.	60
Hawthorne	*H. W. Longfellow.*	vii.	104
Hawthorne	*E. C. Stedman.*	vii.	103
Haydon, To Benjamin Robert	*J. Keats.*	vii.	69
He clasps the crag with hookèd hands		v.	321
He didn't know much music		v.	319
He ended, and his words replete with guile		iv.	268
He filled the crystal goblet		viii.	19
He had no times of study, and no place		vi.	334
He is gone! beyond the skies		iv.	77
He is gone on the mountain		iii.	309
He killed the noble Mudjokivis		ix.	414
He left a load of anthracite		iv.	232
He, making speedy way through spersèd ayre		vi.	114
He might have reared a palace at a word		iv.	75
He planted an oak in his father's park		vi.	330
He rises and begins to round		v.	292
He sang one song and died — no more but that		vi.	343
He sat among the woods; he heard		vi.	330

	VOL.	PAGE
He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save..	iv.	68
He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower.....	iv.	346
He sits in a sea-green grotto.....	ix.	460
He spake: and Rustum answered not, but hurled.	ix.	28
He stood before the Sanhedrim.....	iv.	219
He stood upon the earth, and turned.....	vi.	202
He that is down need fear no fall.....	vi.	418
He that loves a rosy cheek.....	ii.	20
He that many bokes redys	vi.	359
He touched his harp, and nations heard.....	vii.	59
He tripped up the steps with a bow and a smile.	viii.	17
He was of that stubborn crew	iv.	228
He who bends to himself a joy	vi.	267
He who died at Azan sends	iii.	452
He who hath bent him o'er the dead	iii.	261
He wrought with patience long and weary years.	vi.	384
Health, A .....*E. C. Pinkney.*	ii.	41
Healthful Old Age .....*Shakespeare.*	vi.	287
Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill	vii.	210
Hear the sledges with the bells.....	vii.	141
Heart of the Bruce, The.....*W. E. Aytoun.*	vii.	420
Heart-Rest .....*Sir H. Taylor.*	i.	312
Heath-Cock, The .....*J. Baillie.*	v.	324
Heather Ale! A Galloway Legend *R. L. Stevenson.*	viii.	40
Heaven .....*E. Dickinson.*	iv.	390
Heaven .....*N. A. W. Priest.*	iv.	410
Heaven .....*J. Taylor.*	iv.	408
Heaven .....*I. Watts.*	iv.	413
Heaven .....*Anonymous.*	iv.	398
Heaving of the Lead, The .....*C. Dibdin.*	v.	402
Hebrew Wedding .....*H. H. Milman.*	ii.	405
Hector to his Wife....*Homer. Trans. Hawtrey.*	iii.	122
He'd had No Show .....*S. W. Foss.*	ix.	351
Heigh-o! daisies and buttercups	i.	36
"Heigho," yawned one day King Francis.....	vii.	332
Helen, To .....*E. A. Poe.*	ii.	35
Helen, thy beauty is to me	ii.	35
Helvellyn .....*Sir W. Scott.*	v.	364
Hen, The .....*M. Claudius.*	ix.	436
"Hence all ye vain delights" .....*J. Fletcher.*	iii.	160
Hence, loathed Melancholy	vi.	241
Hence, vain deluding joys	vi.	251
Henry Ward Beecher .....*C. H. Phelps.*	vii.	24
Her Creed .....*S. K. Bolton.*	iv.	236
Her eyes the glow-worme lend thee	ii.	165
Her Guitar .....*F. D. Sherman.*	ii.	44
Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with..	viii.	146
Her Letter .....*B. Harte.*	ii.	128
Her Likeness .....*D. M. Mulock Craik.*	ii.	32
Her Master gave the signal, with a look.....	vi.	350

		VOL.	PAGE
Her suffering ended with the day		iii.	306
Her window opens to the bay		iii.	124
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling		v.	406
Here are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines		viii.	115
Here Charmian, take my bracelets		ii.	354
Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere		v.	237
Here in the country's heart		v.	10
Here in the ditch my bones I'll lay		iii.	188
Here in this leafy place		ix.	101
Here is cruel Frederick, see!		i.	170
Here is one leaf reserved for me		ii.	34
Here let us leave him		iii.	280
Here lived the soul enchanted		vii.	94
Here rests, and let no saucy knave		ix.	292
Here where the curfew		iv.	131
Here where the sunlight		vii.	175
Heritage, The	*J. R. Lowell.*	i.	256
Hermann and Thusnelda	*F. G. Klopstock.*	viii.	215
Hermit, The	*O. Goldsmith.*	ii.	199
Heroes	*E. D. Proctor.*	viii.	174
Hero's Beauty	*C. Marlowe.*	ii.	14
Hervé Riel	*R. Browning.*	vii.	341
He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn		i.	363
Hesperia	*A. C. Swinburne.*	ii.	267
Hierarchy of Angels	*T. Heywood.*	vii.	53
High grew the snow beneath the low-hung sky		vi.	388
High thoughts!		iv.	391
High Tide at Gettysburg, The	*W. H. Thompson.*	viii.	398
High walls and huge the body may confine		viii.	161
Higher Good, The	*T. Parker.*	iv.	133
Highland Mary	*R. Burns.*	iii.	329
High-Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire	*Ingelow.*	ix.	145
Hills of the Lord, The	*W. C. Gannett.*	iv.	18
Hills were made for Freedom, The	*W. G. Brown.*	viii.	139
His echoing axe the settler swung		vii.	240
His hand at last! By his own fingers writ		ii.	368
His puissant sword unto his side		ix.	254
His tongue was touched with sacred fire		vii.	24
History Lesson, The	*Anonymous.*	i.	194
History of a Life	*B. W. Procter.*	vi.	234
Hither, come hither, ye Clouds renowned		v.	131
Ho! pony. Down the lonely road		viii.	408
Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin		ii.	236
"Ho, sailor of the sea!"		v.	434
"Ho, there! Fisherman, hold your hand"		ix.	189
Ho, woodsmen of the mountain-side		viii.	100
Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse		ix.	287
Hohenlinden	*T. Campbell.*	viii.	225
Holly-Tree, The	*R. Southey.*	v.	221
Hollow Hospitality	*J. Hall.*	ix.	384

	VOL.	PAGE
Holy Nation, A .....*R. Realf.*	viii.	178
Holy Spirit, The .....*R. Herrick.*	iv.	108
Home Song .....*D. C. Scott.*	i.	325
Home of the Percys' high-born race.....	ix.	312
Home, sweet Home .....*J. H. Payne.*	i.	335
"Home they brought her warrior dead" *A. Tennyson.*	iii.	345
Home Thoughts from Abroad .....*R. Browning.*	v.	83
Home, Wounded .....*S. Dobell.*	iii.	58
Homely phrase of our southland bright.....	vi.	270
Homes of England, The .....*F. Hemans.*	i.	274
Homeward Bound ....*Catullus. Trans. Martin.*	i.	313
Honey Dripping from the Comb.....*J. W. Riley.*	i.	224
Honor and shame from no condition rise.....	vi.	283
Hood, To the Memory of Thomas..*B. Simmons.*	vii.	62
Hope .....*T. Campbell.*	iv.	145
Hope and Fear .....*A. C. Swinburne.*	i.	256
Hope Deferred .....*Anonymous.*	ii.	368
Hope of the Human Heart.....*Lord Houghton.*	iv.	110
Hopefully Waiting .....*A. D. F. Randolph.*	iv.	371
Hopeless Grief .....*E. B. Browning.*	iii.	217
Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man	i.	345
Horatius at the Bridge .....*Lord Macaulay.*	vii.	265
Hour of Death, The .....*T. D. Hemans.*	iii.	259
House .....*R. Browning.*	vii.	108
House Beautiful, The .....*R. L. Stevenson.*	i.	277
Housekeeper, The .....*C. Lamb.*	v.	352
How beautiful is the rain!	v.	114
How beautiful it was, that one bright day.....	vii.	104
How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh....	v.	66
How calm they sleep beneath the shade	iii.	279
How dear to this heart are the scenes.....	i.	91
How delicious is the winning	ii.	94
How do I love thee? Let me count the ways....	ii.	381
How does the water	vii.	170
"How doth the little busy bee".....*I. Watts.*	i.	108
How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean.....	iii.	219
How happy is he born and taught	vi.	225
How hard, when those who do not wish	ix.	305
How little recks it where men lie	viii.	111
How like a leper, with his own sad cry	v.	423
How many a time have I	v.	141
How many pounds does the baby weigh.....	i.	5
How many summers, love	ii.	421
How many thousand of my poorest subjects....	vi.	433
How many verses have I thrown	vi.	350
How prone we are to hide and hoard	iii.	358
How pure at heart and sound in head.....	iii.	352
How seldom, Friend! a good great man	iii.	244
How shall I know thee in the sphere	iv.	397

		VOL.	PAGE
"How sleep the brave"	*W. Collins.*	viii.	449
How slight a thing may set one's fancy drifting.		i.	224
How still the morning of the hallowed day!		iv.	193
How sweet the answer Echo makes		ii.	327
How sweet the manger smells! The cows all..		v.	358
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon		vi.	362
"How sweetly," said the trembling maid		iii.	6
How the earth burns! Each pebble under foot..		v.	44
How They brought the good News	*Browning.*	vii.	349
How to Ask and Have	*S. Lover.*	ii.	179
How wonderful is Death!		vii.	129
How's my Boy	*S. Dobell.*	v.	434
Hudibras' Sword and Dagger	*S. Butler.*	ix.	254
Hudson, The	*G. S. Hellman.*	i.	314
Hugo, To Victor	*A. Tennyson.*	vii.	41
Humility	*J. Montgomery.*	iv.	148
Hung like a rich pomegranate o'er the sea		v.	421
Hunted Squirrel, The	*W. Browne.*	v.	157
Hunter's Song, The	*B. W. Procter.*	v.	156
Hunting Song	*Sir W. Scott.*	v.	154
Hurricane, The	*W. C. Bryant.*	vii.	151
Hush	*J. C. R. Dorr.*	iii.	400
Hush! my dear, lie still, and slumber		i.	98
Hymn	*S. T. Coleridge.*	iv.	15
Hymn	*R. W. Emerson.*	viii.	326
Hymn, A	*J. Thomson.*	v.	70
Hymn of the West	*E. C. Stedman.*	viii.	458
Hymn to Light, From the	*A. Cowley.*	v.	35
Hymn to the Flowers	*H. Smith.*	v.	242
Hymn to the Night	*H. W. Longfellow.*	v.	68
Hymn to Zeus	*Cleanthes.*	iv.	7

I.

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs		i.	164
"I am a friar of orders gray"	*J. O'Keeffe.*	ix.	247
I am by promise tried		vii.	404
I am dying, Egypt, dying		iii.	380
I am monarch of all I survey		vi.	311
I am not daunted, no; I will engage		v.	427
I am the Rock, presumptuous Sea!		v.	418
I am undone: there is no living, none		iii.	140
I arise from dreams of thee		ii.	254
I asked of Echo, t' other day		ix.	211
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers..		v.	133
I cannot eat but little meat		ix.	248
I cannot make him dead		iii.	415
I celebrate myself, and sing myself		vii.	102
I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn		v.	364

	VOL.	PAGE
I come from haunts of coot and hern	v.	194
I come from nothing; but from where	vi.	347
I dance and dance! Another faun	i.	133
I do affirm that thou hast saved the race	vi.	409
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	iv.	332
I don't appwove this hawid waw	ix.	341
I don't go much on religion	ix.	362
I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way	v.	272
"I dreamed that we were lovers still"	ii.	425
"I dreamt I saw great Venus" *Bion. Tr. Hunt.*	ii.	98
"I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden" *P. B. Shelley.*	ii.	30
I fill this cup to one made up	ii.	41
"I gave my life for thee" *F. Havergal.*	iv.	95
I gazed upon the glorious sky	v.	102
I grew assured, before I asked	ii.	166
I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn	i.	372
I hae see great anes and sat in great ha's	i.	295
I haf von funny leedle poy	ix.	327
I have a little shadow that goes in and out	i.	133
I have fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-bent beam.	iv.	202
I have got a new-born sister	i.	97
I have been here before	vi.	302
I have had playmates, I have had companions	iii.	143
I have seen	v.	426
I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses.	vi.	258
I hear the bells at eventide	v.	51
I hear the low wind wash the softening snow	v.	332
I heard the trailing garments of the Night	v.	68
I Hold Still *J. Sturm.*	iii.	243
I hold that Christian grace abounds	iv.	237
I in these flowery meads would be	v.	138
"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully" *Moore.*	i.	292
I knew, I felt — perception unexpressed	v.	6
I know a maiden fair to see	i.	235
I know not in what fashion she was made	vi.	346
I know that deep within your heart of hearts	ii.	426
I know whence it rises	vi.	77
I lay me down to sleep	iii.	397
I leaned out of my window, I smelt the white	ii.	282
I leave behind me the elm-shadowed square	vi.	123
I lent my love a book one day	ii.	58
I like a church; I like a cowl	iv.	229
I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls	iii.	276
I like the hunting of the hare	v.	165
I live for those who love me	iv.	186
I love, and have some cause to love, the earth	iv.	34
I love at eventide to walk alone	v.	136
I love contemplating — apart	vii.	347
I love it, I love it! and who shall dare	i.	92
I Love my Jean *R. Burns.*	iii.	126

	VOL.	PAGE
I love my lady; she is very fair	ii.	260
I love thee, love thee, Giulio!	viii.	85
I love thee, pious ox; a gentle feeling	v.	359
I love to hear thine earnest voice	v.	340
I love to wander through the woodlands hoary.	vii.	157
I loved him in my dawning years	ix.	382
I loved thee once, I'll love no more	iii.	71
I made a posie, while the day ran by	vi.	232
I met a traveller from an antique land	vii.	161
I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong.	ii.	338
I need not praise the sweetness of his song	vii.	106
I never gave a lock of hair away	ii.	378
I never saw a moor	iv.	390
I never saw a Purple Cow	ix.	455
I only know she came and went	ix.	427
I passed by a garden, a little Dutch garden	i.	153
I praised the speech, but cannot now abide it...	viii.	237
"I prithee send me back my heart"..*Suckling.*	ii.	187
I reckon I git your drift, gents	ix.	366
"I remember, I remember" .....*T. Hood.*	i.	83
I reside at Table Mountain, and my name	ix.	372
I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow	i.	284
I sat with Doris, the shepherd-maiden	ii.	169
"I saw him kiss your cheek!"—"'Tis true"..	ii.	112
I saw him once before	iii.	185
"I saw thee" .....*R. Palmer.*	iv.	340
"I saw two clouds at morning".....*Brainard.*	ii.	259
I saw you toss the kites on high	i.	145
I see the cloud-borne squadrons of the gale	v.	123
"I see thee, how beneath thy robe, O King"..	ix.	5
I send a shell from the ocean beach	v.	425
I send my heart up to thee, all my heart	ii.	346
I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty	iv.	277
I sometimes hold it half a sin	iii.	349
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;	vii.	349
I stand agaze	ii.	396
I stand upon the summit of my life	iii.	388
I stood, one Sunday morning	iii.	207
I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.	iii.	394
I studied my tables over and over	i.	166
I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless	iii.	217
I think it is over, over	iii.	398
I thought it was the little bed	i.	103
I thought our love at full, but I did err	ii.	383
I too have thought of all this, dear wife	iii.	122
I wadna gi'e my ain wife	ii.	419
I waited for the train at Coventry	vii.	361
I walked the other day, to spend my hour	iii.	439
I wandered by the brookside	ii.	156
I wandered lonely as a cloud	v.	247

	VOL.	PAGE
I was asking for something specific and perfect.	vii.	245
I was young and "Harry" was strong.....	iii.	239
I watched her as she stooped to pluck.....	ix.	443
I weigh not fortune's frown or smile	vi.	417
I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree.....	v.	211
I will go back to the great sweet mother.....	v.	378
I will go out to grass with that old King.....	v.	26
I will not have the mad Clytie	v.	282
I will not let you say a woman's part	ii.	221
I will paint her as I see her	i.	56
I wish I were where Helen lies	iii.	330
I worship thee, sweet will of God!	iv.	36
"I would I were an excellent divine" *N. Breton.*	iv.	312
"I would not live alway"...*W. A. Muhlenberg.*	iii.	392
I wrought them like a targe of hammered gold.	vi.	338
I'd been away from her three years,— about that.	ii.	231
Ideality .....*H. Coleridge.*	vi.	8
If all the world and love were young	ii.	150
"If doughty deeds my lady please"..*R. Graham.*	ii.	102
If every man's internal care	vi.	251
If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange.....	ii.	379
"If I should die to-night" .....*B. E. Smith.*	iii.	374
If I were told that I must die to-morrow.....	iv.	363
"If it be true that any beauteous thing" *M. Angelo. Trans. Taylor.*	ii.	72
If love were what the rose is	ii.	86
If Sleep and Death be truly one	iii.	351
If solitude hath ever led thy steps	v.	48
If stores of dry and learned lore we gain.....	i.	346
If suddenly upon the street	iv.	189
If the red slayer think he slays	iv.	6
If this fair rose offend thy sight	ii.	36
If thou dost bid thy friend farewell	iii.	96
If thou must love me, let it be for naught.....	ii.	377
If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance..	ix.	81
"If thou wert by my side, my love"..*R. Heber.*	ii.	441
If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright.....	vii.	208
If to be absent were to be	iii.	123
If We had but a Day .....*M. L. Dickinson.*	iv.	187
If we knew the woe and heart-ache.....	i.	278
If women could be fair, and yet not fond.....	ii.	246
If ye would love and loved be	i.	401
If yon bright stars which gem the night.....	iv.	395
Il Penseroso .....*Milton.*	vi.	251
Ilka Blade o' Grass keps its ain Drap o' Dew *J. Ballantine.*	iii.	241
I'll sing you a good old song	ix.	255
I'll wake and watch this autumn night	vi.	102
Illusions .....*R. U. Johnson.*	vi.	277
I'm far frae my hame, an' I'm weary.....	iv.	353

	VOL.	PAGE
I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!	i.	21
I'm not Myself at all .....*S. Lover.*	ii.	185
I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary	iii.	343
I'm sitting alone by the fire	ii.	128
I'm wearing awa', Jean	iii.	379
Imagination .....*Shakespeare.*	vi.	9
Immortality of Genius, The *Propertius. Trans. Cranstoun.*	vi.	357
Impression .....*E. Gosse.*	vi.	335
In a chariot of light from the regions of day...	viii.	324
In a coign of the cliff between lowland and.....	v.	388
In a Copy of Omar Khayyám.....*J. R. Lowell.*	vii.	39
In a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man....	iii.	55
In a Gondola .....*R. Browning.*	ii.	346
In a Lecture-Room .....*A. H. Clough.*	iv.	132
In a small chamber, friendless and unseen.....	vii.	22
In a valley, centuries ago	vi.	200
In Broad Street building (on a winter night)...	ix.	275
In early days methought that all must last....	iii.	242
In eddying course when leaves began to fall....	vi.	180
In either hand the hastening angel caught	iv.	273
In facile natures fancies quickly grow.....	vi.	284
In fashion, as a snow-white rose, lay then.....	iv.	445
In good King Charles's golden days.....	ix.	251
In Harbor .....*P. H. Hayne.*	iii.	398
In heavy sleep the Caliph lay	iv.	119
In his own image the Creator made	iii.	151
In Köln, a town of monks and bones	ix.	286
In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours.....	ii.	250
In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes..	v.	252
In melancholic fancy	vi.	3
In Memoriam, Selections from....*A. Tennyson.*	iii.	349
In Memorian F. A. S......*R. L. Stevenson.*	iii.	428
In Memory of W. S. Landor...*A. C. Swinburne.*	vii.	75
In Mexico .....*E. Stein.*	vii.	257
In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams.....	ix.	409
In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain.	v.	257
In Praise of Angling .....*Sir H. Wotton.*	v.	136
In praise of little children I will say	i.	7
In Prison .....*Sir R. L'Estrange.*	vi.	419
In Prison .....*M. R. Smith.*	iv.	323
In Saint Luke's Gospel we are told	iv.	290
In Sana, O, in Sana, God, the Lord.....	vii.	308
In School-Days .....*J. G. Whittier.*	i.	162
In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay.....	v.	438
In State .....*F. Willson.*	viii.	338
In summer, when the days were long	ii.	341
In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars..	i.	377
In the ancient town of Bruges	vii.	166
In the barn the tenant cock	v.	40

		VOL.	PAGE
In the best chamber of the house		iii.	405
In the bitter waves of woe		iv.	255
In the Cellar	*J. G. Holland.*	i.	317
In the days that tried our fathers		ix.	418
In the Engine-Shed	*W. Wilkins.*	ix.	165
In the fair gardens of celestial peace		iii.	426
In the gloomy ocean bed		v.	422
In the greenest of our valleys		vi.	164
In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower		v.	321
In the hour of my distress		iv.	108
In the low-rafted garret, stooping		iii.	89
In the merry month of May		ii.	152
In the prison cell I sit		viii.	380
In the Season	*R. L. Stevenson.*	i.	209
In the still air the music lies unheard		iv.	337
"In the wide awe and wisdom of the night"	*C. G. D. Roberts.*	v.	69
In their ragged regimentals		viii.	332
In these restrained and careful times		vi.	335
In this May-month, by grace		v.	328
In Twos	*W. C. Gannett.*	ii.	403
In vain the cords and axes were prepared		v.	417
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan		vi.	162
Inchcape Rock, The	*R. Southey.*	v.	431
Incident of the French Camp	*R. Browning.*	viii.	230
Indian Song, An	*W. B. Yeats.*	v.	22
Indian Summer	*J. B. Tabb.*	v.	167
Indian Weed, The	*Anonymous.*	vi.	249
Indirection	*R. Realf.*	vi.	332
Influence of Music	*Shakespeare.*	vi.	362
Influence of Natural Objects	*W. Wordsworth.*	v.	20
Ingle-Side, The	*H. Ainslee.*	i.	293
Inner Vision, The	*W. Wordsworth.*	vi.	322
Insect or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing		v.	280
Inscription on Melrose Abbey	*Anonymous.*	iii.	269
Into a ward of the whitewashed halls		viii.	378
Into the Silent Land		iv.	388
Into the woods my Master went		iv.	69
Invictus	*W. E. Henley.*	iii.	221
Invocation	*A. Cowley.*	vi.	371
Invocation to Light	*J. Milton.*	v.	30
Invocation to Rain in Summer	*W. C. Bennett.*	v.	113
Invocation to Sleep	*J. Fletcher.*	vi.	432
Iphigeneia and Agamemnon	*W. S. Landor.*	ix.	3
Ireland	*D. F. MacCarthy.*	viii.	62
Ireland	*J. J. Piatt.*	viii.	66
Irish Spinning-Wheel, The	*A. P. Graves.*	ii.	53
Irishman, The	*J. Orr.*	viii.	52
Irishman and the Lady, The	*W. Maginn.*	ix.	320
I's boun' to see my gal to-night		ii.	292
Is it possible?		iv.	327

		VOL.	PAGE
Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm		v.	229
It came upon the midnight clear		iv.	48
Is there a whim-inspirèd fool		vii.	113
Is this a fast,— to keep		iv.	303
Is there for honest poverty		vi.	398
Is there, when the winds are singing		i.	37
Is this a dagger which I see before me		ix.	120
Is this the peace of God, this strange sweet calm?		iv.	250
It almost makes me cry to tell		i.	171
It chanced of late a shepherd's swain		ii.	81
It chanced to me upon a time to sail		viii.	59
It don't seem hardly right, John		viii.	346
It flows through old hushed Ægypt and its		vii.	160
It is an Ancient Mariner		vi.	130
It is done		viii.	176
"It is Finished"	*C. G. Rossetti.*	i.	118
It is not Beauty I demand		ii.	370
"It is not death to die"	*G. W. Bethune.*	iii.	455
It is not growing like a tree		vi.	230
It is not life upon thy gifts to live		iv.	261
It is the miller's daughter		ii.	102
It is the season now to go		i.	209
"It kindles all my soul"	*Casimir.*	iv.	373
It lies around us like a cloud		iv.	389
It lies not in our power to love or hate		ii.	64
It little profits that, an idle king		vi.	426
"It may be in the evening"		iv.	355
It must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well!		iv.	384
It stands in a winding street		vi.	360
It was a beauty that I saw		ii.	23
It was a dreary day in Padua		ix.	55
It was a friar of orders gray		ii.	195
It was a Moorish maiden was sitting by a well		vii.	325
It was a Sergeant old and gray		viii.	285
It was a summer evening		viii.	437
It was a time of sadness, and my heart		iii.	231
It was many and many years ago		iii.	312
It was our wedding day		ii.	418
It was the calm and silent night		iv.	59
It was the schooner Hesperus		ix.	186
It was the time when lilies blow		ii.	300
It was the wild midnight		viii.	194
It was upon an April morn		vii.	420
Italia, mother of the souls of men		vii.	13
It's rare to see the morning breeze		i.	293
It's we two, it's we two for aye		ii.	399
Ivàn Ivànovitch	*R. Browning.*	ix.	102
I've overlived aspirings		iii.	187
I've wandered east, I wandered west		iii.	127
Ivry	*Macaulay.*	viii.	226
Ivy Green, The	*C. Dickens.*	v.	263

J.

		VOL.	PAGE
Jabberwocky	*C. L. Dodgson.*	ix.	459
Jackdaw of Rheims, The	*R. H. Barham.*	ix.	331
Jacobite on Tower Hill, The	*G. W. Thornbury.*	viii.	17
Jaffar	*L. Hunt.*	i.	349
Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier		i.	349
Japanese Lullaby	*E. Field.*	i.	15
Jeanie Morrison	*W. Motherwell.*	iii.	127
"Jenny kissed me"	*L. Hunt.*	i.	358
Jest rain and snow! and rain again!		v.	287
Jester's Plea, The	*F. Locker-Lampson.*	vi.	348
Jester's Sermon, The	*G. W. Thornbury.*	vi.	272
"Jesus shall reign"	*I. Watts.*	iv.	96
Jeune Fille et Jeune Fleur	*Chateaubriand.*	iii.	305
Jewish Hymn in Babylon	*H. H. Milman.*	iv.	307
Jim	*B. Harte.*	ix.	364
Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle	*J. Hay.*	ix.	358
Jim was a fisherman, up on the hill		iii.	290
Jim's Kids	*E. Field.*	iii.	290
Jingle, jingle, clear the way		v.	189
Jock Johnstone the Tinkler	*J. Hogg.*	vii.	390
Joe Beall 'ud set upon a keg		ix.	351
"John Anderson, my jo"	*R. Burns.*	ii.	460
John Brown of Ossawatomie spake on his dying.		viii.	169
John Brown's body lies a moldering in the		viii.	171
John Charles Frêmont	*J. G. Whittier.*	viii.	173
John Dobbins was so captivated		ii.	432
John Gilpin was a citizen		ix.	276
Jonathan to John	*J. R. Lowell.*	viii.	346
Jonson, Ode to Ben	*R. Herrick.*	vii.	47
Jonson, To the Memory of Ben	*J. Cleveland.*	vii.	46
Joseph Rodman Drake	*F. G. Halleck.*	vii.	91
Joys of the Road, The	*B. Carman.*	i.	253
"Judge not"	*A. A. Procter.*	iv.	319
Jumblies, The	*E. Lear.*	i.	192
June	*W. C. Bryant.*	v.	102
Just for a handful of silver he left us		vii.	70
Just in thy mould and beauteous in thy form		v.	402
Just when each bud was big with bloom		i.	3
Just where the Treasury's marble front		vi.	379

K.

Kane	*F. J. O'Brien.*	vii.	120
Kate Temple's Song	*Earl of Southesk.*	ii.	94
"Kathleen Mavourneen"	*J. or L. M. Crawford.*	iii.	112
Kearny at Seven Pines	*E. C. Stedman.*	viii.	367
Kearsarge, The	*J. J. Roche.*	v.	422
Keats's Last Sonnet	*J. Keats.*	ii.	360
Keen was the air, the sky was very light		vi.	33

		VOL.	PAGE
"Keep Sweet and Keep Movin'"	*R. J. Burdette.*	vi.	270
Khamsin	*C. Scollard.*	ix.	42
Kilmeny	*J. Hogg.*	vi.	21
King Charles, and who'll do him right now?		viii.	271
King Francis was a hearty king, and loved		vii.	330
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury	*Anon.*	ix.	241
King of Denmark's Ride, The	*C. E. S. Norton.*	iii.	346
King Robert of Sicily	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iv.	148
King to Soldiers before Harfleur	*Shakespeare.*	viii.	268
King's Highway, The	*H. W. Preston.*	vi.	102
Kiss, The	*R. Herrick.*	ii.	104
Kisses	*W. Strode.*	ii.	106
"Kissing her Hair"	*A. C. Swinburne.*	ii.	252
Kissing's No Sin	*Anonymous.*	ii.	107
Kitty Neil	*J. F. Waller.*	ii.	133
Kitty of Coleraine	*C. D. Shanly.*	ii.	132
Knee-Deep in June	*J. W. Riley.*	v.	108
Knight, The	*Sir W. Scott.*	vii.	201
Knight's Tomb, The	*S. T. Coleridge.*	viii.	428
"Knocking, ever knocking"	*H. B. Stowe.*	iv.	92
Knot of Blue, A	*S. M. Peck.*	i.	233
Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle		vii.	164
Knows he that never took a pinch		ix.	421
Know'st thou the land		vi.	313
Kubla Khan	*S. T. Coleridge.*	vi.	162

L.

Labor	*F. S. Osgood.*	vi.	389
Labor Done	*Schiller. Trans. Eliot.*	vi.	412
Labor Song	*D. F. MacCarthy.*	i.	327
Laborer, The	*W. D. Gallagher.*	iv.	302
Lachrymæ Musarum	*W. Watson.*	vii.	84
Ladder of St. Augustine, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iv.	294
Lady, To a	*J. J. Piatt.*	ii.	47
Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament	*Anonymous.*	iii.	47
"Lady Clara Vere de Vere"	*A. Tennyson.*	iii.	4
Lady Clare	*A. Tennyson.*	ii.	300
Lady lost in the Wood, The	*Milton.*	vi.	64
Lady of Shalott, The	*A. Tennyson.*	vi.	124
Laird o' Cockpen, The	*Baroness Nairne.*	ii.	205
Lake Isle of Innisfree, The	*W. B. Yeats.*	v.	211
L'Allegro	*Milton.*	vi.	241
Lament, A	*P. B. Shelley.*	iii.	173
Lament for Heliodore	*Meleager. Trans. Lang.*	iii.	337
Lament of the Irish Emigrant	*Lady Dufferin.*	iii.	343
Lancashire Doxology, A	*D. M. Mulock Craik.*	iv.	204
Land of Story-Books, The	*R. L. Stevenson.*	i.	140
Land of the Counterpane, The	*R. L. Stevenson.*	i.	197
Land of the Leal, The	*Baroness Nairne.*	iii.	379

	VOL.	PAGE
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England, The ....*F. Hemans.*	viii.	150
Landlady's Daughter...*Uhland. Trans. Dwight.*	ii.	335
Landor, In Memory of W. S.....*A. C. Swinburne.*	vii.	75
Laodamia ....*W. Wordsworth.*	ii.	451
Lapsus Calami ....*J. K. Stephen.*	ix.	422
Lark Ascending, The ....*G. Meredith.*	v.	292
Larks and Nightingales....*N. H. Dole.*	ix.	447
Lars Porsena of Clusium	vii.	265
Last Hunt, The....*W. R. Thayer.*	viii.	262
Last Leaf, The ....*O. W. Holmes.*	iii.	185
Last Leaf, The .....*Poushkin. Trans. Pollen.*	iii.	187
Last Man, The ....*T. Campbell.*	iv.	360
Last Night ....*T. Marzials.*	ii.	339
Last night, among his fellow roughs....	viii.	20
Last night at twelve, amid the knee-deep snows.	vi.	194
Last night the nightingale waked me....	ii.	339
Last Sonnet ....*J. Keats.*	ii.	360
Latest Decalogue, The ....*A. H. Clough.*	ix.	315
Latest Verses ....*Byron.*	iii.	169
Latter Rain, The ....*J. Very.*	v.	148
Laughing, the blind boys	iii.	460
Laurel-crowned Horatius	i.	230
Lauriger Horatius ....*J. A. Symonds.*	i.	230
Laus Deo ....*J. G. Whittier.*	viii.	176
Laus Infantium ....*W. Canton.*	i.	7
Laus Veneris ....*L. C. Moulton.*	vii.	138
Lavender ....*Anonymous.*	iii.	358
Lawyer's Invocation to Spring *H. H. Brownell.*	ix.	435
Lay down the axe, fling by the spade....	viii.	98
"Lead, kindly Light" ....*J. H. Newman.*	iv.	41
Leave all to God	iii.	236
Leaves have their time to fall....	iii.	259
Lee to the Rear ....*J. R. Thompson.*	viii.	401
Leedle Yawcob Strauss....*C. F. Adams.*	ix.	327
Left on the Battle-Field....*S. T. Bolton.*	viii.	386
Leonardo's "Monna Lisa" ....*E. Dowden.*	vii.	150
Leper, The ....*N. P. Willis.*	vii.	315
"Let dogs delight to bark and bite"...*I. Watts.*	i.	114
Let Liberty run onward with the years....	viii.	178
Let me be your servant....	vi.	287
Let me but do my work from day to day....	vi.	415
Let me move slowly through the street....	vi.	239
"Let me not to the marriage of true minds" *Shakespeare.*	ii.	376
Let not soft slumber close my eyes....	iv.	280
"Let not woman e'er complain".....*R. Burns.*	ii.	219
Let nothing make thee sad or fretful....	iii.	218
Let Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy....	ix.	261
"Let there be light," God said; and forthwith...	v.	32

		VOL.	PAGE
Let us glance for a moment, 'tis well worth....		ix.	267
Let us live, then, and be glad.....		i.	231
Let us with care observe		vi.	412
Letty's Globe	*C. T. Turner.*	i.	31
Liberty	*J. Hay.*	viii.	112
Liberty Tree	*T. Paine.*	viii.	324
Lie still, old Dane, below thy heap!.....		viii.	213
Life	*P. J. Bailey.*	iv.	407
Life	*A. L. Barbauld.*	iii.	400
Life	*G. Herbert.*	vi.	232
Life	*L. M. Little.*	ii.	93
Life	*B. W. Procter.*	iii.	251
Life	*J. Very.*	iv.	261
Life	*E. W. Wilcox.*	vi.	233
Life	*R. H. Wilde.*	vi.	230
Life! I know not what thou art.....		iii.	400
Life in the Autumn Woods.....	*P. P. Cooke.*	v.	151
life, like a romping school-boy full of glee		vi.	233
Life may be given in many ways		vii.	32
Life of Flowers, The.....	*W. S. Landor.*	v.	244
Life-Lesson, A	*J. W. Riley.*	i.	127
Life's Love, A	*Anonymous.*	ix.	382
Light	*F. W. Bourdillon.*	ii.	78
Light	*G. Macdonald.*	v.	32
Light	*Milton.*	v.	32
Light shining out of Darkness.....	*W. Cowper.*	iv.	23
Light'ood Fire, The	*J. H. Boner.*	i.	299
Light-winged Smoke! Icarian bird		vii.	156
Like a Laverock in the Lift.....	*J. Ingelow.*	ii.	399
Like as the armed Knighte		iv.	136
Like as the damask rose you see		iii.	255
Like souls that balance joy and pain.....		ii.	257
Like to the clear in highest sphere.....		ii.	18
Like to the falling of a star.....		iii.	253
Like two little doves in gray.....		vi.	235
Limericks	*E. Lear.*	i.	196
Lincoln, Abraham	*J. R. Lowell.*	vii.	32
Lincoln, Abraham	*T. Taylor.*	vii.	25
Lincoln, On the Life-Mask of.....	*R. W. Gilder.*	vii.	29
Linda to Hafed	*T. Moore.*	iii.	6
Lines	*H. B. Stowe.*	iii.	426
Lines	*C. Ticheborne.*	iii.	159
Lines found in his Bible.....	*Sir W. Raleigh.*	iv.	352
Lines to an Indian Air.....	*P. B. Shelley.*	ii.	254
Lines to Miss Florence Huntington.....	*Anon.*	ix.	453
Lines to the Stormy Petrel.....	*Anonymous.*	v.	332
Lines Written in an Album.....	*W. Gaylord.*	ix.	443
Linger not long. Home is not home without thee.		iii.	146
Lion's Ride, The.....	*F. Freiligrath.*	v.	355
Litany	*Sir R. Grant.*	iv.	74

		VOL.	PAGE
Lithe and long as the serpent train		v.	231
Little Beach Bird, The	*R. H. Dana.*	v.	302
Little Bell	*T. Westwood.*	i.	135
Little Breeches	*J. Hay.*	ix.	362
Little Child's Hymn, A	*F. T. Palgrave.*	i.	120
Little Cloud, The	*J. H. Bryant.*	viii.	168
Little Dutch Garden, A	*H. W. Durbin.*	i.	153
Little Ellie sits alone		i.	123
Little Feet	*E. Akers.*	i.	19
Little Goldenhair	*F. B. Smith.*	i.	42
Little I ask; my wants are few		vi.	423
Little Indian, Sioux or Crow		i.	130
Little Milliner, The	*R. Buchanan.*	ii.	135
Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown.		v.	9
"Little Orphant Annie's Come"	*J. W. Riley.*	i.	159
Little Red Lark, The	*A. P. Graves.*	ii.	158
Live in my Heart and Pay no Rent	*S. Lover.*	ii.	180
Living Temple, The	*O. W. Holmes.*	iv.	215
Living Waters	*C. S. Spencer.*	iv.	251
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind		iv.	21
Lo Venice, gay with color, lights and song		viii.	70
Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours		v.	79
Lochaber No More	*A. Ramsay.*	iii.	105
Lochinvar	*Sir W. Scott.*	ii.	276
Locksley Hall	*A. Tennyson.*	iii.	17
London	*J. Davidson.*	vii.	230
London Bridge	*F. E. Weatherly.*	vi.	238
London Churches	*Lord Houghton.*	iii.	207
Long pored St. Augustine o'er the sacred page		iv.	1
Longfellow	*A. Dobson.*	vii.	107
Longfellow, To Henry Wadsworth	*J. R. Lowell.*	vii.	106
Look at me with thy large brown eyes		i.	16
Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been.		iii.	82
Look on this cast, and know the hand		vii.	30
Lord! call thy pallid angel		vi.	397
"Lord Lovel, he stood"	*Anonymous.*	vii.	373
Lord of Butrago, The	*J. G. Lockhart.*	viii.	206
Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh		vii.	151
Lord, thou hast given me a cell		iv.	246
Lord Ullin's Daughter	*T. Campbell.*	vii.	399
Lord Walter's Wife	*E. B. Browning.*	ii.	392
Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care		iv.	94
"Lord, when those glorious lights"	*G. Wither.*	iv.	14
Lore-Lei, The	*H. Heine.*	vi.	77
Losse in Delayes	*R. Southwell.*	iv.	341
Lost Chord, A	*A. A. Procter.*	vi.	306
Lost Heir, The	*T. Hood.*	i.	49
Lost Leader, The	*R. Browning.*	vii.	70
Lost Pleiad, The	*W. G. Simms.*	iv.	347
Lost Sheep, The	*E. C. Clephane.*	iv.	66

		VOL.	PAGE
Lotus-Eaters, The	*A. Tennyson.*	vi.	402
Loud a hundred clansmen raise		viii.	305
Loud and clear		vii.	147
Loud roared the dreadful thunder		v.	405
Louis XV	*J. Sterling.*	vii.	339
Love	*R. Browning.*	ii.	339
Love	*S. T. Coleridge.*	ii.	159
Love	*T. K. Hervey.*	ii.	359
Love	*C. Marlowe.*	ii.	64
Love	*C. F. Richardson.*	iv.	189
Love	*Sir W. Scott.*	ii.	70
Love	*Shakespeare.*	ii.	62
Love and Death	*M. W. Deland.*	iii.	394
Love and Woman	*Shakespeare.*	ii.	65
Love Dissembled	*Shakespeare.*	ii.	31
Love in my bosom, like a bee		ii.	89
Love in the Valley	*G. Meredith.*	ii.	121
Love in the Winds	*R. Hovey.*	ii.	252
"Love is a sickness"	*S. Daniel.*	ii.	62
Love knoweth every form of air		ii.	75
Love Lightens Labor	*Anonymous.*	ii.	428
"Love me little, love me long"	*Anonymous.*	ii.	188
Love Not	*Mrs. Norton.*	iii.	8
Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay		iii.	8
"Love not me for comely grace"	*Anonymous.*	ii.	78
Love of God, The	*E. Scudder.*	iv.	39
Love of God Supreme	*Tersteegen. Tr. Wesley.*	iv.	130
"Love scorns degrees"	*P. H. Hayne.*	ii.	77
Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum, From	*W. Irwin.*	ix.	394
Love still has something of the sea		ii.	71
Love to Christ	*E. Spenser.*	iv.	90
"Love your neighbor as yourself"		ii.	125
Love-Knot, The	*N. Perry.*	ii.	126
Loveliness of Love, The	*G. Darley.*	ii.	370
Lovely Mary Donnelly	*W. Allingham.*	ii.	50
Lovers, and a Reflection	*C. S. Calverley.*	ix.	409
Love's Blindness	*Shakespeare.*	ii.	223
Love's Logic	*Anonymous.*	ii.	164
Love's Memory	*Shakespeare.*	iii.	140
Love's Philosophy	*P. B. Shelley.*	ii.	106
Love's Silence	*Sir P. Sidney.*	ii.	73
Love's Young Dream	*T. Moore.*	ii.	327
Loving in truth, and fain in verse		vi.	342
Low, like another's, lies that laurelled head		vii.	84
Low spake the knight to the peasant-girl		ix.	131
Low Spirits	*F. W. Faber.*	iv.	338
Low-anchored cloud		vii.	153
Low-Backed Car, The	*S. Lover.*	ii.	54
Lowell on Himself	*J. R. Lowell.*	vii.	100
Lucasta, To	*R. Lovelace.*	iii.	123

		VOL.	PAGE
Lucasta, on going to the Wars, To	*R. Lovelace.*	iii.	97
Lucius Junius Brutus over Lucretia	*Payne.*	ix.	14
Lullaby	*A. Tennyson.*	i.	11
Lycidas	*Milton.*	iii.	446
Lye, The	*Sir W. Raleigh.*	vi.	227
Lying in the Grass	*E. Gosse.*	i.	225

M.

Macaulay as Poet	*W. S. Landor.*	vii.	61
Mahmoud	*L. Hunt.*	vii.	305
Mahogany-Tree, The	*W. M. Thackeray.*	i.	391
"Maid of Athens, ere we part"	*Byron.*	iii.	100
Maiden! with the meek brown eyes		i.	214
Maidenhood	*H. W. Longfellow.*	i.	214
Maiden's Ideal of a Husband, A	*H. Carey.*	ii.	89
Maize, The	*W. W. Fosdick.*	v.	267
Make me over, mother April		i.	248
Make thyself known, Sibyl, or let despair		vii.	150
"Make way for Liberty"	*J. Montgomery.*	viii.	140
Making of Man, The	*J. W. Chadwick.*	vi.	202
Man	*W. S. Landor.*	iii.	151
Man in the Moon, The	*J. W. Riley.*	i.	146
"Man wants but little here below"		vi.	421
Mannahatta	*W. Whitman.*	vii.	245
Man's Mortality	*S. Wastell.*	iii.	255
Many a long, long year ago		ix.	343
Many a year is in its grave		iii.	342
March	*W. Morris.*	v.	90
March	*W. Wordsworth.*	v.	77
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale!		viii.	50
Marco Bozzaris	*F. G. Halleck.*	viii.	200
Margarita first possessed		ii.	232
Mariner's Dream, The	*W. Dimond.*	v.	438
Mariposa Lily, The	*I. D. Coolbrith.*	v.	280
Mark Antony over Cæsar's body	*Shakespeare.*	ix.	20
Marmion and Douglas	*Sir W. Scott.*	vii.	401
Marseillaise, The	*R. de Lisle.*	viii.	145
Martial, the things that do attain		i.	312
Martyrs' Hymn, The	*Luther. Trans. Fox.*	iv.	334
Master of human destinies am I		vii.	268
Mastered by desire impulsive		viii.	81
Master's Touch, The	*H. Bonar.*	iv.	337
Match, A	*A. C. Swinburne.*	ii.	86
Matter and Man Immortal	*Dr. E. Young.*	iv.	406
"Maud Muller"	*J. G. Whittier.*	iii.	35
Max and Maurice, From	*Busch. Trans. Brooks.*	i.	184
May Morning	*C. Thaxter.*	v.	84
May Queen, The	*A. Tennyson.*	iii.	292
May the Babylonish curse		ix.	389

	VOL.	PAGE
Means to Attain Happy Life, The *Earl of Surrey.*	i.	312
Meditations of a Hindu Prince..*Sir A. C. Lyall.*	iv.	3
Meeting, The .....*J. G. Whittier.*	iv.	208
Meeting Above .....*W. Leggett.*	iv.	395
Meeting at Night .....*R. Browning.*	ii.	364
Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose enchanting quill.	vii.	53
Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning	ii.	294
Melrose Abbey .....*Sir W. Scott.*	vii.	208
Memorabilia .....*R. Browning.*	vii.	58
Memorial Verses .....*M. Arnold.*	vii.	72
Memory of the Heart, The .....*D. Webster.*	i.	346
Memory and Oblivion..*Macedonius. Tr. Bland.*	vi.	321
Men and Boys .....*Körner. Trans. Brooks.*	viii.	78
Men behind the Guns, The.....*J. J. Rooney.*	viii.	419
Men, dying, make their wills, but wives.....	ii.	438
"Men of the North and West"..*R. H. Stoddard.*	viii.	97
Merrily swinging on brier and weed	v.	310
Messiah .....*A. Pope.*	iv.	97
Methinks it were no pain to die	iii.	395
Methinks we do as fretful children do.....	iv.	347
Methinks, when on the languid eye	iv.	359
Metrical Feet .....*S. T. Coleridge.*	ix.	429
Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam.	i.	335
'Mid white Sierras, that slope to the sea.....	vi.	334
Midnight past! Not a sound of aught.....	iii.	82
Midsummer's Noon in the Australian Forest, A *C. Harpur.*	v.	44
Mignon's Song .....*Goethe. Trans. Carlyle.*	vi.	313
Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire	v.	245
Milking-Maid, The .....*C. G. Rossetti.*	ii.	48
Milkmaid, The .....*J. Taylor.*	ix.	259
Milkmaid's Song, The .....*S. Dobell.*	ii.	285
Milton, To .....*W. Wordsworth.*	vii.	54
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of.	viii.	172
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour....	vii.	54
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell.....	ii.	385
Minstrels' Marriage-Song .....*T. Chatterton.*	ii.	340
Minstrel's Song .....*T. Chatterton.*	iii.	340
Ministry of Angels, The .....*E. Spenser.*	iv.	415
Minute-Gun, The .....*R. S. Sharpe.*	v.	403
Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square.....	ix.	213
Mist .....*H. D. Thoreau.*	vii.	153
Mr. and Mrs. Spikky Sparrow.....*E. Lear.*	i.	177
Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice.....	ix.	273
Mitherless Bairn, The .....*W. Thom.*	i.	78
Moan, moan, ye dying gales" .....*H. Neele.*	iii.	152
Mocking-Bird, The .....*F. L. Stanton.*	v.	319
Modern Hiawatha, The .....*Anonymous.*	ix.	414
Modern House that Jack Built, The.....*Anon.*	ix.	396
Modern Poet, The .....*A. Meynell.*	vi.	347

		VOL.	PAGE
Mont Blanc yet gleams on high		v.	217
Monterey	*C. F. Hoffman.*	viii.	336
Moonlight on the Prairie	*H. W. Longfellow.*	v.	59
Moore, To Thomas	*Byron.*	vii.	57
More Ancient Mariner, A	*B. Carman.*	v.	345
More and more stars! behold yon hazy arch		iv.	415
More Limericks	*R. Kipling* and *Anonymous.*	i.	201
More than the soul of ancient song is given		vi.	338
More than the wind, more than the snow		v.	124
Morning	*J. Beattie.*	v.	42
Morning	*J. Cunningham.*	v.	40
Morning in May	*Chaucer.*	v.	89
Morning Meditations	*T. Hood.*	ix.	261
Morning Song	*J. Baillie.*	v.	39
Morning Thought, A	*E. R. Sill.*	iii.	267
Morning-Glory, The	*M. W. Lowell.*	iii.	285
Mors et Vita	*S. Waddington.*	i.	397
Mort D'Arthur	*A. Tennyson.*	vii.	352
Mortality	*W. Knox.*	iii.	256
Mortality, behold and fear		iii.	269
Mortifying Mistake, A	*A. M. Pratt.*	i.	166
Moss Rose, The	*F. W. Krummacher.*	v.	281
Most glorious of all the Undying, many-named.		iv.	7
Most potent, grave, and reverend		ii.	207
Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes		vi.	322
Mother and Child	*W. G. Simms.*	i.	25
Mother and Poet	*E. B. Browning.*	iii.	323
Motherhood	*C. S. Calverley.*	ix.	440
Mother's Hope, The	*L. Blanchard.*	i.	37
Mountain Fern, The	*A. G. Geoghegan.*	v.	264
Mowers, The	*M. B. Benton.*	vii.	249
Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe		vii.	248
Much have I travelled in the realms of gold		vi.	341
Muckle-Mou'd Meg	*J. Ballantine.*	vii.	418
Murder, The	*Shakespeare.*	ix.	122
Muses, that sing Love's sensual empirie		ii.	73
Music	*Shakespeare.*	vi.	362
Music in Camp	*J. R. Thompson.*	viii.	389
Music when soft voices die		vi.	363
Musical Instrument, A	*E. B. Browning.*	vi.	86
My Ain Countree	*M. L. Demarest.*	iv.	353
My Ain Fireside	*E. Hamilton.*	i.	295
My Ain Wife	*A. Laing.*	ii.	419
My beautiful Lady	*T. Woolner.*	ii.	260
My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest		v.	366
My boat is on the shore		vii.	57
My body, eh? Friend Death, how now?		iii.	382
My Brigantine	*J. F. Cooper.*	v.	402
My Child	*J. Pierpont.*	iii.	415
My Choice	*W. Browne.*	ii.	87

		VOL.	PAGE
My choice is still for war		viii.	193
My Country	*J. Montgomery.*	viii.	5
My country, 'tis of thee		viii.	95
My Creed	*A. Carey.*	iv.	237
My curse upon thy venomed stang		ix.	307
"My days among the dead are passed"	*Southey.*	iv.	396
"My dear and only love"	*Marquis of Montrose.*	ii.	226
"My dear, be sensible! Upon my word"		ii.	164
"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt"		ii.	265
"My eyes! how I love you"	*J. G. Saxe.*	ii.	155
My fairest child, I have no song to give you		i.	206
My gentle Puck, come hither, Thou remember'st.		vi.	17
My girl hath violet eyes and yellow hair		ii.	135
"My God, I love thee"	*Xavier. Trans. Caswall.*	iv.	103
My good blade carves the casques of men		iv.	164
My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains		iii.	166
My Heart is a Lute	*Lady Lindsay.*	ii.	424
"My heart leaps up"	*W. Wordsworth.*	v.	8
"My heart's in the Highlands"	*R. Burns.*	viii.	39
"My heid is like to rend, Willie"	*W. Motherwell.*	iii.	49
My Home	*R. Herrick.*	iv.	246
My kingdom is my sweetheart's face		ii.	43
My Lady	*Dante. Trans. Norton.*	ii.	25
My letters! all dead paper, . . . mute and		ii.	379
My life is like the summer rose		vi.	230
"My little girl is nested"	*S. M. Peck.*	i.	41
My little love, do you remember		ii.	127
My Lost Youth	*H. W. Longfellow.*	i.	260
My Love	*R. P. Jacoby.*	ii.	261
My Love	*J. R. Lowell.*	ii.	383
My Love	*Anonymous.*	ix.	427
My love and I for kisses played		ii.	106
My Love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die.		ii.	382
My love is beautiful and sweet		ii.	261
My love to fight the Saxon goes		viii.	56
My loved, my honored, much-respected friend		i.	300
My Maryland	*J. R. Randall.*	viii.	103
"My minde to me a kingdom is"	*Sir E. Dyer.*	vi.	325
"My mother says I must not pass"		i.	46
My Mother's Bible	*G. P. Morris.*	i.	228
My Mother's Picture	*W. Cowper.*	i.	79
My mule refreshed, his bells		v.	216
My Native Land	*J. B. O'Reilly.*	viii.	59
My native land, thy Puritanic stock		ix.	416
My Old Kentucky Home	*S. C. Foster.*	iii.	147
My prime of youth is but a frost of cares		iii.	159
My Quaker Grandmothers	*O. Huckel.*	vi.	235
My Recovery	*G. Klopstock. Trans. Taylor.*	iv.	293
My River	*E. Mörike.*	v.	205
My Shadow	*R. L. Stevenson.*	i.	133

		VOL.	PAGE
My soul, there is a country		iv.	414
My soul to-day		vii.	195
My sweet Sweeting	*Anonymous.*	ii.	253
My Sweetheart's Face	*J. A. Wyeth.*	ii.	43
"My times are in thy hand"	*C. N. Hall.*	iv.	140
"My true-love hath my heart"	*Sir P. Sidney.*	ii.	330
My valiant Thorer Klake, hast come to me		viii.	208
My Wife and Child	*H. R. Jackson.*	iii.	226
My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing	*R. Burns.*	ii.	420
Myrrh-Bearers	*M. J. Preston.*	iv.	72
Myself	*W. Whitman.*	vii.	102
Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew.		v.	64
Mystical Ecstasy, A	*F. Quarles.*	iv.	142
Mystic's Vision, The	*M. Blind.*	iv.	142
Mystified Quaker in New York, The	*Anonymous.*	ix.	352

N.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes		i.	9
Nae star was glintin out aboon		ii.	293
Nantucket Skipper, The	*J. T. Fields.*	ix.	343
Naples	*S. Rogers.*	vii.	194
Napoleon	*Byron.*	vii.	9
Napoleon	*V. Hugo.*	vii.	8
Napoleon and the British Sailor	*T. Campbell.*	vii.	347
Naseby	*Macaulay.*	viii.	272
Nathan Hale	*F. M. Finch.*	viii.	328
National Anthems	*R. H. Newell.*	ix.	415
Nation's Prayer, The	*C. Kennedy.*	viii.	102
Nature	*J. Very.*	v.	20
Nature reads not our labels, "great" and		vi.	395
Nearer Home	*P. Cary.*	iv.	393
Nebuchadnezzar	*I. Russell.*	ix.	380
Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going		ix.	398
Nephelidia	*A. C. Swinburne.*	ix.	411
"Never despair"	*W. S. O'Brien.*	iii.	246
Never love unless you can		ii.	242
New Church Organ, The	*W. Carleton.*	ix.	316
New England Home in Winter, A	*J. G. Whittier.*	i.	308
"New England's dead"	*I. McLellan.*	viii.	156
New Jerusalem, The	*Anonymous.*	iv.	426
New Year, The	*A. Tennyson.*	iv.	260
Newly Wedded, The	*W. M. Praed.*	ii.	413
Newport Beach	*H. T. Tuckerman.*	vii.	239
Next to thee, O fair gazelle		v.	227
Nigh to a grave that was newly made		iii.	282
Night	*Byron.*	v.	65
Night	*P. B. Shelley.*	v.	66
Night	*J. B. White.*	v.	64
Nightingale's Song, The	*R. Crashaw.*	v.	306

	VOL.	PAGE
Night-Piece, The .....*R. Herrick.*	ii.	165
Nile, The .....*L. Hunt.*	vii.	160
Ninety and Nine, The..... *E. C. Clephane.*	iv.	66
No! .....*T. Hood.*	v.	167
No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops...	iii.	277
"No baby in the house".....*C. G. Dolliver.*	i.	101
No more the battle or the chase.....	v.	167
No more these simple flowers belong.....	vii.	64
No stir in the air, no stir in the sea.....	v.	431
No sun — no moon!	v.	167
Nobleman and Pensioner ...*Pfeffel. Tr. Brooks.*	vii.	303
Nocturnal Sketch .....*T. Hood.*	ix.	430
Nonsense .....*T. Moore.*	ix.	455
Noontide .....*J. Leyden.*	v.	46
Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye.....	viii.	92
Northern Lights, The .....*B. F. Taylor.*	v.	34
Nose and the Eyes, The.....*W. Cowper.*	ix.	310
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.....	viii.	283
Not a sound disturbs the air	v.	44
Not as all other women are.....	ii.	383
Not as you meant, O learned man and good....	iv.	371
Not at All, or All in All.....*A. Tennyson.*	ii.	250
Not every thought can find its words.....	vi.	268
Not far advanced was morning	vii.	401
Not in the sky	iv.	347
Not in the world of light alone.....	iv.	215
"Not marble, not the gilded monuments" *Shakespeare.*	i.	359
Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed.	iv.	116
Not on the Battle-Field.....*J. Pierpont.*	viii.	429
Not One to Spare .....*Anonymous.*	i.	288
"Not ours the vows" .....*B. Barton.*	ii.	450
"Not to be tuneless in old age!"	vii.	107
Not to understand a treasure's worth	iii.	150
Not what we would, but what we must.....	i.	320
"Nothing but Leaves".....*L. E. Akerman.*	iv.	283
"Nothing to Wear" .....*W. A. Butler.*	ix.	213
Now and Afterwards.....*D. M. Mulock Craik.*	iii.	268
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray..	v.	56
Now fades the last long streak of snow.....	v.	91
Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes....	ii.	110
Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all..	viii.	226
"Now I lay," repeat it, darling	i.	43
Now is my love all ready forth to come.....	ii.	406
Now is the winter of our discontent.....	viii.	424
Now, on sea and land descending.....	iv.	195
Now the bright crocus flames, and now.....	ii.	26
Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger..	v.	85
Now the day is over	i.	117
Now the golden Morn aloft.....	v.	18

	VOL.	PAGE
Now the joys of the road are chiefly these.....	i.	253
Now the rite is duly done	ii.	413
Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian.	viii.	203
"Now unto yonder wood-pile go".....	ix.	395
Now was the sun so stationed, as when first....	iv.	439
Now went forth the morn	viii.	179
Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams.	v.	306
Now will I weave white violets, daffodils.....	v.	255
Nun and Harp, The .....*H. P. Spofford.*	iii.	93
Nymph of the Severn, The.....*Milton.*	vi.	66
Nymph's Reply, The.....*Sir W. Raleigh.*	ii.	150

O.

O beauteous God! uncircumscribed treasure....	iv.	408
O Blackbird! sing me something well.....	v.	320
O blithe new-comer! I have heard	v.	290
"O, breathe not his name!" .....*T. Moore.*	vii.	6
O Caledonia! stern and wild	viii.	33
O, came ye ower by the Yoke-burn Ford".....	vii.	390
"O Captain! my Captain" .....*W. Whitman.*	vii.	28
O child of nations, giant-limbed	viii.	71
O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye.....	ii.	100
"O, do not wanton with those eyes"..*B. Jonson.*	ii.	39
O, don't be sorrowful, darling!.....	ii.	446
O fairest of creation, last and best.....	ii.	388
"O, fairest of the rural maids!"..*W. C. Bryant.*	ii.	46
"O fire of God, the Comforter" *St. Hildegarde. Trans. Littledale.*	iv.	107
O for a lodge in some vast wilderness.....	viii.	135
O for one hour of youthful joy.....	ii.	459
O friends! with whom my feet have trod.....	iv.	42
O gentle Censor of our age!.....	vii.	83
O gentle, gentle summer rain	v.	113
O God! I cannot walk the Way.....	iv.	128
O God! methinks, it were a happy life.....	i.	319
O God! O God! that it were possible.....	iv.	328
O God! though sorrow be my fate.....	iv.	124
O God, whose thunder shakes the sky.....	iv.	368
O, greenly and fair in the lands of the sun.....	v.	270
O hearts that never cease to yearn.....	iii.	408
O holy Æther, and soft-winged Winds.....	iii.	156
O hour of all hours, the most blest upon earth..	vi.	246
O, is all forgot	i.	344
O, it is hard to work for God.....	iv.	299
O, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease.....	v.	50
O Keeper of the Sacred Key	viii.	338
"O, lay thy hand in mine, dear"....*G. Massey.*	ii.	445
O Life! that mystery that no man knows.....	ii.	93
"O little town of Bethlehem".....*Ph. Brooks.*	iv.	47

	VOL.	PAGE
O loss of sight, of thee I must complain	iii.	158
O love, whose patient pilgrim feet	ii.	448
O lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!	ii.	50
O, many are the poets that are sown	vi.	339
O mare æve si forme	ix.	319
"O Mary, go and call the cattle home	ix.	181
"O Master, let me walk with thee" *W. Gladden.*	iv.	135
"O, may I join the choir invisible" *George Eliot.*	iv.	241
O me! what eyes hath Love put in my head	ii.	223
O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?	ix.	20
"O mistress mine" *Shakespeare.*	ii.	79
O mortal man, who livest here by toil	vi.	115
O mother dear, Jerusalem	iv.	426
O mother of a mighty race	viii.	88
O, my love's like the steadfast sun	ii.	414
"O, my Luve's like a red, red rose" *R. Burns.*	iii.	99
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven	iv.	118
O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray	v.	305
O, no, no,—let me lie	viii.	429
O Paddy dear, and did you hear the news	viii.	57
O Paradise, O Paradise	iv.	434
O perfect Light, which shaid away	v.	104
O reader! hast thou ever stood to see	v.	221
O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile	viii.	144
O, sairly may I rue the day	ix.	197
"O, saw ye bonnie Leslie" *R. Burns.*	iii.	130
O saw ye not fair Ines? she's gone into the west.	iii.	10
"O, saw ye the lass?" *R. Ryan.*	ii.	41
O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light	viii.	154
O Sextant of the meeting house, which sweeps	ix.	355
O sing unto my roundelay	iii.	340
"O swallow, swallow, flying south" *Tennyson.*	ii.	100
O swan of slenderness	ii.	158
O, terribly proud was Miss MacBride	ix.	228
O, that last day in Lucknow fort	viii.	296
O that the chemist's magic art	vi.	271
O that those lips had language! Life has	i.	79
O the days are gone when beauty bright	ii.	327
O the days gone by! O the days gone by	i.	203
O the gallant fisher's life	v.	139
"O, the pleasant days of old" *F. Browne.*	vii.	206
O the snow, the beautiful snow	iii.	205
O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you	vi.	13
O, those little, those little blue shoes!	i.	66
"O thou Almighty Father! who dost make"	iv.	437
O thou eternal One! whose presence bright	iv.	24
O thou great Friend to all the sons of men	iv.	91
O Thou of home the guardian Lar	i.	297
O thou vast Ocean! ever-sounding Sea!	v.	381
O Thou who hast beneath Thy hand	iv.	134

	VOL.	PAGE
O Thou who lovest not alone	iv.	129
O thou whose fancies from afar are brought	i.	40
O Thou, whose glorious orbs on high	viii.	458
O, unexpected stroke, worse than of death!	iv.	272
O unhatched Bird, so high preferred	ix.	437
O unseen Spirit! now a calm divine	v.	6
O, wad that my time were owre but	iii.	131
O, waly, waly, up the bank	iii.	45
O wanderer in the southern weather	v.	22
O, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the north	viii.	272
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad	ii.	109
O who will walk a mile with me	i.	347
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud	iii.	256
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being	v.	128
"O winter will thou never, never go?" *D. Gray.*	v.	191
O Word of God incarnate	iv.	199
O World! O Life! O Time	iii.	173
O World, thou choosest not the better part!	iv.	136
"O World-God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried	viii.	8
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel'	iv.	320
"O yet we trust that somehow good" *A. Tennyson.*	iv.	243
O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west	ii.	276
Oasis of Sidi Khaled, The *W. S. Blunt.*	v.	44
Oberon's Feast *R. Herrick.*	vi.	14
Ocean *R. Pollok.*	v.	379
Ode *J. Addison.*	iv.	13
Ode *H. Timrod.*	viii.	454
Ode *W. Wordsworth.*	iv.	377
Ode for a Social Meeting *O. W. Holmes.*	ix.	383
Ode on a Grecian Urn *J. Keats.*	vii.	136
Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude *T. Gray.*	v.	18
Ode to a Nightingale *J. Keats.*	iii.	166
Ode to Ben Jonson *R. Herrick.*	vii.	47
Ode to Duty *W. Wordsworth.*	iv.	278
Ode to Mother Carey's Chicken *T. Watts.*	iv.	333
Ode to Peace *W. Tennant.*	viii.	423
Ode to Sleep *P. H. Hayne.*	vi.	439
Ode to Solitude *A. Pope.*	i.	265
Ode to the Human Heart *L. Blanchard.*	ix.	428
Ode — To the Roc *W. J. Courthope.*	ix.	437
Ode to the West Wind *P. B. Shelley.*	v.	128
Ode to Tobacco *C. S. Calverley.*	ix.	387
Odyssey, The *A. Lang.*	vi.	342
O'er a low couch the setting sun	vii.	300
O'er the wet sands an insect crept	vi.	344

		VOL.	PAGE
Of a Certaine Man	*Sir J. Harrington.*	ix.	199
Of a Contented Spirit	*Lord Vaux.*	vi.	328
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw		iii.	126
Of all the floures in the mede		v.	275
Of all the girls that are so smart		ii.	290
Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend		i.	402
Of all the ships upon the blue		ix.	297
Of all the thoughts of God that are		iii.	389
Of all the torments, all the cares		ii.	225
Of Blue China	*A. Lang.*	ix.	448
Of Hym that Togyder wyll serve Two Maysters	*S. Brandt. Trans. Barclay.*	iv.	217
Of man's first disobedience and the fruit		iv.	262
Of Nelson and the north		viii.	281
"Oft in the stilly night"	*T. Moore.*	vi.	314
Often I think of the beautiful town		i.	260
"Oh dear! is Summer over?"		i.	154
Oh, deem not they are blest alone		iii.	420
Oh, did you see him riding down		i.	206
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary		ii.	179
Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth.		v.	430
Oh, hush thee, Earth! Fold thou thy weary palms		iii.	400
Oh, I'm not myself at all		ii.	185
Oh, it's twenty gallant gentlemen		viii.	262
Oh, never talk again to me		ii.	28
Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story		ii.	361
"Oh that 'twere possible"	*A. Tennyson.*	iii.	331
Oh, the auld house, the auld house		i.	275
Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern		v.	264
Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old		v.	383
Oh, the wind from the desert blew in		ix.	42
Oh the wonder of our life		iv.	146
Oh! there is		iv.	407
Oh thinkin' long's the weary work		iii.	141
Oh, thou northland bobolink		v.	314
Oh, to be in England now that April's there		v.	83
"Oh, wha hae ye brought us hame now, my brave lord"		vii.	418
"Oh! where do fairies hide their heads"	*Bayly.*	vi.	56
"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold"		ix.	44
Oh! why left I my hame?		viii.	51
Oh, yes, we mean all kind words that we say		i.	368
Old	*R. Hoyt.*	iii.	180
Old Age and Death	*E. Waller.*	vi.	293
Old Arm-Chair, The	*E. Cook.*	i.	92
Old Battle-Field, An	*F. L. Stanton.*	viii.	446
Old Birch, who taught the village school		ii.	431
Old Bridge at Florence, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	vii.	174

		VOL.	PAGE
Old Familiar Faces, The	*C. Lamb.*	iii.	143
Old Folks at Home	*S. C. Foster.*	iii.	149
"Old Grimes is dead"	*A. G. Greene.*	ix.	264
Old Ironsides	*O. W. Holmes.*	viii.	96
Old Maid, The	*G. Barlow.*	ii.	369
Old Man and Jim, The	*J. W. Riley.*	viii.	357
Old Man Dreams, The	*O. W. Holmes.*	ii.	459
"Old man, God bless you! does your pipe taste"		vii.	303
Old man never had much to say		viii.	357
Old Master Brown brought his ferule down		i.	162
Old Oaken Bucket, The	*S. Woodworth.*	i.	91
"Old, Old Song," The	*C. Kingsley.*	i.	230
Old Sexton, The	*P. Benjamin.*	iii.	283
Old Squire, The	*W. S. Blunt.*	v.	165
Old Sweatheart of Mine, An	*J. W. Riley.*	ii.	372
Old Tubal Cain was a man of might		viii.	426
Old Time Christmas, An	*Sir W. Scott.*	vii.	210
Old Vagabond, The	*P. J. de Beranger.*	iii.	188
Old Village Choir, The	*B. F. Taylor.*	iv.	202
Old wine to drink!		i.	389
Old Winter is the man for me		v.	172
Old Year and the New, The	*W. C. Wilkinson.*	vi.	194
Old-School Punishment	*Anonymous.*	i.	162
O'Lincoln Family, The	*W. Flagg.*	v.	312
Olivia	*Shakespeare.*	ii.	10
On a Beautiful Day	*J. Sterling.*	v.	6
On a Bust of Dante	*T. W. Parsons.*	vii.	41
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College	*T. Gray.*	i.	244
On a Fan	*A. Dobson.*	vi.	385
On a Girdle	*E. Waller.*	ii.	35
On a Grave at Grindelwald	*Myers.*	iii.	280
On a little piece of wood		i.	177
On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring		viii.	435
On a Portrait of Wordsworth	*E. B. Browning.*	vii.	69
On an Infant	*S. T. Coleridge.*	iv.	232
On an Intaglio Head of Minerva	*T. B. Aldrich.*	vi.	382
On an Old Muff	*F. Locker-Lampson.*	ix.	235
On Anne Allen	*E. Fitzgerald.*	iii.	303
On either side the river lie		vi.	124
On first looking into Chapman's Homer	*J. Keats.*	vi.	341
On Hearing a little Music-Box	*L. Hunt.*	vii.	139
On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood		ii.	14
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore.		ii.	14
On his Blindness	*Milton.*	iv.	333
On Linden, when the sun was low		viii.	225
On, on, my brown Arab, away, away!		ix.	413
On parents' knees, a naked, new-born child		i.	3
On the Brink	*C. S. Calverley.*	ix.	443
On the cross-beam under the Old South bell		v.	325

	VOL.	PAGE
On the Death of an Infant *Smits. Tr. Van Dyk.*	i.	70
On the Death of Francis I. *Queen of Navarre. Trans. Costello.*	iii.	338
On the Death of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot ..... *A. C. Swinburne.*	vii.	96
On Sir Walter Scott ..... *Wordsworth.*	vii.	61
On the Isle of Penikese	vii.	116
On the Life-Mask of Lincoln.....*R. W. Gilder.*	vii.	29
On the Loss of the Royal George....*W. Cowper.*	ix.	182
On the Monument erected to Mazzini at Genoa *A. C. Swinburne.*	vii.	13
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity....*Milton.*	iv.	51
On the mountains wild 'tis sweet.....	v.	215
On the Picture of an Infant *Leonidas. Trans. Rogers.*	i.	24
On the Portrait of Shakespeare.....*B. Jonson.*	vii.	48
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America ..... *G. Berkeley.*	viii.	92
On the Rhine .....*W. L. Bowles.*	v.	207
On the Road .....*P. L. Dunbar.*	ii.	292
On the Road to Chorrera .....*A. Bates.*	ii.	47
On the Ruins of a Country Inn....*P. Freneau.*	vi.	315
On Some Buttercups.....*F. D. Sherman.*	ii.	45
On the sea and at the Hogue.....	vii.	341
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey *Beaumont.*	iii.	269
On the Warres in Ireland....*Sir J. Harrington.*	viii.	237
On thy fair bosom, silver lake.....	v.	209
On what foundations stands the warrior's pride.	vii.	7
Once Before .....*M. M. Dodge.*	vi.	304
Once before, this self-same air	vi.	304
Once more unto the breach, dear friends.....	viii.	268
Once, on a golden afternoon	ii.	119
Once Switzerland was free! With what a pride..	viii.	140
Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands.....	viii.	447
Once upon a midnight dreary.....	vi.	155
One day, as I was going by.....	i.	49
One day I wandered where the salt sea-tide....	iv.	253
"One day I wrote her name".....*E. Spenser.*	vi.	353
One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way.....	vi.	110
One eve of beauty, when the sun.....	ii.	235
One evening walking out, I o'ertook a modest..	ii.	171
One hue of our flag is taken.....	ix.	418
One more unfortunate	iii.	208
One night came on a hurricane.....	v.	435
One night Shah Mahmúd, who had of late.....	i.	380
One pale November day	ii.	245
One sweetly solemn thought.....	iv.	393
One White Hair, The .....*W. S. Landor.*	vi.	285
One year ago,—a ringing voice	iii.	418

		VOL.	PAGE
One-Hoss Shay, The	*O. W. Holmes.*	ix.	345
Only a touch, and nothing more		ii.	94
Only a Woman	*D. M. Mulock Craik.*	iii.	86
"Only a Year"	*H. B. Stowe.*	iii.	418
"Only waiting till the shadows"	*F. L. Mace.*	iv.	369
Opal, An	*E. P. C. Hayes.*	ii.	105
Opportunity	*W. Blake.*	vi.	267
Opportunity	*J. J. Ingalls.*	vi.	268
Orator Puff	*T. Moore.*	ix.	273
Orient, The	*Byron.*	vii.	164
Orpheus, 'tis said, the Thracian lyre-strings		vi.	357
Orpheus, with his lute, made trees		vi.	362
Othello's Defence	*Shakespeare.*	vii.	207
Othello's Remorse	*Shakespeare.*	ix.	67
Other World, The	*H. B. Stowe.*	iv.	389
Our band is few, but true and tried		viii.	330
"Our boat to the waves"	*W. E. Channing.*	v.	409
Our bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had.		i.	280
Our bugles sound gayly. To horse and away		viii.	366
Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains		viii.	406
Our Country's Call	*W. C. Bryant.*	viii.	98
Our fallen Heroes	*G. B. Griffith.*	viii.	449
Our Father Land! and wouldst thou know		viii.	6
Our fathers' God! from out whose hand		viii.	457
"Our God, our help in Ages past"	*I. Watts.*	iv.	32
Our good steeds snuff the evening air		viii.	365
Our life is twofold; sleep hath its own world		iii.	73
Our love is not a fading, earthly flower		ii.	382
Our Orders	*J. W. Howe.*	viii.	381
Our revels now are ended. These our actors		vi.	58
Our Skater Belle	*Anonymous.*	v.	190
Our State	*J. G. Whittier.*	viii.	93
Our Wee White Rosé	*G. Massey.*	i.	64
"Out from behind this mask"	*W. Whitman.*	vii.	100
Out of the bosom of the Air		v.	174
Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass		viii.	404
Out of the golden remote wild west where the.		ii.	267
Out of the hills of Habersham		vii.	242
Out of the night that covers me		iii.	221
"Out of the old house, Nancy"	*W. Carleton.*	i.	268
Out upon it. I have loved		ii.	23
Outstretched beneath the leafy shade		vii.	379
Outward Bound	*T. B. Aldrich.*	vi.	123
Over hill, over dale		vi.	16
Over his keys the musing organist		iv.	172
Over the dumb campagna—see		vii.	187
"Over the hill to the poor-house"	*W. Carleton.*	iii.	175
"Over the river"	*N. W. Priest.*	iii.	406
Over the Snows		v.	203
Overloaded, undermanned		vii.	153

		VOL.	PAGE
Owl, The	*B. W. Procter.*	v.	321
Owl and the Pussy-Cat, The	*E. Lear.*	i.	175
Ox, The	*Carducci. Trans. Sewall.*	v.	359
Oxus	*M. Arnold.*	v.	207
Ozymandias of Egypt	*P. B. Shelley.*	vii.	161

P.

"Pack clouds away"	*T. Heywood.*	v.	41
Pain's furnace heat within me quivers		iii.	243
Painted Fan, A	*L. C. Moulton.*	vi.	387
Palabras Cariñosas	*T. B. Aldrich.*	ii.	281
Palinode	*J. R. Lowell.*	iii.	115
Pallid with too much longing		vii.	138
Palm and the Pine, The	*Heine. Tr. Houghton.*	iii.	40
Palm-Tree, The	*J. G. Whittier.*	v.	229
Pan in Wall Street	*E. C. Stedman.*	vi.	379
Pantheon, The	*Byron.*	vii.	181
Paper	*B. Franklin.*	ix.	289
Pap's got his patent right, and rich as all		ix.	349
Parable, A	*M. Blind.*	i.	95
Paradise	*F. W. Faber.*	iv.	434
Paradise Lost, Selections from	*J. Milton.*	iv.	262
Parrhasius	*N. P. Willis.*	ix.	8
Parted Friends	*J. Montgomery.*	i.	347
Parting	*C. Patmore.*	iii.	96
Parting Lovers	*E. B. Browning.*	viii.	85
Parting-Lovers, The	*W. R. Alger.*	iii.	104
Parting of Hector and Andromache	*Homer. Trans. Pope.*	iii.	118
Passage, The	*Uhland. Trans. Austin.*	iii.	342
Passage in the Life of St. Augustine, A	*Anon.*	iv.	1
Passing Away	*J. Pierpont.*	iv.	350
Passionate Shepherd to his Love	*C. Marlowe.*	ii.	149
Passions, The	*W. Collins.*	vi.	367
Pastor's Reverie, The	*W. Gladden.*	iv.	313
Patience	*P. H. Hayne.*	iv.	343
Patience	*W. J. Linton.*	viii.	114
Patriotic Song	*E. M. Arndt.*	viii.	76
Paulina's Appeal	*Corneille. Trans. Nokes.*	ii.	396
Pauper's Drive, The	*T. Noel.*	iii.	202
Pause not to dream of the future before us		vi.	389
Peace	*F. Havergal.*	iv.	250
Peace	*G. Herbert.*	iv.	248
Peace	*H. Vaughan.*	iv.	414
Peace	*Anonymous.*	iii.	437
Peg of Limavaddy	*W. M. Thackeray.*	i.	236
Pelters of Pyramids	*R. H. H. Horne.*	vi.	264
Per Pacem ad Lucem	*A. A. Procter.*	iv.	332
Perfume	*E. W. Gosse.*	ii.	92
Perils of Thinking	*Anonymous.*	ix.	380

		VOL.	PAGE
Perished	*M. L. Ritter.*	iii.	169
Perseverance	*Da Vinci. Trans. Story.*	vi.	284
Petition to Time, A	*B. W. Procter.*	i.	334
Petrified Fern, The	*M. L. B. Branch.*	vi.	200
Philip, my King	*D. M. Mulock Craik.*	i.	16
Phillida and Corydon	*N. Breton.*	ii.	152
"Phillis is my only joy"	*Sir C. Sedley.*	ii.	22
Philomela's Ode	*R. Greene.*	ii.	79
Philomena	*M. Arnold.*	v.	308
Philosopher Toad, The	*R. Nichols.*	iv.	234
Physics	*W. Whewell.*	ix.	434
"Pibroch of Donuil Dhu"	*Sir W. Scott.*	viii.	311
"Picciola"	*R. H. Newell.*	viii.	285
Picture, A	*C. G. Eastman.*	i.	316
Picture of Death, A	*Byron.*	iii.	261
Pictures of Memory	*A. Cary.*	i.	76
Pied Piper of Hamelin, The	*R. Browning.*	vi.	169
Pilgrimage, The	*Sir W. Raleigh.*	iv.	335
Pilgrims and the Peas, The	*J. Wolcott.*	ix.	249
Piped the Blackbird, on the beechwood spray		i.	135
Piper, The	*W. Blake.*	i.	96
Piping down the valleys wild		i.	96
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!		iii.	189
Place where Man should Die, The	*M. J. Barry.*	viii.	111
Plaidie, The	*C. Sibley.*	ii.	131
Plain Language from Truthful James	*B. Harte.*	ix.	374
Plantation Ditty, A	*F. L. Stanton.*	ix.	376
Planting of the Apple-Tree, The	*W. C. Bryant.*	v.	232
Platonic	*W. B. Terrett.*	i.	372
Pleasure-Boat, The	*R. H. Dana.*	v.	142
Pliocene Skull, To the	*B. Harte.*	ix.	360
Plough, The	*R. H. Horne.*	v.	96
Ploughman, The	*O. W. Holmes.*	v.	94
Poems in response to a call for a National Anthem	*R. H. Newell.*	ix.	415
Poe's Cottage at Fordham	*J. H. Boner.*	vii.	94
Poet of Nature, The	*P. J. Bailey.*	vi.	334
Poet of To-Day, The	*S. J. Lippincott.*	vi.	338
Poet, who sleepest by this wandering wave!		vii.	74
Poet's Bridal-Day Song	*A. Cunningham.*	ii.	414
Poet's Death, The	*Sir W. Scott.*	vi.	354
Poet's Friend, The	*A. Pope.*	vii.	112
Poet's Impulse, The	*Byron.*	vi.	335
Poet's Song to his Wife, The	*B. W. Procter.*	ii.	421
Poets are singing the whole world over		v.	25
Poland	*T. Campbell.*	viii.	144
Polar Quest, The	*R. Burton.*	v.	421
Polly	*W. B. Rands.*	i.	27
Ponderous projectiles, hurled by heavy hands		ix.	416
Poor Jack	*C. Dibdin.*	v.	436

		VOL.	PAGE
Poor Man's Day, The	*J. Grahame.*	iv.	193
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth		iii.	460
Popping Corn	*Anonymous.*	ii.	193
Portia's Picture	*Shakespeare.*	ii.	11
Portrait, A	*E. B. Browning.*	i.	56
Portrait, The	*T. Heywood.*	ii.	5
Portrait, The	*Lord Lytton.*	iii.	82
Possession	*Lord Lytton.*	ii.	424
Possession	*B. Taylor.*	ii.	418
Praise	*G. Herbert.*	iv.	123
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"		iv.	204
Praise of the Celestial Country	*Morlaix. Trans. Neale.*	iv.	418
Praise to God	*A. L. Barbauld.*	iv.	40
Praise ye the Lord!		iv.	190
Prayer	*Mary of Hungary.*	iv.	124
Prayer and Answer	*O. Huckel.*	iv.	128
Prayer and Repentance	*Shakespeare.*	iv.	118
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire		iv.	111
Prayer of Agassiz, The	*J. W. Whittier.*	vii.	116
Pre-Existence	*P. H. Hayne.*	vi.	303
Present Crisis, The	*J. R. Lowell.*	viii.	162
Present Good, The	*W. Cowper.*	iii.	150
Pretty Cow	*J. Taylor.*	i.	105
Pretty Girl of Loch Dan, The	*S. Ferguson.*	i.	220
Primeval Forests, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	v.	218
Prince Adeb	*G. H. Boker.*	vii.	308
Princess, The	*Björnson. Trans. Dole.*	iii.	9
Princess Lucretia, To the	*T. Tasso.*	ii.	24
Prisoner of Chillon, The	*Byron.*	ix.	88
Private of the Buffs, The	*Sir F. H. Doyle.*	viii.	20
Problem, The	*R. W. Emerson.*	iv.	229
Procrastination	*E. Young.*	vi.	190
Proem	*M. Cawein.*	vi.	333
Proem	*J. M. Miller.*	vi.	278
Proem to the Kalevala	*J. M. Crawford.*	viii.	81
Prospect, The	*E. B. Browning.*	iv.	347
Prospice	*R. Browning.*	iii.	391
Proud and lowly, beggar and lord		vi.	238
Proud Miss MacBride, The	*J. G. Saxe.*	ix.	228
Prune thou thy words; the thoughts control		iv.	166
Psalm of Life, A	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iv.	275
Psycholophon	*G. Burgess.*	ix.	456
Pumpkin, The	*J. G. Whittier.*	v.	270
Purple Cow, The	*G. Burgess.*	ix.	455
"Put up the sword!" the voice of Christ once		viii.	425

Q.

Qua Corsum Ventus	*A. H. Clough.*	iii.	107
Quack Medicines	*G. Crabbe.*	vi.	287

		VOL.	PAGE
Quaker Grave Yard, The	*S. W. Mitchell.*	iii.	278
Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius	*Shakespeare.*	i.	381
Quatrains	*W. H. Hayne.*	vi.	179
Queen Mab	*Shakespeare.*	vi.	13
Query, A	*Anonymous.*	iv.	146
Question, The	*P. B. Shelley.*	v.	272
Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares		v.	136

R.

Rabbi Ben Ezra	*R. Browning.*	iv.	220
Railroad Rhyme	*J. G. Saxe.*	ix.	431
Rain	*E. Jones.*	v.	124
Rain in Summer	*H. W. Longfellow.*	v.	114
Rain on the Roof	*C. Kinney.*	i.	88
Rainy Day, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iii.	228
Ramon	*B. Harte.*	ix.	176
Raven, The	*E. A. Poe.*	vi.	155
Razor-Seller, The	*J. Wolcott.*	ix.	287
Reaper and the Flowers, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iii.	418
Rebecca's Hymn	*Sir W. Scott.*	iv.	205
Recipe, A	*Punch.*	ix.	385
Recipe for Salad, A	*S. Smith.*	ix.	387
Recovery,—daughter of Creation too		iv.	293
Recruit, The	*R. W. Chambers.*	ix.	321
Recessional	*R. Kipling.*	viii.	31
Reformer, The	*J. G. Whittier.*	viii.	157
Relief of Lucknow, The	*R. T. S. Lowell.*	viii.	296
Religion and Doctrine	*J. Hay.*	iv.	219
Religion of Hudibras, The	*S. Butler.*	iv.	228
Remonstrance with the Snails	*Anonymous.*	v.	352
Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow		i.	314
Renouncement	*A. Meynell.*	ii.	338
Renunciation, A	*Earl of Oxford.*	ii.	246
Republic, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	viii.	94
Requiem	*G. Lunt.*	viii.	388
Requiescat	*M. Arnold.*	iii.	307
Resignation	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iii.	430
Resignation, The	*T. Chatterton.*	iv.	368
Respected Wife: By these few lines		ix.	352
Rest	*M. W. Howland.*	iii.	397
Rest	*M. L. Woods.*	vi.	431
Retort, The	*G. P. Morris.*	ii.	431
Retribution	*Von Logau. Trans. Longfellow.*	vi.	226
Return of Spring	*P. Ronsard.*	v.	78
Reunited Love	*R. D. Blackmore.*	ii.	425
Revelry of the Dying	*B. Dowling.*	ix.	170
Revenge, The	*A. Tennyson.*	vii.	383
Rhine, The	*Byron.*	vii.	169
Rhodora, The	*R. W. Emerson.*	v.	252

		VOL.	PAGE
Rhœcus	*J. R. Lowell.*	vi.	103
Riddle, A	*C. Fanshawe.*	ix.	450
Riding Down	*N. Perry.*	i.	206
Riding from Coleraine		i.	236
Rienzi to the Romans	*M. R. Mitford.*	viii.	123
"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot"		viii.	353
Right must Win, The	*F. W. Faber.*	iv.	299
Rime of the Ancient Mariner	*S. T. Coleridge.*	vi.	130
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky		iv.	260
Rise of Man, The	*J. W. Chadwick*	iv.	311
Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn		v.	156
"Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says.		viii.	258
Ritter Hugo	*C. G. Leland.*	ix.	324
Rivalry in Love	*W. Walsh.*	ii.	225
River! my river in the young sunshine		v.	205
Rizpah	*A. Tennyson.*	ix.	151
Roast Beef of old England, The	*Fielding and Loveridge.*	viii.	13
Robert Browning	*W. S. Landor.*	vii.	89
Robert of Lincoln	*W. C. Bryant.*	v.	310
Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane		iv.	148
Robin Adair	*Lady Keppel.*	iii.	134
Robin Hood and Allan-A-Dale	*Anonymous.*	vii.	375
Rock and the Sea, The	*C. P. Gilman.*	v.	418
Rock Me to Sleep	*E. Akers.*	i.	284
"Rock of Ages"	*E. H. Rice.*	iv.	85
"Rocked in the cradle of the deep"	*E. H. Willard.*	iv.	30
Roll on, thou ball, roll on		ix.	309
Roma	*Carducci. Trans. Sewall.*	vi.	310
Roman Father, The	*Lord Macaulay.*	ix.	16
Roman Virgil, thou that singest		vii.	37
Romance of the Swan's Nest, The	*E. B. Browning.*	i.	123
"Room for the leper! room!" And as he came		vii.	315
Rory O'More	*S. Lover.*	ii.	172
Rosalynd	*T. Lodge.*	ii.	18
Rosalynd's Complaint	*T. Lodge.*	ii.	89
Rose and the Gauntlet, The	*J. Sterling.*	ix.	131
Rose Aylmer	*W. S. Landor.*	ii.	375
Rose-Bush, The	*W. W. Caldwell.*	vi.	233
Roses and butterflies snared on a fan		vi.	385
Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter	*C. Kingsley.*	iii.	191
Rubáiyát	*Khayyám. Trans. Fitzgerald.*	vi.	204
Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade		ix.	293
Rudolph the Headsman	*O. W. Holmes.*	ix.	293
Rule, Britannia	*J. Thomson.*	viii.	11
Ruling Passion, The	*A. Pope.*	vi.	294
Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!		viii.	34
Rus in Urbe	*C. Scott.*	v.	25
Rustic Lad's Lament in Town, The	*D. M. Moir.*	iii.	131
Ruth	*T. Hood.*	i.	219

S.

		VOL.	PAGE
Sabbath Hymn on the Mountains	*J. S. Blackie.*	iv.	190
Sabbath Morning, The	*J. Leyden.*	iv.	192
Sabbath of the Soul, The	*A. L. Barbauld.*	iv.	195
Sack of Baltimore, The	*T. O. Davis.*	ix.	127
Sack of the City, The	*V. Hugo.*	ix.	26
Sacrifice of Polyxena	*Euripides. Tr. Symonds.*	ix.	5
"Sad is our youth, for it is ever going"	*De Vere.*	iii.	225
Saddened Tramp, A	*Anonymous.*	ix.	395
Saddest Fate, The	*Anonymous.*	iii.	247
Sage Counsel	*A. T. Quiller-Couch.*	i.	195
"Said I not so?"	*G. Herbert.*	iv.	282
Said the Raggedy Man on a hot afternoon		i.	146
Sailor's Consolation, The	*W. Pitt.*	v.	435
Saint Agnes	*A. Tennyson.*	iv.	416
Saint Agnes' Eve,—ah, bitter chill it was!		ii.	312
Saint Anthony at church		ix.	239
Saint Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes	*Anon.*	ix.	239
Saint Augustine! well hast thou said		iv.	294
Saint Christopher	*D. M. Mulock Craik.*	iv.	296
Saint Peter's at Rome	*Byron.*	vii.	186
Sally in our Alley	*H. Carey.*	ii.	290
Samson on his Blindness	*Milton.*	iii.	158
Sand, George	*E. B. Browning.*	vii.	40
Sands o' Dee, The	*C. Kingsley.*	ix.	181
Sandpiper, The	*C. Thaxter.*	v.	303
Santa Filomena	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iv.	167
Sassafras	*S. M. Peck.*	v.	274
Saviour, when in dust to Thee		iv.	74
Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa		viii.	411
Say, from what golden quivers of the sky		v.	35
Say gray-beards what they please		i.	252
Say not, the struggle nought availeth		iii.	235
Say over again, and yet once over again		ii.	378
Say there! P'r'aps		ix.	364
Scarlet Tanager, The	*J. Benton.*	v.	329
Scholar, The	*Sir H. Taylor.*	vi.	359
School Girl, The	*W. H. Venable.*	i.	213
School of War, The	*C. Marlowe.*	viii.	185
Scorn Not the Least	*R. Southwell.*	iv.	298
Scorn not the sonnet; critic, you have frowned		vii.	55
Scotland	*Sir W. Scott.*	viii.	33
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled		viii.	304
Scott, Departure of Sir Walter	*Wordsworth.*	vii.	61
Scythe Song	*A. Lang.*	vii.	248
Sea, The	*B. Barton.*	v.	377
Sea, The	*Byron.*	v.	375
Sea, The	*R. W. Emerson.*	v.	374
Sea, The	*E. L. Ogden.*	ix.	227
Sea, The	*B. W. Procter.*	v.	380

		VOL.	PAGE
Sea Shell, The	*W. Wordsworth.*	v.	426
Sea Storm, A	*E. H. Hickey.*	ix.	192
Sea-Limits, The	*D. G. Rossetti.*	v.	441
Sea-Poppy, The	*R. S. Bridges.*	v.	285
Search thou the ruling passion; there, alone....		vi.	294
Seaside Well, The	*Anonymous.*	iv.	253
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!.....		v.	149
Seasons of Prayer	*H. Ware, Jr.*	iv.	113
Seated I see the two again		i.	23
Seated one day at the organ		vi.	306
Sea-Weed	*H. W. Longfellow.*	v.	393
Second Mate, The	*F. J. O'Brien.*	ix.	189
Secret of Death, The	*Sir E. Arnold.*	iii.	434
See, from this counterfeit of him.....		vii.	41
See how the orient dew		v.	100
See the chariot at hand here of Love!.....		ii.	12
See yon robin on the spray		v.	327
Seed growing secretly, The	*H. Vaughan.*	iv.	343
Seein' Things	*E. Field.*	i.	164
Self-Exiled, The	*W. C. Smith.*	iv.	158
Self-Inquiry	*I. Watts.*	iv.	280
Sempronius' Speech for War	*J. Addison.*	viii.	193
Sentinel Songs	*A. J. Ryan.*	viii.	452
September	*G. Arnold.*	v.	147
September Violet, A	*R. U. Johnson.*	v.	254
Serenade	*H. W. Longfellow.*	ii.	255
Serene, I fold my hands and wait.....		iii.	238
Service	*R. Browning.*	iv.	156
Set in this stormy Northern sea.....		viii.	22
Settler, The	*A. B. Street.*	vii.	240
Seven Ages of Man	*Shakespeare.*	vii.	126
Seven Times One	*J. Ingelow.*	i.	48
Seven Times Two	*J. Ingelow.*	i.	204
Seven Times Three	*J. Ingelow.*	ii.	282
Seven Times Four	*J. Ingelow.*	i.	36
Seven Times Six	*J. Ingelow.*	i.	290
Sevigné, To Madame de	*M. de Montreuil.*	vii.	40
"Sextant," To the	*A. M. Willson.*	ix.	355
Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden....		ix.	321
Shaded Water, The	*W. G. Simms.*	v.	196
Shadow Rose, The	*R. C. Rogers.*	iii.	53
Shadows, The	*F. D. Sherman.*	i.	132
Shakespeare	*H. Coleridge.*	vii.	52
Shakespeare	*Dr. S. Johnson.*	vii.	51
Shakespeare, An Epitaph on	*Milton.*	vii.	51
Shakespeare, On the Portrait of	*B. Jonson.*	vii.	48
Shakespeare, To the Memory of	*B. Jonson.*	vii.	48
Shakespeare and Milton — what third blazoned.		vii.	83
"Shall I compare thee?"	*Shakespeare.*	ii.	4
Shall I mine affections slack		ii.	239

	VOL.	PAGE
Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?	vii.	108
Shall I tell you whom I love	ii.	87
Shall I, wasting in despair	ii.	238
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country?	viii.	68
Shame upon you, Robin	ii.	107
Shapcot! to thee the Fairy State	vi.	14
Sharing of the Earth, The *Schiller. Tr. Lytton.*	vi.	356
She always stood upon the steps	iii.	414
She Came and Went *J. R. Lowell.*	i.	71
"She died in beauty" *C. D. Sillery.*	iii.	319
She gave her life to love. She never knew	ii.	369
She has gone,—she has left us in passion and..	viii.	344
She hath no beauty in her face	iv.	343
She hath no gems of lustre bright	i.	233
She hung the cage at the window	ii.	110
She is a winsome wee thing	ii.	420
"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away."	iii.	434
"She is not fair to outward view" *H. Coleridge.*	ii.	33
She laid it where the sunbeams fall	ix.	440
She says, "The cock crows,—hark!"	iii.	104
She shrank from all, and her silent mood	iii.	215
She sports a witching gown	i.	234
She stands, a thousand-wintered tree	viii.	32
She stood at the bar of justice	iii.	212
She stood before a chosen few	iv.	236
She stood breast high amid the corn	i.	219
She told the story, and the whole world wept..	vii.	105
"She walks in beauty" *Byron.*	ii.	32
She wanders in the April woods	iii.	13
"She was a phantom of delight" *W. Wordsworth.*	ii.	422
She was once a lady of honor and wealth	iv.	183
She was rich and of high degree	ix.	227
She, who but late in beauty's flower was seen..	iii.	72
Sheep and Lambs *K. T. Hinkson.*	i.	121
Shell, The *W. S. Landor.*	v.	427
Shelley *A. H. Japp.*	vii.	58
Shepherd and the King, The *R. Greene.*	ii.	63
Shepherds all, and maidens fair	v.	359
Shepherd's Life, A *Shakespeare.*	i.	319
Sheridan's Ride *T. B. Read.*	viii.	383
Sherman's March to the Sea *S. H. M. Byers.*	viii.	406
Sherwood *A. Noyes.*	vi.	181
Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake.	vi.	181
She's somewhere in the sunlight strong	iii.	417
Shipwreck, The *W. Falconer.*	v.	417
Shore, The *C. G. D. Roberts.*	v.	421
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	i.	405
Show me a sight	ii.	53
Shun delays, they breed remorse	iv.	341
Si Jeunesse Savait *E. C. Stedman.*	ii.	242

		VOL.	PAGE
Sic Vita	*H. King.*	iii.	253
Sickles sound		v.	150
Siege of Belgrade	*Anonymous.*	ix.	426
Sifting of Peter, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iv.	290
Signs of Rain	*E. Jenner.*	v.	118
Silence. A while ago		ix.	192
Silence of the Hills, The	*W. P. Foster.*	v.	213
Silent Baby	*E. B. Currier.*	i.	22
Siller Crown, The	*S. Blamire.*	ii.	177
Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime		vii.	181
Since there's no helpe,—come, let us kisse and		iii.	111
Sing a song of Spring-time		v.	191
Sing thou my songs for me when I am dead		vi.	355
Singer of one Song, The	*H. A. Beers.*	vi.	343
Singing through the forests		ix.	431
Sir Galahad	*A. Tennyson.*	iv.	164
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere	*A. Tennyson.*	ii.	257
Sir Patrick Spens	*Anonymous.*	viii.	254
Sir Philip Sidney	*M. Royden.*	vii.	45
Sirens' Song, The	*W. Browne.*	vi.	79
Sister of Charity, The	*G. Griffin.*	iv.	183
"Sit down, sad soul"	*B. W. Procter.*	iv.	372
Sitting by a river's side		ii.	79
Six skeins and three, six skeins and three!		ii.	118
Six years had passed, and forty ere the six		iii.	163
Sixteen barrels of cider		i.	317
Skeleton, To a	*Anonymous.*	vi.	298
Skeleton in Armor, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	vii.	295
Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings!		vi.	335
Skylark, The	*J. Hogg.*	v.	301
Slavery	*W. Cowper.*	viii.	135
Slayer of winter, art thou here again?		v.	90
Slaying of Sohrab, The	*M. Arnold.*	ix.	28
Sleep	*Shakespeare.*	vi.	433
Sleep	*Sir P. Sidney.*	vi.	433
Sleep	*J. Wolcott.*	vi.	433
Sleep, The	*E. B. Browning.*	iii.	389
Sleep breathes at last from out thee		i.	59
Sleep, little baby of mine		i.	13
Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings		i.	15
Sleep, love, sleep		vi.	435
Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares		iv.	195
Sleep sweetly in your humble graves		viii.	454
Sleeping Beauty, The	*A. Tennyson.*	ii.	307
Sleeplessness	*W. Wordsworth.*	vi.	434
Sleepy Hollow	*W. E. Channing.*	iii.	277
Sleigh Song	*G. W. Pettee.*	v.	189
Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill		ii.	303
Sly Beelzebub took all occasions		ix.	286
Sly Thoughts	*C. Patmore.*	ii.	112

		VOL.	PAGE
Smack in School, The	*W. P. Palmer.*	i.	167
Small and Early	*T. Jenks.*	i.	46
Small Beginnings	*C. Mackay.*	iv.	309
Smile and Never Heed Me	*C. Swain.*	ii.	115
Smoke	*H. D. Thoreau.*	vii.	156
Smoking Spiritualized	*R. Erskine.*	vi.	250
Sneezing	*L. Hunt.*	ix.	421
Snow-Flakes	*M. M. Dodge.*	v.	176
Snow-Flakes	*H. W. Longfellow.*	v.	174
Snows, The	*C. Sangster.*	v.	203
Snow-Shower, The	*W. C. Bryant.*	v.	178
Snow-Storm, A	*C. G. Eastman.*	v.	180
Snow-Storm, The	*R. W. Emerson.*	v.	176
Snow-Storm, The	*E. Wetherald.*	v.	177
Snug Little Island, The	*T. Dibdin.*	viii.	15
So all day long the noise of battle rolled		vii.	352
So every spirit, as it is most pure		vi.	281
So gentle and so gracious doth appear		ii.	24
So many worlds, so much to do		iii.	354
So much to do: so little done!		vi.	189
So now is come our joyful'st feast		i.	330
So, some tempestuous morn in early June		v.	252
"So sweet love seemed"	*R. S. Bridges.*	ii.	326
So that soldierly legend is still on its journey		viii.	367
So, the truth's out. I'll grasp it like a snake		iii.	86
Society upon the Stanislaus, The	*B. Harte.*	ix.	372
Soft on the sunset sky		iii.	51
Softer than silence, stiller than still air		v.	180
"Softly woo away her breath"	*B. W. Procter.*	iii.	318
Soggarth Aroon	*J. Banim.*	iv.	170
Soldier's Dream, The	*T. Campbell.*	i.	280
Soliloquy, A	*W. Harte.*	v.	339
Soliloquy on Death	*Shakespeare.*	iii.	252
Soliloquy: On Immortality	*J. Addison.*	iv.	384
Solitary Woodsman, The	*C. G. D. Roberts.*	v.	145
Some find Love late, some find him soon		ii.	74
Some murmur when their sky is clear		iv.	293
Some say that kissing's a sin		ii.	107
Some wit of old — such wits of old there were		ix.	289
Somebody	*Anonymous.*	ii.	162
Somebody's courting somebody		ii.	162
Somebody's Darling	*M. La Conte.*	viii.	378
"Something beyond"	*M. C. A. Hudson.*	iii.	234
"Some time, when all life's lesson"	*M. R. Smith.*	iv.	344
Sometimes, when Nature falls asleep		vi.	179
Somewhere in the world there hide		ii.	403
Somewhere, out on the blue seas sailing		iii.	245
Song	*M. Akenside.*	ii.	11
Song	*J. Baillie.*	ii.	411
Song	*R. Browning.*	iv.	1

		VOL.	PAGE
Song	*J. Bunyan.*	vi.	418
Song	*R. Le Gallienne.*	iii.	417
Song	*Sir W. Scott.*	iii.	31
Song	*Sir W. Scott.*	iii.	101
Song	*Sir C. Sedley.*	ii.	71
Song	*A. Tennyson.*	ii.	102
Song	*W. M. Thackeray.*	ix.	294
Song	*Walther. Trans. Taylor.*	ii.	26
Song, A	*T. Carew.*	ii.	36
Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687, A	*J. Dryden.*	vi.	364
Song of Clan-Alpine	*Sir W. Scott.*	viii.	305
Song of Egla	*M. G. Brooks.*	iii.	138
Song of Marion's Men	*W. C. Bryant.*	viii.	330
Song of Seasons, A	*E. R. Macdonald.*	v.	191
Song of the Brook	*A. Tennyson.*	v.	194
Song of the Camp, The	*B. Taylor.*	ii.	362
Song of the Chattahoochee	*S. Lanier.*	vii.	242
Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda	*A. Marvell.*	v.	400
Song of the Greek Poet	*Byron.*	viii.	130
Song of the Greeks	*T. Campbell.*	viii	197
Song of the Lower Classes	*E. C. Jones.*	vi.	391
Song of the Milkmaid	*A. Tennyson.*	ii.	107
Song of the Old Mother, The	*W. B. Yeats.*	i.	284
Song of the River	*C. Kingsley.*	v.	201
Song of the Savoyards, The	*H. A. Blood.*	iii.	248
Song of the Shirt, The	*T. Hood.*	iii.	199
Song of the Silent Land	*Von Salis. Trans. Longfellow.*	iv.	388
Song of the Summer Winds	*G. Darley.*	v.	99
Song of the Western Men	*R. S. Hawker.*	viii.	136
Song on May Morning	*Milton.*	v.	85
Songs of Ariel	*Shakespeare.*	vi.	57
Sonnet	*G. Chapman.*	ii.	73
Sonnet	*Labé. Trans. Costello.*	iii.	237
Sonnet	*Lady Lindsay.*	iii.	304
Sonnet	*Milton.*	iii.	220
Sonnet	*Sir P. Sidney.*	iii.	13
Sonnet	*Sir P. Sidney.*	vi.	342
Sonnet	*W. Wordsworth.*	vii.	229
Sonnet, The	*R. W. Gilder.*	vi.	344
Sonnet, The	*W. Wordsworth.*	vii.	55
Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss	*G. Wither.*	ii.	110
Sonnets	*J. R. Lowell.*	ii.	382
Sonnets from the Portuguese	*E. B. Browning.*	ii.	377
Sonnets of the Wingless Hours	*Lee-Hamilton.*	vi.	338
Sorrows of Werther	*W. M. Thackeray.*	ix.	204
Sound all to arms		viii.	188
Southrons, hear your country call you		viii.	106
Sower and his Seed, The	*W. E. H. Lecky.*	vi.	330
Spake full well, in language quaint and olden		v.	238

		VOL.	PAGE
"Sparkling and bright"	*C. F. Hoffman.*	i.	386
Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet		iii.	433
"Speak, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil"		ix.	360
"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest		iv.	295
Speed on, speed on, good Master		vi.	167
Spell, The	*Verlaine. Trans. Hall.*	vi.	367
Spider and the Fly, The	*M. Howitt.*	i.	110
Spinner, The	*M. A. De Vere.*	iii.	70.
Spinning Song, A	*J. F. O'Donnell.*	viii.	56
Spinning-Wheel Song, The	*J. F. Waller.*	ii.	294
Spinster's Stint, A	*A. Cary.*	ii.	118
Spirit that breathest through my lattice: thou		v.	54
Spirit-Land, The	*J. Very.*	iv.	410
Spring	*E. Elliott.*	v.	88
Spring	*T. Gray.*	v.	79
Spring	*Meleager. Trans. Lang.*	ii.	26
Spring	*A. Tennyson.*	v.	91
Spring in Carolina	*H. Timrod.*	v.	86
Spring it is cheery		iii.	174
Spring Song	*B. Carman.*	i.	248
"Spring, the sweet spring"	*T. Nashe.*	v.	77
Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air		v.	86
Stabat Mater Dolorosa	*Jacopone. Tr. Coles.*	iv.	70
Stag Hunt, The	*Sir W. Scott.*	v.	159
Stag Hunt, The	*J. Thomson.*	v.	163
Stand here by my side and turn, I pray		v.	178
Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!		viii.	326
Stand up — erect! Thou hast the form		iv.	302
Stanzas	*Byron.*	ii.	361
Stanzas	*P. B. Shelley.*	iii.	164
Star of Bethlehem, The	*H. K. White.*	iv.	89
Star that bringest home the bee		v.	54
Star-Mist	*J. Keble.*	iv.	415
Stars of the summer night		ii.	255
Star-Spangled Banner, The	*F. S. Key.*	viii.	154
Steady, boys, steady		viii.	375
Steer hither, steer your winged pines		vi.	79
Stern daughter of the voice of God		iv.	278
Still Day in Autumn, A	*S. H. Whitman.*	vii.	157
Still sits the school-house by the road		i.	162
Still thirteen years: 'tis autumn now		iii.	115
Still to be neat, still to be drest		vii.	131
"Stone the woman, let the man go free"	*Anon.*	iv.	322
Stonewall Jackson's Way	*J. W. Palmer.*	viii.	360
Stood the afflicted mother weeping		iv.	70
Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies		vii.	63
Storm, The	*G. A. Stevens.*	v.	414
Storm in the Alps	*Byron.*	v.	213
Storm in the Distance, A	*P. H. Hayne.*	v.	123
Story of a Summer Day, The	*A. Hume.*	v.	104

		VOL.	PAGE
Story of Cruel Frederick, The	*H. Hoffmann.*	i.	170
Story of Johnny Head-in-air, The	*H. Hoffmann.*	i.	173
Story of the Gate	*T. H. Robertson.*	ii.	167
Stowe, Harriet Beecher	*P. L. Dunbar.*	vii.	105
Straightway Virginius led the maid		ix.	16
Stranger, 'tis vain! midst Rome thou seek'st for.		vii.	177
Strew on her roses, roses		iii.	307
"Strong Son of God, immortal Love"	*Tennyson.*	iv.	45
Stuart, To Mary	*Ronsard. Trans. Costello.*	vii.	4
Such a starved bank of moss		ii.	339
Sudden Light	*D. G. Rossetti.*	vi.	302
Summer is icumen in		v.	74
Summer Days	*W. M. W. Call.*	ii.	341
Summer has gone		v.	151
Summer joys are o'er		v.	186
Summer Longings	*D. F. MacCarthy.*	v.	81
Summer Moods	*J. Clare.*	v.	136
Summer Noon, A	*W. Howitt.*	v.	46
Summer Rain	*H. Coleridge.*	v.	43
Summer Storm	*J. R. Lowell.*	v.	119
Sunday Morning Bells	*D. M. Mulock Craik.*	iv.	190
Sun-Dial, The	*A. Dobson.*	iii.	15
Sunken City, The	*Mueller. Trans. Mangan.*	vi.	166
Sunrise	*C. T. Turner.*	iv.	20
Sunrise: A Hymn of the Marshes	*S. Lanier.*	v.	257
Sunrise Song, A	*S. Lanier.*	vi.	277
Sunset	*P. B. Shelley.*	v.	48
Sunset and evening star		iv.	375
Sunset City, The	*H. S. Cornwell.*	vii.	158
Swans sing before they die,—'twere no bad		ix.	287
Sweet and low, sweet and low		i.	11
Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content		vi.	418
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain		vii.	214
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes		ii.	18
Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright		iii.	254
Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower		i.	216
Sweet is the voice that calls		v.	147
Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy		ix.	453
Sweet Meeting of Desires	*C. Patmore.*	ii.	166
Sweet Nature's Voice	*A. J. Munby.*	vi.	350
Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly.		iv.	248
"Sweet stream, that winds"	*W. Cowper.*	i.	210
"Sweet thou art pale"		iv.	280
Sweeter and sweeter		i.	113
"Sweetly breathing, vernal air"	*T. Carew.*	v.	82
Swell's Soliloquy	*Anonymous.*	ix.	341
Swiftly walk over the western wave		v.	63
Swimming	*Byron.*	iv.	141
Swiss Peasant, The	*O. Goldsmith.*	i.	321
Switzerland	*J. S. Knowles.*	viii.	140

		VOL.	PAGE
Sword, on my left side gleaming		viii.	217
Sword Song	*Körner. Trans. Brooks.*	viii.	217
Sympathy	*Sir T. N. Talfourd.*	iv.	163

T.

Tables Turned, The	*W. Wordsworth.*	v.	23
Tacking Ship off Shore	*W. Mitchell.*	v.	411
Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old		vii.	174
Take back into thy bosom, earth		vii.	62
"Take, O, take those lips away"	*Shakespeare and Fletcher.*	iii.	71
"Take the world as it is"	*C. Swain.*	i.	403
"Take the world," cried the God from his		vi.	356
Tam O'Shanter	*R. Burns.*	vi.	70
Te Deum Laudamus	*Anonymous.*	iv.	9
Tear, A	*S. Rogers.*	vi.	271
Tears	*E. B. Browning.*	iii.	429
Tears from my lady dead		iii.	337
"Tears, idle tears"	*A. Tennyson.*	iii.	142
Tears wash away the atoms in the eye		iii.	229
Tell me, my Heart, if This be True	*Lyttelton.*	ii.	95
Tell me not, in mourful numbers		iv.	275
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde		iii.	97
Tell me now in what hidden way is		vi.	192
Tell me where is fancy bred		ii.	62
"Tell me, ye wingèd winds"	*C. Mackay.*	iv.	411
Tell the story to your sons		vii.	433
Tell us some of the charms of the stars		ii.	25
Tell you what I like the best		v.	108
Telltale, The	*E. Akers.*	ii.	119
Temple to Friendship, A	*T. Moore.*	i.	371
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one		v.	309
Tenderly, ivy, on Sophocles' grave		iii.	269
Tennyson	*T. B. Aldrich.*	vii.	83
Term of Death, The	*S. M. B. Piatt.*	iii.	261
Thackeray, To	*Lord Houghton.*	vii.	83
Thalatta! Thalatta!	*J. B. Brown.*	iii.	388
Thaliarchus, To	*Horace. Trans. De Vere.*	i.	232
Thanatopsis	*W. C. Bryant.*	iii.	264
Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not		iii.	429
Thank Heaven! the crisis		iii.	385
Thank you, pretty cow, that made		i.	105
That clime is not like this dull clime of ours		iv.	398
That each, who seems a separate whole		iii.	352
That England	*E. B. Browning.*	vii.	200
That I love thee, charming maid, I a thousand		ii.	243
That which hath made them drunk hath made		ix.	122
That which her slender waist confined		ii.	35
That you have wronged me doth appear in this		i.	381
The angel of the flowers, one day		v.	281

	VOL.	PAGE
The angel of the nation's peace.....	viii.	449
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the..	viii.	183
The auld folks sit by the fire.....	i.	333
The auld wife sat at her ivied door.....	ix.	407
The baby sits in her cradle	i.	22
The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht.....	i.	44
The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne..	vii.	127
The bell strikes one: we take no note of time..	vi.	187
The bells of the churches are ringing.....	i.	115
The bier descends, the spotless roses too	iii.	305
The bird that soars on highest wing	iv.	148
The black-haired gaunt Paulinus	iv.	385
The blessèd damozel leaned out	vi.	97
The boy stood on the burning deck	ix.	184
The breaking waves dashed high	viii.	150
The bride she is winsome and bonny	ii.	411
The brilliant black eye	ii.	39
The bronze doth keep the very form and mould.	vii.	29
The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by.	v.	20
The budding floweret blushes at the light....	ii.	340
The busy day is over	i.	12
The busy larke, messager of daye.....	v.	89
The cactus towers, straight and tall	vii.	257
The car, light-moving, I behold	v.	371
The castled crag of Drachenfels	vii.	169
The chimes, the chimes of Motherland	iv.	200
The cock is crowing	v.	77
The cold winds swept the mountain's height..	i.	24
The colonel rode by his picket-line	viii.	355
The conscious water saw its God and blushed..	iv.	306
The courteous citizen bade me to his feast....	ix.	384
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.....	iii.	270
The day had been a calm and sunny day	v.	183
The day is cold, and dark and dreary	iii.	228
"The day is done" .....*H. W. Longfellow.*	i.	266
The day is done, and the darkness	i.	266
The day is done; the weary day of thought and.	iv.	196
"The day returns, my bosom burns"...*R. Burns.*	ii.	422
The dead abide with us	iii.	279
The despot's heel is on thy shore	viii.	103
The dews of summer night did fall	iii.	41
The dreamy rhymer's measured snore	vii.	61
"The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine"..*E. Waugh.*	ii.	116
The dusky night rides down the sky.....	v.	158
The earth goes on the earth glittering in gold.	iii.	269
The elder folk shook hands at last	iv.	208
The face which, duly as the sun	iii.	421
The fallen cause still waits	viii.	451
The farmer sat in his easy-chair.....	i.	316
The farmer's wife sat at the door.....	iii.	195

	VOL.	PAGE
The fire of love in youthful blood	ii.	449
The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day.....	vii.	53
"The forward violet"..... *Shakespeare.*	ii.	9
The fountains mingle with the river	ii.	106
The Frost looked forth, one still, clear night...	i.	156
The frugal snail, with forecast of repose.....	v.	352
The garden beds I wandered by	ix.	422
The general dashed along the road.....	viii.	369
The glories of our blood and state	iii.	253
The great soft downy snow-storm like a cloud.	v.	177
The groves were God's first temples. Ere man..	v.	223
The gusty morns are here	v.	363
The half-seen memories of childish days.....	i.	344
"The harp that once through Tara's halls" *T. Moore.*	viii.	138
The heart of man, walk in which way it will..	i.	312
The heath this night must be my bed.....	iii.	101
The hill blast comes howling through leaf-rifted.	ii.	262
The hollow winds begin to blow	v.	118
"The Household Sovereign" *H. W. Longfellow.*	i.	23
The immortal gods	iv.	252
The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece.....	viii.	130
The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair.....	ix.	331
The Jester shook his hood and bells and leaped.	vi.	272
The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun....	v.	184
The keyboard, over which two slim hands float.	vi.	367
The king sits in Dunfermline town	viii.	254
The King with all his kingly train	vii.	339
The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great.	ii.	205
The lark now leaves his watery nest.....	ii.	4
The lark sings for joy in her own loved land..	v.	332
The latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste....	v.	148
The lion is the beast to fight	i.	195
The lion is the desert's king; through his domain.	v.	355
The little brown squirrel hops in the corn.....	ix.	419
The little gate was reached at last	iii.	114
"The lonely Bugle grieves".....*G. Mellen.*	viii.	327
The lopped tree in time may grow again.....	iii.	228
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet.....	vi.	12
The maid, and thereby hangs a tale	ii.	410
The maid, as by the papers doth appear.....	ix.	394
The maid who binds her warrior's sash.....	viii.	109
"The Man with the Hoe" .....*J. V. Cheney.*	vi.	395
"The Man with the Hoe" .....*E. Markham.*	vi.	393
The melancholy days are come, the saddest of..	v.	255
The merry brown hares came leaping	iii.	191
The midday sun, with fiercest glare.....	iv.	82
"The midges dance aboon the burn".. *Tannahill.*	v.	47
"The might of one fair face" *M. Angelo. Trans. Taylor.*	ii.	329

	VOL.	PAGE
The monument outlasting bronze	vi.	337
The Mother's Sacrifice .....*S. Smith.*	i.	24
The muffled drum's sad roll has beat	viii.	441
The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime.....	viii.	91
The Muse's fairest light in no dark time.....	vii.	46
The night has a thousand eyes	ii.	78
The night is late, the house is still	iii.	411
The night was dark, though sometimes a faint..	v.	38
The odor of a rose: light of a star.....	vii.	58
The old mayor climbed the belfry tower.....	ix.	145
The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea.....	i.	175
The Ox he openeth wide the Doore.....	iv.	61
The passage of the speeding year	vi.	299
The pastor sits in his easy-chair	iv.	313
The path by which we twain did go	i.	360
The plain was grassy, wild and bare.....	v.	323
The Play is done,— the curtain drops.....	iv.	256
The poetry of earth is never dead	v.	338
The Princess sat lone in her maiden bower....	iii.	9
The Queen looked up, and said	iv.	331
The Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten....	iv.	316
The rain has ceased, and in my room.....	v.	123
The red-tiled towers of the old Château.....	vii.	253
The rich man's son inherits land	i.	256
The Rose in the garden slipped her bud.....	vi.	198
The royal feast was done; the King	vi.	275
The savage loves his native shore	viii.	52
The scent of a blossom from Eden!	iv.	169
The sea crashed over the grim gray rocks....	v.	387
The sea is calm to-night	v.	423
The sea! the sea! the open sea!.....	v.	380
The sea was bright, and the bark rode well....	v.	408
The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er....	vi.	293
The seraph Abdiel, faithful found	iv.	337
The shades of eve had crossed the glen.....	i.	220
The shades of night were falling fast	vi.	257
The shadows lay along Broadway	iii.	204
The shape alone let others prize	ii.	11
The skies they were ashen and sober.....	vi.	152
The sky is changed! — and such a change.....	v.	213
The snow had begun in the gloaming.....	iii.	283
"The Snowing of the Pines"...*T. W. Higginson.*	v.	180
The softest whisperings of the scented South.	viii.	446
The soul of man is larger than the sky.....	vii.	52
The south-land boasts its teeming cane.....	viii.	93
The spacious firmament on high	iv.	13
The spacious Noon enfolds me with its peace..	vi.	276
The Spartan rogue who, boldly bent on fraud..	iv.	329
The spearman heard the bugle sound.....	v.	360
The Spinner twisted her slender thread.....	iii.	70
The splendor falls on castle walls	v.	210

	VOL.	PAGE
The stag at eve had drunk his fill.....	v.	159
The stag too, singled from the herd where long.	v.	163
The stately Homes of England	i.	274
The storm is out; the land is roused.....	viii.	78
The summer and autumn had been so wet....	ix.	52
The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's...	ix.	127
The summer sun was sinking	vi.	32
The sun comes up and the sun goes down....	iv.	292
The sun is warm, the sky is clear.....	iii.	164
The sun shines bright on our old Kentucky....	iii.	147
The sun sinks softly to his evening post.....	ix.	417
The sun that brief December day	i.	308
The sun was shining on the sea.....	i.	180
The Sun was sunk, and after him the star.....	iv.	263
The sunburnt mowers are in the swath.....	vii.	249
The sunlight fills the trembling air	v.	92
The sunlight glitters keen and bright.....	v.	427
The sunset light is on the sail	i.	137
The swarthy bee is a buccaneer	v.	345
The tale was this	v.	219
The tattoo beats,—the lights are gone.....	iii.	226
The thoughts are strange that crowd.....	v.	208
The tree of deepest root is found	vi.	289
The trump hath blown	viii.	327
The twilight hours, like birds, flew by.....	v.	411
"The Unillumined Verge" .....*R. Bridges.*	iii.	308
The vale of Tempe had in vain been fair.....	vi.	8
The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is....	v.	170
The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed.	ix.	85
The waters purled, the waters swelled.....	vi.	78
The weary night is o'er at last	viii.	220
The weather-leech of the topsail shivers.....	v.	411
The wind blew keenly from the Western sea...	iii.	303
The wind blew wide the casement	i.	25
The wind flapped loose, the wind was still	v.	251
The wind it blew, and the ship it flew.....	ii.	209
The Wind one morning sprang up from sleep...	i.	143
The winds that once the Argo bore.....	viii.	174
The windy forest, rousing from its sleep.....	v.	213
The wisest of the wise	vi.	285
The work is done! the spent flame burns no....	viii.	232
The work of the sun is slow	iii.	442
The world goes up and the world goes down..	ii.	445
"The World is too much with us" *Wordsworth.*	v.	3
The world is very evil	iv.	418
The world is wise, for the world is old	iv.	284
The World: Was jester ever in	vi.	348
The World's a bubble, and the Life of Man....	iii.	151
The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school	i.	89
The year stood at its equinox	ii.	48

	VOL.	PAGE
The year's at the spring	iv.	1
Then as a nimble squirrel from the wood.....	v.	157
Then cried my Cid	viii.	205
Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell....	v.	416
Theocritus, Written on a Fly-Leaf of *Thompson.*	vi.	358
There are gains for all our losses.....	i.	264
There are no colors in the fairest sky.....	vii.	55
There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed.	iv.	251
There are truths you Americans need to be told.	ix.	337
There are who say the lover's heart.....	ii	359
There came a man, making his hasty moan....	vii.	305
There came a soul to the gate of Heaven.....	iv.	158
There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin..	viii.	67
There hangs a sabre, and there a rein	viii.	415
"There is a garden in her face"....*Anonymous.*	ii.	9
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence....	vi.	66
There is a glorious City in the Sea.....	vii.	189
There is a land, of every land the pride.....	viii.	5
There is a land of pure delight.....	iv.	413
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.....	v.	375
There is a Reaper whose name is Death.....	iii.	417
There is delight in singing, though none hear..	vii.	89
There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to..	vii.	100
There is no breeze upon the fern	viii.	307
"There is no death" .....*J. L. McCreery.*	iii.	456
There is no flock, however watched and tended...	iii.	430
There is no force however great	ix.	434
"There is no God," the foolish saith.....	iv.	286
There is no rhyme that is half so sweet.....	vi.	333
There is not in this wide world a valley so.....	i.	350
There is rain upon the window	i.	325
"There is such power" .....*A. Bates.*	vi.	310
There is the peace that cometh after sorrow...	iii.	437
There! little girl, don't cry!	i.	127
There stood an unsold captive in the mart.....	ix.	8
There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of man.	vii.	9
There the most daintie paradise on ground....	vi.	112
There was a lady lived at Leith	ix.	320
"There was a little girl" ....*H. W. Longfellow.*	i.	169
There was a monkey climbed a tree.....	i.	194
There was a sound of revelry by night.....	viii.	287
There was a time when meadow, grove and....	iv.	377
There was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe.	ii.	153
There was an ape in the days that were earlier.	ix.	383
There was an Old Man with a nose [*and other Limericks*]	i.	196
There was (not certaine when) a certaine preacher	ix.	199
There were ninety and nine that safely lay.....	iv.	66
There were three maidens who loved a king...	ii.	77

	VOL.	PAGE
There's a city that lies in the Kingdom of.....	vii.	158
There's a good time coming, boys	vi.	399
There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round.	iii.	202
There's a joy without canker or cark.....	ix.	448
There's a legend that's told of a gypsy who.....	iv.	62
There's nae Luck about the House.....*J. Adam.*	ii.	442
There's no dew left on the daisies and clover...	i.	48
These, as they change, Almighty Father, these..	v.	70
These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were...	vii.	39
These to His Memory — since he held them.....	vii.	34
"They are all gone" .....*H. Vaughan.*	iii.	403
"They are Dear Fish to Me" .....*Anonymous.*	iii.	195
They are dying! they are dying! where the.....	viii.	62
"They come! the merry summer months" *W. Motherwell.*	v.	97
They roused him with muffins — they roused ..	ix.	456
They seemed to those who saw them meet.....	ii.	241
They tell you that Death's at the turn of the..	iii.	308
They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you....	i.	396
They went to sea in a sieve, they did	i.	192
They're always abusing the women	ix.	200
They've got a bran new organ, Sue.....	ix.	316
Thick lay the dust, uncomfortably white.....	v.	43
Think not I love him, though I ask for him....	ii.	31
Thinkin' Long .....*A. J. MacManus.*	iii.	141
This book is all that's left me now.....	i.	228
This England never did, nor never shall	vii.	390
This figure, that thou here seest put.....	vii.	48
This gentle and half melancholy breeze	vi.	179
This I got on the day that Goring.....	viii.	276
This Indian weed, now withered quite.....	vi.	249
This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling....	viii.	444
This is the forest primeval. The murmuring..	v.	218
This is the month, and this the happy morn....	iv.	51
This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign....	v.	398
This Life .....*W. Drummond.*	vi.	225
This life, and all that it contains, to him.....	vi.	359
This life, which seems so fair	vi.	225
This only grant me, that my means may be...	vi.	416
This region, surely, is not of the earth.....	vii.	194
This relative of mine	i.	210
This way the noise was, if mine ear be true....	vi.	64
This world's a scene as dark as Styx.....	ix.	443
Thor recovers his Hammer from Thrym *Sœmund. Trans. Herbert.*	vii.	284
"Those evening bells!" .....*T. Moore.*	vii.	141
Those were good times, in olden days.....	vi.	358
"Thou art gone to the grave".....*R. Heber.*	iii.	445
Thou art the joy of age	v.	32
Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew.....	v.	284

	VOL.	PAGE
Thou for whose birth the whole creation..	iv.	311
Thou Grace Divine, encircling all	iv.	39
Thou happy, happy elf!	i.	29
"Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie" *A. Cunningham.*	ii.	416
Thou hidden love of God, whose height.....	iv.	130
Thou lingering star, with lessening ray.....	iii.	339
Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea.....	v.	302
Thou shalt have one God only; who	ix.	315
Thou still unravished bride of quietness!.....	vii.	136
Thou that once, on mother's knee	i.	120
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State.....	viii.	94
Thou wast all that to me, love	ii.	371
Thou, who dost dwell alone;	iv.	125
Thou who, when fears attack	ix.	387
Thou whose sweet youth and early hopes.....	iv.	304
Though gone, though dead, I love thee still.....	vii.	319
Though the hills are cold and snowy	vii.	182
Though, when other maids stand by.....	ii.	115
Thought .....*C. P. Cranch.*	vi.	322
Thought is deeper than all speech	vi.	322
Thoughts of Heaven .....*R. Nicoll.*	iv.	391
Thoughts on the Commandments...*G. A. Baker.*	ii.	125
Thread and Song .....*J. W. Palmer.*	i.	113
Three Children, The .....*Anonymous.*	i.	175
Three children sliding on the ice	i.	175
Three Days .....*J. R. Gilmore.*	vi.	189
Three Enemies, The .....*C. G. Rossetti.*	iv.	280
Three Fishers, The .....*C. Kingsley.*	ix.	183
Three fishers went sailing out into the west...	ix.	183
Three horsemen galloped the dusty way	ii.	47
Three Hundred Thousand More....*J. S. Gibbons.*	viii.	356
Three Little Kittens, The .....*E. L. Follen.*	i.	106
Three little kittens lost their mittens	i.	106
Three Loves .....*L. H. Hooper.*	ii.	77
Three Poets, in three distant ages born	vii.	54
Three Scars, The ..... *G. W. Thornbury.*	viii.	276
Three students were travelling over the Rhine...	ii.	335
Three Warnings, The ..... *H. L. Thrale.*	vi.	289
Three women crept at break of day.....	iv.	72
"Three years she grew"..... *W. Wordsworth.*	i.	72
Threnody, A .....*G. T. Lanigan.*	ix.	451
Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English	viii.	277
Through air made heavy with vapors murk.....	ix.	165
"Through me you pass into the city of woe"..	iv.	436
Thus is it all over the earth!	iv.	300
Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood..	iv.	270
"Thy braes were bonny" .....*J. Logan.*	iii.	314
Thy error, Frémont, simply was to act	viii.	173
Thy satin vesture richer is than looms.....	v.	281

		VOL.	PAGE
Thy Songs and Mine	*J. C. R. Dorr.*	vi.	355
Thy thoughts are here, my God		iv.	206
Thy unripe youth seemed like the purple rose..		ii.	24
Thy will, O King, is done!		ix.	26
Tiger, The	*W. Blake.*	vi.	354
Tiger! Tiger! burning bright		v.	354
"Till death us part"	*A. P. Stanley.*	ii.	458
Time	*J. Swift.*	vi.	224
Time for Prayer, The	*G. Bennett.*	iv.	112
Time has a magic wand		ix.	235
Time the Supreme	*E. Young.*	vi.	187
Time's Revenge	*Agathias. Trans. Bland.*	iii.	72
Times Go by Turns	*R. Southwell.*	iii.	228
Tintern Abbey	*W. Wordsworth.*	v.	11
Tired Mothers	*M. R. Smith.*	i.	282
'Tis a dozen or so of years ago		ix.	400
'Tis a fearful night in the winter time		v.	180
'Tis a lesson you should heed		i.	109
'Tis a little thing		iv.	163
'Tis an old dial, dark with many a stain		iii.	15
'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white...		ii.	10
'Tis bedtime; say your hymn, and bid		i.	39
"'Tis but a little faded flower"	*E. C. Howarth.*	vi.	317
'Tis done! a father, mother, gone		iii.	338
'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now...		vi.	307
'Tis much immortal beauty to admire		ii.	251
'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel		v.	65
'Tis sweet to hear		ii.	256
"'Tis the last rose of summer"	*T. Moore.*	v.	283
'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night		vi.	35
'Tis the morning, and the sun with ruddy orb...		v.	186
'Tis time to tell how Angantyr		vii.	289
'Tis time this heart should be unmoved		iii.	169
To ——	*P. B. Shelley.*	vi.	363
To a Child during Sickness	*L. Hunt.*	i.	59
To a Dog's Memory	*L. I. Guiney.*	v.	363
To a Highland Girl	*W. Wordsworth.*	i.	216
To a Lady	*J. J. Piatt.*	ii.	47
To a Lady admiring Herself in a Looking-Glass	*T. Randolph.*	ii.	21
To a Louse	*R. Burns.*	v.	348
To a Mountain Daisy	*R. Burns.*	v.	277
To a Mouse	*R. Burns.*	v.	350
To a Portrait	*A. Symons.*	iii.	34
To a Skeleton	*Anonymous.*	vi.	298
To a Waterfowl	*W. C. Bryant.*	v.	304
To all in Haven	*P. B. Marston.*	vi.	428
To Althea from Prison	*R. Lovelace.*	viii.	133
To an Insect	*O. W. Holmes.*	v.	340
To Autumn	*J. Keats.*	v.	149

	VOL.	PAGE
To be or not to be,—that is the question.....	iii.	252
To bear, to nurse, to rear	i.	290
To Benjamin Robert Haydon.....*J. Keats.*	vii.	69
To Blossoms .....*R. Herrick.*	v.	279
To Chloe .....*J. Wolcott.*	ii.	220
To claim the Arctic came the sun	v.	34
To Daffodils .....*R. Herrick.*	v.	246
To Death .....*Gluck.*	iii.	395
To Delia .....*S. Daniel.*	v.	61
To Dianeme .....*R. Herrick.*	ii.	18
To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name...	vii.	48
To drum-beat and heart-beat	viii.	328
To Fidessa .....*B. Griffin.*	ii.	364
To Hartley Coleridge .....*W. Wordsworth.*	i.	40
"To heaven approached a Sufi Saint" *Jallal-ad-din.*	iv.	405
To Helen .....*E. A. Poe.*	ii.	35
To Henry Wadsworth Longfellow..*J. R. Lowell.*	vii.	106
To her Absent Sailor .....*J. G. Whittier.*	iii.	124
To him who, in the love of Nature, holds	iii.	264
To his Mistress .....*Sir H. Wotton.*	ii.	8
To Ianthe, Sleeping .....*P. B. Shelley.*	vii.	129
To J. H. .....*L. Hunt.*	i.	33
To Lucasta .....*R. Lovelace.*	iii.	123
To Lucasta, on going to the Wars...*R. Lovelace.*	iii.	97
To Madame de Sevigné .....*M. de Montreuil.*	vii.	40
To make my lady's obsequies	iii.	356
To make this condiment your poet begs	ix.	387
To Mary in Heaven .....*R. Burns.*	iii.	339
To Mary Stuart .....*Ronsard. Trans. Costello.*	vii.	4
To Milton .....*W. Wordsworth.*	vii.	54
To my Grandmother .....*F. Locker-Lampson.*	i.	210
To my Infant Son .....*T. Hood.*	i.	29
To my Nose .....*A. A. Forrester.*	ix.	421
To Myself .....*Fleming. Trans. Winkworth.*	iii.	218
To Night .....*P. B. Shelley.*	v.	63
To One in Paradise .....*E. A. Poe.*	ii.	371
To One who had Scoffed at the Poet's Poverty *Martial.*	vi.	327
To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks.	iv.	113
To Rome....*Quevedo y Villegas. Trans. Wiffen.*	vii.	177
To Roses in the Bosom of Castara..*Habington.*	ii.	35
To Sea! .....*T. L. Beddoes.*	v.	410
To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er, ...	v.	410
To Seek a Friend .....*W. Cowper.*	i.	397
To Seneca Lake .....*J. G. Percival.*	v.	209
To sleep I give myself away	vi.	437
To spend the long warm days	vi.	431
To Thackeray .....*Lord Houghton.*	vii.	83
To Thaliarchus .....*Horace. Trans. De Vere.*	i.	232

		VOL.	PAGE
To the Cuckoo	*J. Logan.*	v.	289
To the Cuckoo	*W. Wordsworth.*	v.	290
To the Dandelion	*J. R. Lowell.*	v.	248
To the Evening Star	*T. Campbell.*	v.	54
To the Fringed Gentian	*W. C. Bryant.*	v.	284
To the Grasshopper and Cricket	*L. Hunt.*	v.	339
To the Humblebee	*R. W. Emerson.*	v.	342
To the Lapland Longspur	*J. Burroughs.*	v.	314
To the Lord-General Cromwell	*Milton.*	vii.	5
To the lords of convention 'twas Claverhouse		viii.	322
To the Memory of Ben Jonson	*J. Cleveland.*	vii.	46
To the Memory of Shakespeare	*B. Jonson.*	vii.	48
To the Memory of Thomas Hood	*B. Simmons.*	vii.	62
To the Nightingale	*Milton.*	v.	305
To the Pliocene Skull	*B. Harte.*	ix.	360
To the Princess Lucretia	*T. Tasso.*	ii.	24
To the "Sextant"	*A. M. Willson.*	ix.	355
To the Skylark	*P. B. Shelley*	v.	297
To the Skylark.	*W. Wordsworth.*	v.	293
To the sound of timbrels sweet		ii.	405
To the Spring	*Sir J. Davies.*	vii.	3
To the Terrestrial Globe	*W. S. Gilbert.*	ix.	309
To the Unco Guid	*R. Burns.*	iv.	320
To the wall of the old green garden		vi.	179
To the Virgins	*R. Herrick.*	i.	229
To Thomas Moore	*Byron.*	vii.	57
To touch a broken lute		iii.	247
To us across the ages borne		iii.	425
To Victor Hugo	*A. Tennyson.*	vii.	41
To Violets	*R. Herrick.*	v.	253
To Virgil	*A. Tennyson.*	vii.	37
To weary hearts, to mourning homes		iii.	402
To write a verse or two is all the praise		iv.	123
To Youth	*W. S. Landor.*	i.	259
Toby Tosspot	*G. Colman.*	ix.	257
Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train		v.	395
Toilet, The	*A. Pope.*	vii.	135
Toll for the brave		ix.	182
Toll the slow bell		vi.	442
Tom Bowling	*C. Dibdin.*	v.	406
To-Morrow	*S. Johnson.*	vi.	189
To-Morrow	*L. de Vega. Trans. Longfellow.*	iv.	94
To-morrow's action! can that hoary wisdom		vi.	189
Tongue! never cease to sing Fidessa's praise		ii.	364
Tonis ad Resto Mare	*J. Swift.*	ix.	319
Too great a Sacrifice	*Anonymous.*	ix.	394
"Too daring prince! Ah whither dost thou run"		iii.	118
Too Late	*D. M. Mulock Craik.*	iii.	335
"Too late I stayed"	*W. R. Spencer.*	i.	352
T'other day, as I was twining		ii.	91

		VOL.	PAGE
Touch us gently, Time		i.	334
Town, tower		vi.	60
Trailing Arbutus	*R. T. Cooke.*	v.	250
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp	*Anonymous.*	viii.	380
Transformation, A	*Ovid. Trans. King.*	vi.	87
Treasures of the Deep, The	*F. Hemans.*	v.	385
Trial of Beatrice, The	*P. B. Shelley.*	ix.	68
Triumph of Charis	*B. Jonson.*	ii.	12
Trochee trips from long to short		ix.	429
Trooper's Death, The	*R. W. Raymond.*	viii.	220
True genius, but true woman! dost deny		vii.	40
True Lent, A	*R. Herrick.*	iv.	303
True Philosophy of Life, The	*Dunbar.*	vi.	299
Try Again	*Anonymous.*	i.	109
Tryste Noël	*L. I Guiney.*	iv.	61
Tubal Cain	*C. Mackay.*	viii.	426
Turk in Armenia, The	*W. Watson.*	viii.	22
Turlough MacSweeney	*A. MacManus.*	viii.	54
Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the		vi.	266
Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale		ii.	199
Turn me to survey		i.	321
Turn, turn, for my cheeks they burn		ii.	285
Twa Corbies, The	*Anonymous.*	ix.	126
'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won		vi.	372
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves		ix.	459
'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour		ix.	441
'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell		ix.	450
'Twas in the prime of summer time		ix.	157
'Twas morn, and beautiful the mountain's brow		v.	207
'Twas on the shores that round our coast		ix.	301
'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot		vi.	90
'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg		viii.	371
'Twas the night before Christmas		i.	157
Twilight at Sea	*A. B. Welby.*	v.	411
Twilight Fancy, A	*D. R. Goodale.*	v.	53
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star"	*Anonymous.*	i.	104
'Twixt good and ill my wavering fortune see		vi.	283
Two Angels, The	*J. G. Whittier.*	iv.	156
Two armies covered hill and plain		viii.	389
"Two hands upon the breast"		iii.	268
Two little feet, so small that both may		i.	19
Two little ones, grown tired of play		vii.	438
Two Lovers	*George Eliot.*	ii.	402
Two lovers by a moss-grown spring		ii.	402
Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and		iv.	306
Two Mysteries, The	*M. M. Dodge.*	iii.	262
Two Oceans, The	*J. Sterling.*	vi.	439
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall		vii.	124
Two Pictures	*A. D. Green.*	i.	318

		VOL.	PAGE
Two Rabbis, The	*J. G. Whittier.*	iv.	316
Two Sayings	*E. B. Browning.*	iv.	68
Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat		iv.	68
Two seas amid the night		vi.	439
Two souls diverse out of our human sight		vii.	96
Two Waitings, The	*J. W. Chadwick.*	iii.	409
Two went to pray? O, rather say		iv.	306
Two Wives, The	*W. D. Howells.*	viii.	355
Two Worlds, The	*M. Collins.*	iv.	400
Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we		iv.	400
Tying her bonnet under her chin		ii.	126

U.

Ulalume	*E. A. Poe.*	vi.	152
Ultima Veritas	*W. Gladden.*	iv.	255
Ulysses	*A. Tennyson.*	vi.	426
Una and the Lion	*E. Spenser.*	vi.	110
Una and the Red Crosse Knight	*E. Spenser.*	vi.	108
Unchanging	*F. M. von Bodenstedt.*	iii.	242
Unconquerably, men venture on the quest		v.	421
Under a spreading chestnut-tree		i.	328
Under a toadstool		i.	152
Under the greenwood tree		v.	219
"Under my window"	*T. Westwood.*	i.	139
Under the Portrait of John Milton	*J. Dryden.*	vii.	54
Under the shade of the trees	*M. J. Preston.*	viii.	392
Under yonder beech-tree standing on the green		ii.	121
Undeveloped Lives	*W. E. H. Lecky.*	vi.	268
Undiscovered Country, The	*E. C. Stedman.*	iv.	387
Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn		iv.	145
Unfinished Prayer, The	*Anonymous.*	i.	43
Universal Prayer, The	*A. Pope.*	iv.	11
Unknown Poets	*W. Wordsworth.*	vi.	339
Unmusical Birds.	*W. Cowper.*	v.	309
Unrequited Love	*Shakespeare.*	iii.	9
Unseen Playmate, The	*R. L. Stevenson.*	i.	131
Unseen Spirits	*N. P. Willis.*	iii.	204
Untremulous in the river clear		v.	119
Up from the meadows rich with corn		viii.	362
Up from the South at break of day		viii.	383
Up Hill	*C. G. Rossetti.*	iv.	332
Up into the cherry tree		i.	138
Up! quit thy bower! late wears the hour		v.	39
Up the airy mountain		vi.	19
Up the dale and down the bourne		v.	99
Up the streets of Aberdeen		vii.	429
Up! up, my friend! and quit your books		v.	23
Upon a rock yet uncreate		ix.	436
Upon ane stormy Sunday		ii.	131

		VOL.	PAGE
Upon St. Michael's Isle		vii.	89
Use of Flowers, The	*M. Howitt.*	v.	241

V.

Vagabonds, The	*J. T. Trowbridge.*	vi.	260
Vale of Avoca, The	*T. Moore.*	i.	350
Vale of Cashmere, The	*T. Moore.*	vii.	165
Valley Brook, The	*J. H. Bryant.*	v.	193
Van Elsen	*F. G. Scott.*	iii.	361
Vanity	*Anonymous.*	iv.	292
Vanity of the World, The	*F. Quarles.*	iii.	153
V-A-S-E, The	*J. J. Roche.*	ix.	446
Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize..		vii.	186
Veni Creator Spiritus..	*St. Gregory. Tr. Dryden.*	iv.	104
Veni Sancte Spiritus	*Robert II. Tr. Winkworth.*	iv.	105
Venice	*S. Rogers.*	vii.	189
Venice	*P. B. Shelley.*	vii.	192
Venice	*J. A. Symonds.*	vii.	188
Venice, thou Siren of sea cities, wrought		vii.	188
Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying		i.	263
Verses	*W. Cowper.*	vi.	311
Verses Why Burnt	*W. S. Landor.*	vi.	350
Verses written in an Album	*T. Moore.*	ii.	34
Very dark the Autumn sky		i.	154
Vesper Hymn	*H. W. Longfellow.*	iv.	195
Vesper Hymn	*E. Scudder.*	iv.	196
Veteran and Recruit	*E. W. Hazewell.*	viii.	19
Vicar of Bray, The	*Anonymous.*	ix.	251
Victor in poesy! Victor in romance		vii.	41
Victorious men of earth, no more		ii.	237
View Across the Roman Campagna	*E. Browning.*	vii.	187
Village Blacksmith, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	i.	328
Village Schoolmistress, The	*W. Shenstone.*	vii.	231
Virgil, To	*A. Tennyson.*	vii.	37
Virtue Immortal	*G. Herbert.*	iii.	254
Virtue must Serve	*Shakespeare.*	iv.	185
Vision of a Fair Woman	*E. A. Sharp.*	ii.	25
Vision of Beauty, A	*B. Jonson.*	ii.	23
Vision of Sir Launfal, The	*J. R. Lowell.*	iv.	172
Visit from St. Nicholas, A	*C. C. Moore.*	i.	157
Vital spark of heavenly flame		iv.	376
Voice of the Grass, The	*S. Roberts.*	v.	237
Voiceless, The	*O. W. Holmes.*	iii.	172
'Vourneen, when your days were bright		ii.	180
Vowels, The	*J. Swift.*	ix.	311
Voyage, The	*C. A. Mason.*	iv.	38
Voyage of Sleep, The	*A. W. Eaton.*	vi.	437

W.

		VOL.	PAGE
Wail of Prometheus Bound	*Æschylus. Trans. Browning.*	iii.	156
Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land..		ix.	151
Waiting	*J. Burroughs.*	iii.	238
Waiting for the Grapes	*W. Maginn.*	ii.	243
Wake! for the Sun, who scattered into flight..		vi.	204
Waken, lords and ladies gay		v.	154
Walker of the Snow, The	*C. D. Shanly.*	vi.	167
Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives		ix.	358
Walrus and the Carpenter, The	*C. L. Dodgson.*	i.	180
Walton's Book of Lives	*W. Wordsworth.*	vii.	55
Waly, Waly	*Anonymous.*	iii.	45
Wanderer's Home, The	*O. Goldsmith.*	i.	314
Wants of Man, The	*J. Q. Adams.*	vi.	421
Warm, wild rainy wind, blowing fitfully		v.	84
Warren's Address	*J. Pierpont.*	viii.	326
Was it the chime of a tiny bell		iv.	350
Was this small plant for thee cut down		vi.	250
Washington	*J. R. Lowell.*	vii.	15
Washington, George	*Anonymous.*	vii.	15
Watch on the Rhine, The	*M. Schneckenburger.*	viii.	80
Watching	*E. C. Judson.*	vi.	435
Watching for Papa	*Anonymous.*	iii.	414
Waterloo	*Byron.*	viii.	287
Water-Lily, The	*J. B. Tabb.*	v.	280
Wave after wave of greenness rolling down		iii.	169
Wave after wave successively rolls on		vii.	239
Way down upon de Swanee Ribber		iii.	149
Way, the Truth, and the Life, The	*T. Parker.*	iv.	91
Wayfaring Song, A	*H. van Dyke.*	i.	347
We are airy little creatures		ix.	311
We are born; we laugh; we weep		iii.	251
We are Brethren a'	*R. Nicoll.*	i.	353
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred.		viii.	356
We are Seven	*W. Wordsworth.*	i.	73
We are two travellers, Roger and I		vi.	260
We built a ship upon the stairs		i.	127
We count the broken lyres that rest		iii.	172
"We have been friends together"	*Mrs. Norton.*	i.	351
We knew it would rain, for all the morn		v.	117
We know not what it is, dear,		iii.	262
We know not yet what life shall be		i.	397
We Love but Few	*Anonymous.*	i.	368
We meet 'neath the sounding rafter		ix.	170
"We parted in silence"	*J. or L. M. Crawford.*	iii.	113
We pledged our hearts, my love and I		ii.	164
We plough and sow — we're so very, very low		vi.	391
We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee..		iv.	9
We scatter seeds with careless hand		iv.	309

		VOL.	PAGE
We should fill the hours with the sweetest things		iv.	187
We the fairies blithe and antic		vi.	19
We watched her breathing through the night		iii.	306
We were not many,—we who stood		viii.	336
We wreathed about our darling's head		iii.	285
Wearing of the Green, The		viii.	57
Weary and travel-worn,—her lips unwet		vi.	87
Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms		viii.	381
Webster, Daniel	*O. W. Holmes.*	vii.	20
Wedding-Day, The	*E. Spenser.*	ii.	406
Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower		v.	277
Wee, sleekit, cowerin', timorous beastie		v.	350
Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town		i.	31
Weehawken and the New York Bay	*F.-G. Halleck.*	vii.	244
Weighing the Baby	*E. E. Beers.*	i.	5
Welcome, The	*Attar. Trans. Fitzgerald.*	i.	380
Welcome, The	*T. O. Davis.*	ii.	296
Welcome, maids of honor!		v.	253
Welcome to "Boz," A	*W. H. Venable.*	vii.	77
"Welcome, welcome, do I sing"	*W. Browne.*	ii.	69
We'll not weep for summer over		iii.	336
Well of St. Keyne, The	*R. Southey.*	ix.	204
"Well, this is bad!" we sighing said		viii.	396
"Were I as base as is the lowly plain"	*J. Sylvester.*	ii.	330
"Were I but his own wife"	*M. Downing.*	ii.	400
Werther had a love for Charlotte		ix.	204
Whan that Aprille with hise shoures soot		vii.	363
What a moment, what a doubt		ix.	421
"What ails this heart o' mine"	*S. Blamire.*	iii.	139
"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade		viii.	299
What are the thoughts that are stirring his		viii.	392
"What can an old Man do but Die?"	*T. Hood.*	iii.	174
"What constitutes a state"	*Sir W. Jones.*	viii.	3
"What does little birdie say?"	*A. Tennyson.*	i.	98
What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower.		iv.	244
What gift for passionate lovers shall we find		ii.	92
What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and		v.	385
What hope is here for modern rhyme		iii.	354
What I have heard		iv.	441
What I live for	*G. L. Banks.*	vi.	186
What if some morning, when the stars are		iii.	267
What is it fades and flickers in the fire		i.	293
What is Prayer?	*J. Montgomery.*	iv.	111
"What is the German's fatherland?"	*Arndt.*	viii.	74
What is the Grass	*W. Whitman.*	vi.	198
What is the little one thinking about		i.	13
What is the sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell		vi.	344

	VOL.	PAGE
What man is there so bold that he should say.	viii.	112
What memory fired her pallid face	iii.	93
What Mr. Robinson thinks.....*J. R. Lowell.*	ix.	339
What my Lover said .....*H. Greene.*	ii.	279
What needs my Shakespeare for his honored...	vii.	51
What of the bow?	viii.	12
"What of the darkness?" .....*R. Le Gallienne.*	iii.	361
What profits it, O England, to prevail	viii.	22
What shall I do with all the days and hours..	iii.	133
What virtue, or what mental grace.....	i.	397
What was he doing, the great god Pan.....	vi.	86
What was his Creed? .....*Anonymous.*	iv.	232
What, was it a dream? Am I all alone.....	viii.	386
What, what, what	ix.	451
What's fame?—a fancied life in other's breath.	vi.	264
What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod....	viii.	118
What's this dull town to me?	iii.	134
Wheel me into the sunshine	iii.	58
When .....*S. C. Woolsey.*	iv.	363
When a deed is done for Freedom, through the.	viii.	162
When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame.	i.	78
When all is done and said	vi.	328
When all the world is young, lad.....	i.	230
When Britain first, at Heaven's command.....	viii.	11
When chapman billies leave the street.....	vi.	70
When children are playing alone	i.	131
When Delia on the plain appears.....	ii.	95
When descends on the Atlantic	v.	393
"When do I see thee most, beloved one" *D. G. Rossetti.*	ii.	251
When Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon....	i.	46
When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind.....	ix.	197
When falls the soldier brave	viii.	452
When first I saw sweet Peggy	ii.	54
When freedom from her home was driven.....	viii.	139
When Freedom, from her mountain height.....	viii.	152
When from the sod the flowerets spring.....	ii.	26
"When gathering clouds around I view" *Sir R. Grant.*	iv.	88
When God at first made man	iv.	276
When hath wind or rain	v.	244
When I am standing on a mountain crest	ii.	252
When I consider how my light is spent.....	iv.	333
When I do count the clock that tells the time.	vi.	194
When I think on the happy days.....	iii.	141
When I was freed	iv.	436
When I was sick and lay a-bed	i.	107
"When icicles hang by the wall"..*Shakespeare.*	v.	171
"When in disgrace" .....*Shakespeare.*	i.	358

	VOL.	PAGE
"When in the chronicle of wasted time" *Shakespeare.*	ii.	3
When in the storm on Albion's coast	v.	403
When is the time for prayer?	iv.	112
When Israel of the Lord beloved	iv.	205
When late I heard the trembling cello play....	vi.	364
When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous...	vii.	51
When Letty had scarce passed her third.....	i.	31
"When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed" *W. Whitman.*	iii.	362
When love with unconfinèd wings	viii.	133
When, marshalled on the nightly plain.....	iv.	89
When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's..	viii.	13
When my Ship comes in .....*R. J. Burdette.*	iii.	245
When Music, heavenly maid, was young	vi.	367
When Nature had made all her birds.....	v.	316
When Psyche's friend becomes her lover.....	i.	374
When Roman fields are red with cyclamen....	vii.	185
"When stars are in the quiet skies"....*Lytton.*	ii.	331
When stricken by the freezing blast	vii.	20
When that my mood is sad, and in the noise..	v.	196
When the black-lettered list to the gods was...	i.	354
When the Cows come Home.....*A. E. Mitchell.*	i.	323
When the feud of hot and cold	v.	175
"When the frost is on the punkin" *J. W. Riley.*	v.	168
When the gray lake-water rushes	v.	145
"When the hounds of spring"..*A. C. Swinburne.*	v.	75
When the hours of day are numbered.....	iii.	438
When the humid shadows hover	i.	88
When the Kye comes Hame .....*J. Hogg.*	ii.	283
When the lessons and tasks are all ended.....	i.	286
When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at.	iii.	32
When the veil from the eyes is lifted.....	ii.	242
When the ways are heavy with mire and rut..	vi.	340
When the wayside tangles blaze	v.	285
When this Cruel War is Over.....*Anonymous.*	viii.	382
When to the garden of untroubled thought....	i.	55
"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought" *Shakespeare.*	i.	348
When will Love come? ....*P. Beatty.*	ii.	74
When wintry days are dark and drear	i.	299
When words are weak and foes encountering...	iv.	298
"When your beauty appears" .....*T. Parnell.*	ii.	278
"Whenas in silks my Julia goes"..*R. Herrick.*	ii.	38
Whene'er a noble deed is wrought	iv.	167
Whene'er with haggard eyes I view	ix.	294
Whence, O fragrant form of light	v.	280
Whenever a snow-flake leaves the sky.....	v.	176
"Where are the men" *Taliessin. Tr. Oliphant.*	viii.	301
Where are the swallows fled	iii.	171
"Where are you going, my pretty maid" *Anon.*	ii.	155

		VOL.	PAGE
Where art thou gone, light-ankled Youth.....		i.	259
Where did you come from, baby dear?		i.	4
Where, girt with orchard and with olive-yard..		vii.	149
Where hints of racy sap and gum.....		v.	344
Where in its old historic splendor stands.....		i.	314
Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?...		viii.	428
"Where lies the land"	*A. H. Clough.*	vi.	231
Where now these mingled ruins lie		vi.	315
Where the bee sucks, there suck I		vi.	57
Where the remote Bermudas ride		v.	400
Where the thistle lifts a purple crown		iii.	136
Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays.....		ix.	435
Which I wish to remark		ix.	374
"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"		i.	288
Whichever way the wind doth blow.....		iv.	38
Which way to Weinsberg? neighbor, say!.....		ix.	200
While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels.		i.	24
While sauntering through the crowded street..		vi.	303
While yet those tears have power to flow.....		iii.	237
Whipp'will's singing to de moon		i.	100
Whistle, The	*R. Story.*	ii.	112
Whistle and I'll come to You, my Lad..	*R. Burns.*	ii.	109
White Peacock, The	*W. Sharp.*	vii.	175
White Rose, The	*Anonymous.*	ii.	36
White Squall, The	*B. W. Procter.*	v.	408
Whittling	*J. Pierpont.*	i.	89
Who drives the horses of the sun		i.	268
Who has not dreamed a world of bliss.....		v.	46
Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere..		vii.	165
Who rides so late through the midnight blast?		vi.	58
"Who would not go"		iv.	402
Whoe'er she be		ii.	83
Whoever lives true life, will love true love....		vii.	200
Why?	*M. L. Ritter.*	ii.	75
Why came the rose? Because the sun, in shining.		ii.	75
"Why so pale and wan?"	*Sir J. Suckling.*	ii.	247
"Why thus longing"	*H. W. Sewall.*	iv.	127
Wicklow Winds	*G. F. Savage-Armstrong.*	v.	127
"Widow Machree"	*S. Lover.*	ii.	181
Widow Malone	*C. Lever.*	ii.	183
Widow's Mite, The	*F. Locker-Lampson.*	iii.	287
Wife, Children, and Friends.....	*W. R. Spencer.*	i.	354
Wife of Loki, The	*Lady C. Elliot.*	ii.	398
Wife to her Husband, The	*Anonymous.*	iii.	146
Wild Honey	*J. M. Thompson.*	v.	344
Wild Ride, The	*L. I. Guiney.*	vi.	258
Will, The	*J. Donne.*	vi.	295
Will of God, The	*F. W. Faber.*	iv.	36
Will there never come a season.....		ix.	422
"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the....		i.	110

		VOL.	PAGE
William Lloyd Garrison	*J. R. Lowell.*	vii.	22
Willie, fold your little hands		viii.	292
Willie Winkie	*W. Miller.*	i.	31
Wind, The	*R. L. Stevenson.*	i.	145
Wind and the Pine-Tree, The	*Sir H. Taylor.*	v.	219
Wind in a Frolic, The	*W. Howitt.*	i.	143
Winged Worshippers, The	*C. Sprague.*	v.	330
Wings	*M. L. Ritter.*	i.	137
Winter	*J. H. Bryant.*	v.	183
Winter	*E. M. Thomas.*	v.	172
Winter Morning	*W. Cowper.*	v.	186
Winter Scenes	*J. Thomson.*	v.	184
Winter Song	*L. H. C. Hölty. Trans. Brooks.*	v.	186
Winter Wish, A	*R. H. Messenger.*	i.	389
Winter-Evening Hymn to my Fire	*Lowell.*	i.	297
Wisdom and Spirit of the universe		v.	20
Wish, A	*A. Cowley.*	vi.	416
Wishes for the Supposed Mistress	*R. Crashaw.*	ii.	83
Witch in the Glass, The	*S. M. B. Piatt.*	i.	46
With a Nantucket Shell	*C. H. Webb.*	v.	425
With a ripple of leaves and a tinkle of streams.		v.	112
With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind.		iv.	90
With deep affection		vii.	145
With echoing steps the worshippers		iv.	238
With fingers weary and worn		iii.	199
With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st		iii.	13
With klingle, klangle, klingle		i.	323
With pensive eyes the little room I view		i.	369
"With sacrifice, before the rising morn"		ii.	451
With silent awe I hail the sacred morn		iv.	192
With sorrow and heart's distress		iv.	273
Wither, midst falling dew		v.	304
Within the sober realm of leafless trees		viii.	416
Within these woods of Arcadie		vii.	45
Within this lowly grave a Conqueror lies		iii.	442
Without and Within	*Metastasio.*	vi.	251
Without haste! without rest		vi.	414
Wives of Weinsberg, The	*Burger. Trans. Brooks.*	ix.	200
Wolf and the Dog	*La Fontaine. Trans. Wright.*	viii.	121
Woman	*Anonymous.*	ix.	197
Woman's Answer, A	*A. A. Procter.*	ii.	221
Woman's Complaint, A	*Anonymous.*	ii.	426
Woman's Inconstancy	*Sir R. Ayton.*	iii.	71
Woman's Love, A	*J. Hay.*	iii.	52
Woman's Question, A	*A. A. Procter.*	ii.	248
Woman's Will	*J. G. Saxe.*	ii.	438
Woman's Wish, A	*M. A. Townsend.*	vi.	429
Women Fo'k, The	*J. Hogg.*	ix.	197
Women's Chorus	*Aristophanes. Trans. Collins.*	ix.	200
"Woodman, spare that tree"	*G. P. Morris.*	i.	94

		VOL.	PAGE
Woodspurge, The	*D. G. Rossetti.*	v.	251
Word, The	*W. W. How.*	iv.	199
Word was brought to the Danish king		iii.	346
Words for the "Hallelujah Chorus"	*Brownell.*	viii.	171
Wordsworth, On a Portrait of	*E. B. Browning.*	vii.	69
Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud		vii.	69
Wordsworth's Grave, From	*W. Watson.*	vii.	74
Work	*H. van Dyke.*	vi.	415
World, The	*Lord Bacon.*	iii.	151
World, The	*F. W. Faber.*	iv.	284
World and the Quietist, The	*M. Arnold.*	vi.	430
World, art thou 'ware of a storm?		viii.	338
Worn Wedding-Ring, The	*W. C. Bennett.*	ii.	438
Would I were lying in a field of clover		vi.	429
Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng		vii.	110
Would you know why I summoned you together.		ix.	14
Wouldn't it jar you, wouldn't it make you sore.		ix.	394
Wounded to Death	*J. W. Watson.*	viii.	375
Wreath, The	*Meleager. Trans. Hardinge.*	v.	255
"Wreathe the bowl"	*T. Moore.*	i.	387
Wreck, The	*Byron.*	v.	416
Wreck of the Hesperus, The	*H. W. Longfellow.*	ix.	186
Wrestling Jacob	*C. Wesley.*	iv.	79
Written on a Fly-Leaf of Theocritus	*M. Thompson.*	vi.	358
Wroth waxed Thor, when his sleep was		vii.	284
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night		i.	102

Y.

Yarn of the "Nancy Bell," The	*W. S. Gilbert.*	ix.	301
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around		iii.	329
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon		iii.	12
Ye blushing virgins happy are		ii.	34
Ye distant spires, ye antique towers		i.	244
Ye little snails		v.	352
"Ye mariners of England"	*T. Campbell.*	v.	407
Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song		iv.	97
Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!		viii.	145
"Ye who live"		iv.	438
Yea, Love is strong as life; he casts out fear		iii.	304
Year after year		ii.	307
Year of Jubilee, The	*Anonymous.*	viii.	411
Years, years ago, ere yet my dreams		ix.	207
Yellow Pansy, A	*H. G. Cone.*	vi.	179
Yes,—I am poor, Callistratus! I own		vi.	327
Yes, this is Wicklow; round our feet		v.	127
Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember		iii.	428
Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more		iii.	446
You ask a verse to sing (ah, laughing face!)		ii.	47
You bells in the steeple, ring out your changes		i.	204

	VOL.	PAGE
You charm when you talk, walk, or move.....	vii.	40
You had two girls — Baptiste	ix.	178
"You have heard," said a youth to his.....	ii.	112
You know we French stormed Ratisbon	viii.	230
You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier...	vii.	25
You meaner beauties of the night	ii.	8
You must wake and call me early	iii.	292
You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!.....	ix.	380
You needn't be trying to comfort me — I tell...	i.	128
You say, but with no touch of scorn.....	iv.	139
You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought.	ix.	402
Young Ben he was a nice young man	ix.	271
Young Friends .....*Shakespeare.*	i.	344
Young Gray Head, The .....*C. B. Southey.*	ix.	132
Young palmer sun, that to the shining sands ..	vi.	277
Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn....	ii.	172
"Your horse is faint, my King, my Lord!"....	viii.	206
Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife;.....	ii.	438
Youth .....*S. T. Coleridge.*	i.	263
Youth and Love .....*P. J. Bailey.*	i.	252
Yussouf .....*J. R. Lowell.*	vi.	279

Z.

Zara's Ear-Rings .....*J. G. Lockhart.*	ii.	265